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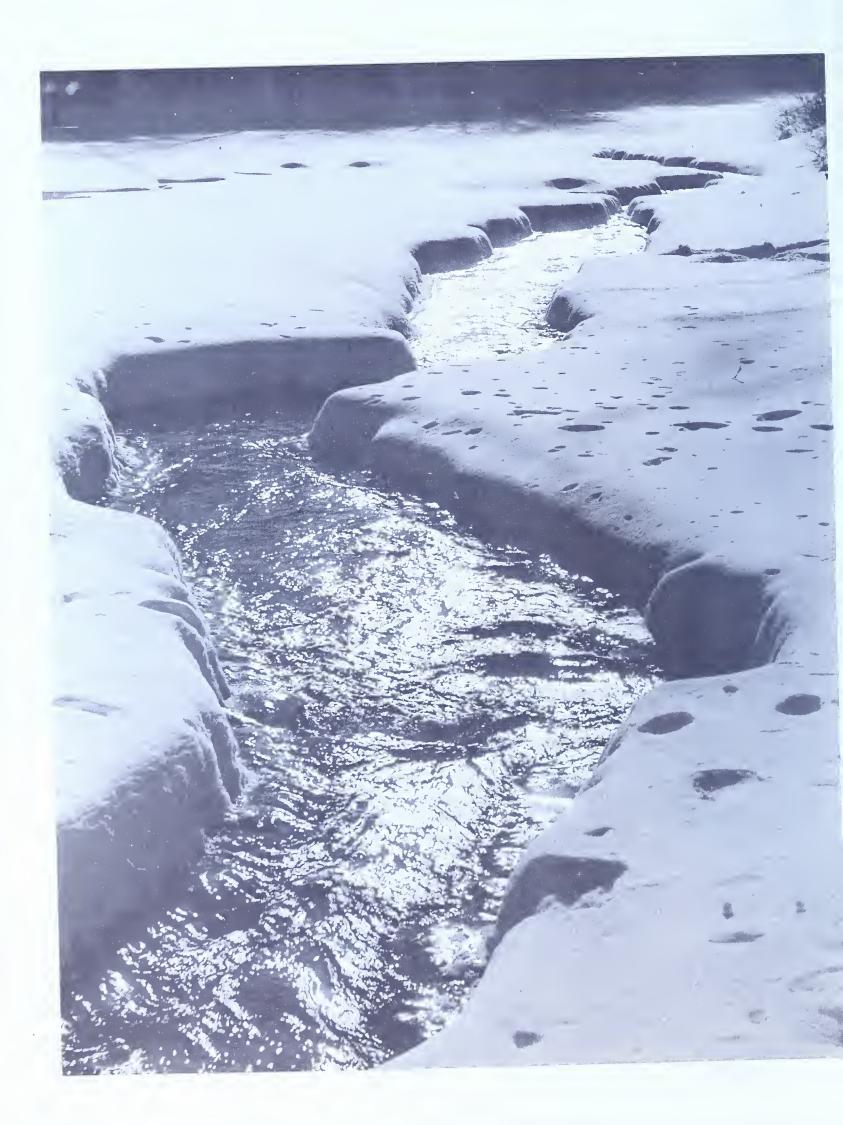


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Pennsylvania January 1967 Angler





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Pennsylvania Angler

Published Monthly by the PENNSYLVANIA FISH COMMISSION COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA

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JANUARY, 1967

VOL. 36, NO. 1

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Cover art by Ned Smith Cover photos by Don Shiner

POSTMASTER: All 3579 forms to be returned to Dunlap Printing Co., Inc., Cherry and Juniper Sts., Philadelphia, Pa. 19107.

The PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER is published monthly by the Pennsylvania Fish Commission, South Office Building, Harrishurg, Pa. Subscription: One year—\$2.00; three years—\$5.00; 25 cents per single copy. Send check or money order payable to Pennsylvania Fish Commission. DO NOT SEND STAMPS. Individuals sending cash do so at their own risk. Change of address should reach us promptly. Furnish hoth old and new addresses. Second Class Postage paid at Harrisburg, Pa. Neither Publisher nor Editor will assume responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts or illustrations while in their possession or in transit. Permission to reprint will be given provided we receive marked copies and credit is given material or illustrations. Communications pertaining to manuscripts, material or illustrations should he addressed to the Pennsylvania Fish Commission, Harrisburg, Pa. NOTICE: Subscriptions received and processed the 10th of each month will begin with the second month following.

More Facts About Warmwater Fish Stocking and Management



Don Shiner Photo

By KEEN BUSS

Chief Aquatic Biologist
Pennsylvania Fish Commission

N A previous article, we point out the fallacies in attempting to produce good warmwater fishing by indiscriminate stocking. In fact, this previous article was almost brutal as it tore apart the cherished beliefs which have been handed down over the past hundred years. It may have seemed that the warmwater fisherman was at the mercy of nature if he were to expect better fishing. However, this is not true. The fact is, since World War II scientists all over the world have been working frantically to learn methods to manage and increase fish populations. The outlook never was brighter for the quiet water angler.

To recapitulate, we noted that literally millions of eggs are laid per acre of water, but very few ever live to grow into a fisherman's fish. We said that if we planted bass or fry fingerlings nature would take its terrible toll, the same as it did with the native fish, in the 2-5 years it took these fish to become usable. The next logical question is, "Where, and why, do we stock so many fry and fingerlings?"

The fry and fingerlings can be planted in newly impounded waters with great success, because there is a vacuum for them to grow into. In 1963, sixteen hundred

acre Glendale Lake was impounded and the Fish Commission stocked 250,000 northern pike fry. We never had an accurate count on how many lived; but, by the great numbers which are being caught, it would indicate that survival was exceptionally high.

Why did so many of these fry live to grow into legal fish? Because these fish were taking advantage of a few biological facts.

- (1) The decomposition of organic material of the newly impounded site increased the fertility of the water and the production of food for the smaller fishes.
- (2) There was no competition from established species for food or cover.
- (3) There was no predation from larger fishes because these were not yet established.
- (4) Diseases and parasites probably had not had a chance to build up.
- (5) Most important of all is a fish's ability to fill a vacuum.

The reproductive ability of a few adult fish and the ability of small fishes to live and grow when conditions are favorable soon fill a newly impounded lake to its carrying capacity.

In contrast to Glendale Lake, another lake, not too far away, was stocked with northern pike fry at the same time. This lake could not be drained, had an established fish population, and was sterile because of its location and the heavy flow of water which passed through it. Needless to say, the fry were never seen or heard from again.

In the case of Glendale or any other new water, any other fish species for which the water was chemically suited, would have survived as well.

In a previous article, we alluded to the introduction of a new species as a management tool to produce better fishing. Paradoxically we inferred that it was useless to introduce warmwater fish into an established population of the same species in an attempt to improve fishing. To straighten out this apparent contradiction, we will say it differently and more definitely. The introduction of a new species can greatly improve fishing, if there is a niche in the environment for these fish to utilize; if this new species does not replace a more desirable species; and if the chemical conditions are conducive to the survival of the new species.

For instance, when smelt were introduced into Harvey's Lake they took over the deep waters where native species seldom ventured. The muskellunge found a niche in the Susquehanna River and is producing eye-opening results. These are only two instances, but there are other examples.

We can improve fishing in lakes with drawdown facilities by draining over fifty per cent of the water area in the fall, and allowing the lake to remain down until the spring floods come. What does this accomplish? Results vary, most of them good, and in a few instances, it seemed as if a miracle had occurred. What really happens is that as the water level drops, small fish, generally panfish, and forage fish, are forced from their cover and concentrated so that they are available to predators



AL McCARTNEY of Cambridge Springs, holds the 50-inch, 37-pound muskellunge he hooked in French Creek. McCartney was fishing with live bait and using thin monofilament line when the monster hit. Jim Wilson, also of Cambridge Springs, waded out into the cold water and remained there for one-half hour before succeeding in netting the fish.—Eddie Gray Graphic Arts photo.



ED SCHEPNER, JR. displays a husky 32-inch, 11½-paund walleye he caught in French Creek. Schepner was using a stone raller as bait when the big fish struck.—Eddie Gray Tribune phato.

as food. The more nearly complete the drawdown, the more nearly complete the depredations on these little fish. Finally, the reduced area carries more nearly the poundage of fish which it can accommodate. When the lake is again flooded in the spring, a vacuum exists which the fish quickly try to fill. Gamefish, which are the predators, can spawn successfully. Strangely enough, it is the prey fish which control the game fish. Prey fish can expand into large stunted populations, but when predator fish must expend more energy to locate and catch a prey than they receive from catching the prey, the population will decline so that the prey can again build up. We're getting technical here, but we thought a few statements such as these might shed some light on why biologists get these apparently crazy ideas.

Almost all of the lakes we have described have been drainable. How do you manage a natural lake or one that can't be drained? One way, of course, is to introduce a new, larger predator and try to balance the population. A better way is to reclaim the lake—kill the entire popu-

lation. This statement must strike terror into the hearts of fishermen, because it has always been considered that all fish kills were bad. This isn't true. For example, in the Poconos, there is a large lake in which the fishery has been declining for the past 30 years. Unless some natural catastrophe hits, it won't get any better. If the Fish Commission were to reclaim it by killing the fish, undoubtedly a small number of large fish would be killed and all heck (to be polite) would break out. Actually, if this lake isn't reclaimed, fishing will never again be good; at the best it will be passable. The decision a government agency must make is which should come first, education or reclamation. It takes time for education to bridge 100 years of tradition and misinformation. Reclamation will restore fishing within a relatively short time, but the furor which may be raised, because of lack of education, may destroy the effectiveness of many future programs.

The proof that this radical technique will work is on the same watershed. A lake immediately below was completely drained and restocked. The draining amounted to the same thing as eliminating the existing fish population. Within three years, some of the finest fishing in the country was available.

The manipulation of size and number of fish which can be taken legally may be beneficial to maintain good fishing. A limit of 24" and bag limit of two was imposed on areas where the northern pike was recently introduced. In some areas it has been shown that vulnerability of northern pike can be 40-90 per cent. An effort was made to protect these fish for a number of reasons.

- (1) Hopefully that the catch would be more equally distributed during the course of the year.
- (2) That these fish would have a chance to spawn at least twice.
- (3) Most important, these fish would act as fish managers and help keep the lake in balance.

It is also hoped that the greater size limit will aid in



LARGEMOUTH BASS SALVAGED fram a Pennsylvania lake drawn dawn far fish management research. Fish appears to be fit as a fiddle!

producing more larger fish for the angler. Two of these larger fish with a combined weight of over 6 pounds should satisfy any gourmet.

What about the maximum use of hatchery-reared and salvaged warmwater fish? We went into a long discourse showing that the availability of these fish was very low by trout standards, and that if they weren't planted under the right conditions, all was lost.

Now what about salvaged fish? How can they best be used? In order to learn more about what happens to these fish, the Fish Commission is cooperating with a refining company to tag these salvaged fish, and have an incentive return in the form of prizes. Strange, the things you uncover in such an event when the returned tags represent fact not hearsay. Well, anyway, the salvaged fish are limited so they must be used in the best way possible. We found out last year that channel catfish gave excellent returns in small community ponds. Consequently, the Fish Commission is striving to locate a better source of these fish. It is a fact that in large waters of Pennsylvania people do not fish for this species very heavily. Consequently, the take from the total population by angling is very small. From now on, these fish from all sources will be heavily utilized in areas where they give the best returns.

Some species which are salvaged enhance fishing; but there are others, particularly some commercial species from the Great Lakes, which add nothing to these small ponds but hopes and headaches.

Since we previously mentioned lake construction, perhaps we should describe a lake which is built to produce maximum fishing and one which the dam merely impounds water. Have you ever had people tell you it must be a good lake because it has a lot of water running through it? Sounds logical doesn't it? But it isn't. To illustrate the point, we can use the ultimate in poor fishing water—the old mill dam. All of these silt-laden, often weedy, wide spots in streams are occasionally noted for producing one or two big fish a year or a few stunted sunfish for the kids. Ten pounds of production per acre per year would be generous, and the smart fisherman knows this so he fishes below the falls where the water is more productive.

What are the lessons from the old mill dam? Why does it produce so little? In the first place, all the "fresh" water flowing through flushes out the nutrients needed so badly to produce food organisms for the warmwater fish. Also, the slacking of the water flow creates a settling basin in a dam and the silt smothers out the bottom food organisms and destroys the spawn. Over the years, most mill dams have filled with silt almost to the water surface; and even if they weren't, the small water areas impounded by relatively large dam breasts are too small to sustain even a light fishing pressure. Obviously, the mill dam was built for purposes other than fishing.

We know how to physically impound water, but how is water impounded to create the best fishing? It is simple if we use the lessons learned on the old mill dam. To prevent heavy siltation, a lake site in farm land drainage should not have more than 20 acres of drainage for each acre of impoundment. Where the lake sites are in

a wooded drainage, the lake site can have 50 acres of runoff for every acre of impoundment. The ultimate in a lake designed for fishing is embodied in the Fish Commission's Colyer Lake, in Centre County. This lake has a by-pass canal so that only the water needed to fill the lake or compensate for seepage or evaporation need be diverted into it. The fact that the ratio of drainage area to impoundment is controlled to a very minimum will insure more nutrients, little siltation and better fishing.

Also incorporated in the model lake are man-made spawning areas for bass and other sunfishes, a drainage system in which the fish can be caught in a catch basin and undesirable fish removed. In addition, an area is provided in the canal to hold desirable fish for restocking while the lake is being dried up.

Two other important considerations for creating good fishing waters are, the size of the lake and fertility of the surrounding soil. You can't grow hair on a bald head nor can you grow corn on a mountain top where the soil is shallow and sterile. This is obvious to the reader, but it should also be obvious that a lake impounded on this sterile soil won't produce many more pounds of fish per acre of water than it will produce corn per acre of land. We have a few cases of lakes over 200 acres, situated in sterile mountain areas, which would not produce enough fishing, even with heavy stocking, to satisfy the few picnickers who come there on weekends. Lakes under 100 acres, with heavy fishing pressure, are difficult to manage even where the soil is fertile and special provisions have been made to retain the nutrients. Intensive management techniques are required to produce acceptable fishing. Ponds under 50 acres in heavily urbanized areas, with heavy fishing pressure, have often been a liability to the community as well as the Fish Commission when fishing success, over an extended period for warmwater species, is the prime consideration.

We could go on and on with techniques to improve fishing, but this much should be sufficient to introduce some new ideas.

Ideas are fine, but what we need now to continue to improve warmwater angling is time, money, and above all, the support of the angler. The future never looked brighter.

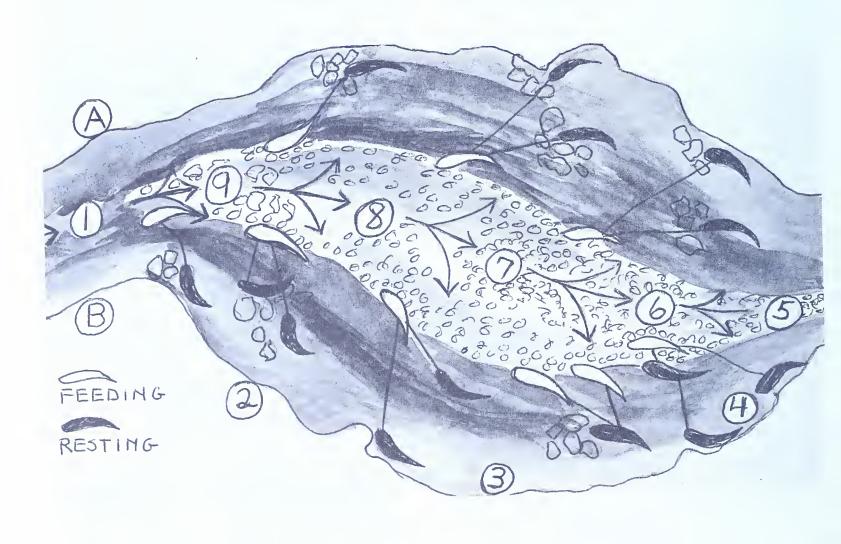


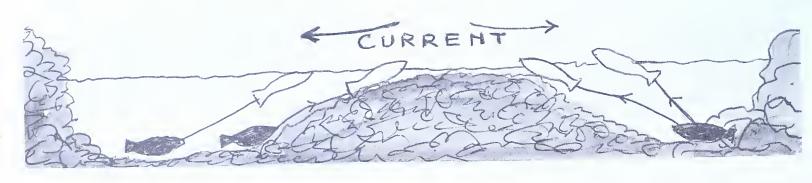
Fisherman's Fairway

By RAY OVINGTON

SPLIT POOL CURRENT

(LOWWATER SPLIT RIFFLE)





HIS fairway offers a double treat and also a double threat. If you fish it wrong, by wading up the middle first, you may kill most of the possibilities, even in high water. Fished properly it can take you a full morning or afternoon of quiet wading or casting to work it over properly.

The spincaster and fly fishermen can start at position (1) and decide on either (A) or (B) for the first run. The fly man works downstream with wet flies, nymphs or bucktail, casting in an arc in the direction of (9), letting his lure swim from the bank into the current and then with added line fed out, slither along the edge of the riffle. It will be difficult to swim the fly for a long stretch along the riffle since the line will be pulled into the deeper current.

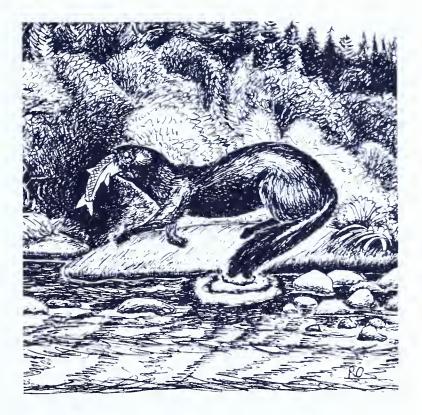
Working the (B) side, he moves down to (2), casting slightly upstream, throwing an extra loop of line as the fly travels the edge of the riffle current. He doesn't retrieve the line until it has crossed to the shallow side. If this is the shady side, then there is the possibility of picking up a trout in that shallow, particularly if the fish are feeding on caddis larvae or other bottom food in the shallow. Proceeding to (3) and then (4) following as described, he then reaches (5) and can now work the wet flies upstream and across, or change to the dry fly if there is any indication of surface feeding, or it is late enough in the season to use the floating fly to coax the trout up.

Now he can alternate from side to side, casting up and across, allowing the slack line to drift on the shallow center and the flies to work along the edge of the drop off. He can cast to the far bank after the riffle has been worked and let the flies drift into the center of the run. He passes slowly from (5) through (8) and, since the water below him has been worked quietly and has rested, cast down and across for a second try with either wet or dry flies. If they have not produced it is recommended to switch to a small bucktail to attempt to draw any fish that might be alerted from the previous action.

At (9) he fans out his casts in a 360-degree circle and works the entire top of the run including both banks after the first coverage of the top and near-water of the head of the pool. Fished properly, this pool can offer all the techniques and fly types and can serve as a laboratory of learning all season long. When the water drops and the riffle becomes more defined, fishing will have to be done more carefully and wading will have to be done slowly in order to keep from scaring the fish. Angle of the sun is important too, as to which side of the stream you wade or fish.

The spincaster can work from (1) and follow from either bank, if the pool is not too wide to cover properly. Overcome the tendency to try and cover too much water from one stand. Move slowly and change lures frequently when you cast up or down in the current, since the effect of drift must be taken into consideration in order to have the lures work properly.

If the spincaster approaches the pool from below and is adept at upstream casting with light lures, he can ap-



proximate the killing qualities of bucktail flies and, if he doesn't put fish down can take some nice trout from such a pool. The trick here is to make short casts in order to manipulate the lures properly rather than merely cast and retrieve over long distances.

Generally, this water is made-to-order for bucktail and streamer flies. It can be fished effectively with two small flies on a fairly stiff leader. Early in the spring, fish deep. When hatching flies are seen on the water, switch to a brace of wet flies and by keeping the rod high, dapple the flies over the feed lanes. During the bright time of the day a fanwing or a big spider can be most effective. Ultra-light spinning lures, particularly the Colorado spinner, can be effectively fished very near the surface.

Here again is the repeated lecture about fishing where you should fish and wading where you should wade. If you were to wade in the most easy area, you would stay away from the stream edges, or the fast shallows in the center. Unfortunately you would be stepping on your quarry, for they too, like the easy water where they can rest on the bottom, pick away at caddis larvae and other bottom morsels until drifting nymphs take them off the bottom. As these drifting dinners descend into the pool they are whisked in a fan-out pattern, along the obvious course of the water as shown by the arrows. If you are wading anywhere near this movement you will stop it directly.

However, excellent dry fly fishing on a downstream line and drift can be done from positions (9) through (6) if you proceed carefully and slowly. The fish are headed in your direction and can see your every move including the flash of the rod. If the hatch is a good one and steady, the trout will sometimes be so intent on feeding that you will be ignored, but those times seldom come.



TWO ICE FISHERMEN and their equipment on a homemade sled head out on Lake Erie's ice.



Jee Fishing for Smelt

By EDWIN L. ATTS

HARRY MILLER of Franklin, Pennsylvania gets ready to hook a sensitive biting smelt.

OU HAVE to be crazy to sit out there all day," were the last words my fiancee said as I went out the door.

She was referring to my idea of spending the day on the ice that blankets Lake Erie's Misery Bay. However, she failed to remember the good wind breaker we would have erected soon after selecting the place we would drill our holes, and the warm charcoal stove that would have hamburgers and hot dogs sizzling over it most of the time.

There was also one other thing she didn't understand, and that was that we were after smelt. When these fish are hitting as they usually are, one doesn't have time to think about getting cold.

Smelt are slim silvery gray fish that usually run between six and ten inches in length. Some anglers consider them a nuisance but others really like to see them coming through the hole. I fall in the latter category since I want action when I go fishing and these smelt can really supply it.

Smelt usually swim from a few inches under the ice to four feet below it. While one may occasionally be taken on the bottom, most are taken somewhere in the range previously mentioned.

The best and about the only bait which can be used for smelt are minnows. The best minnows are those which are an inch or less in length, but they are often difficult to find. When necessary the larger minnows can be used by pinching them in two and only using a half at a time.

The whole minnows should be fished on a long shank No. 10 or 12 hook. The best place to hook them is behind the gills and toward the bottom of the minnow. I have watched many smelt hit a whole minnow and it always seems to be in this place.

After a minnow has been pinched in two they usually don't have as much action when in the water. To make up for this use a small ice jig for an attractor. I usually try to keep it small and with a No. 10 hook. Hook this through the center of the minnow and toward the bottom.

The depth at which the minnow is fished can be easily controlled through the use of a bobber. Just place the bobber as far above the hook as you want the minnow to settle and then drop it in the water. But do keep the bobber small since the fish will drop the bait if they feel too much resistance. A three quarter inch or smaller bobber is best.

Just when to strike on a smelt is a question that few, if any, anglers have found the answer to. Some fellows think it is best to strike as soon as the bobber moves, but others like to let them run with it for a ways. On one day one method may work but on another day the other is best.

I feel it is best to do some experimenting, but no one will ever have a very high percentage on hooking these fish since their mouth is so small and they don't swallow the minnow immediately. However, it is indeed fortunate they hit so rapidly or one could become most discouraged.



TO ENJOY ice fishing a good wind breaker has to be used. These are usually made in sections so they can be carried in the trunk of a car.

SMELT ARE NOT LARGE, but they do provide excitement and good eating.



Smelt are one of the tastiest fish that inhabit the Commonwealth. There are a variety of ways to fix them, but I like mine deep fried.

To begin to fix them, the head and innards have to be removed. Then cut off the fins and tail and the fish are ready for breading. After this drop them in a deep fryer until colored a golden color. When placed on the table they can more than match the best steak that money can buy.

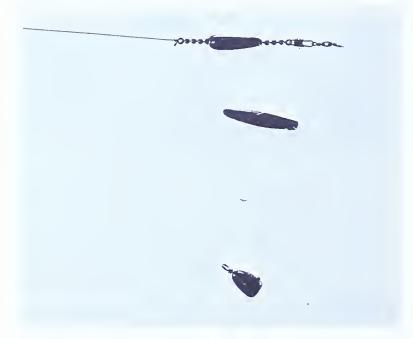


Fig. 1—Bead chain, clinch, and bass sinkers—the basics for the fresh water fisherman.

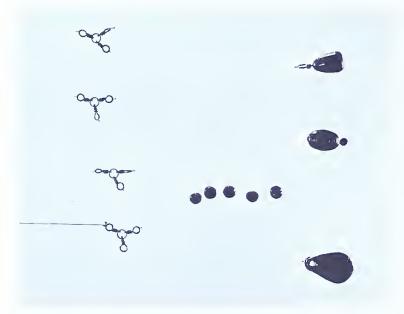


Fig. 2—Rigs and sinkers designed for use on rocky bottoms—the sinker might be lost but the rest of the rig can be salvaged.



Fig. 3-Bait fishing rigs for wary fish.

Sinker Savvy

By C. BOYD PFEIFFER

THE common little lead sinkers that we throw so casually into a tackle box or fishing vest are mighty important pieces of equipment. Actually we can do without the rod and reel, but the "hook, line and sinker" of the common cliche are basics.

But this ordinary little lead weight is not as simple as it seems. That is, there are sinkers and then there are sinkers. And just having sinkers along on a fishing trip is no assurance that it is the right type of sinker or that it will be rigged properly.

Basically, sinkers do one of two things and sometimes both. One, they carry the bait down in the water to the level at which the fish are. Two, they give sufficient weight to a bait or lure to allow the fisherman to cast it well. But sinkers are also made in special shapes to assist the fisherman in other ways. The pyramid sinker of the surf fisherman is shaped to help it dig into the sandy bottom and keep the bait in one place. The bank sinker is also used by salt water fishermen, but its more streamlined shape is desirable on rocky bottoms to keep it from becoming hung up. Split shot allows the light tackle fresh water fisherman to add or subtract weight easily as needed. And even keeled sinkers are available for trollers and fishermen using lures that might otherwise twist lines.

Knowing how to rig the vast variety of sinkers is almost as important as knowing the facts about sinkers themselves. In this case, it is wise to examine fishing situations and see what rigs and sinkers are best in each case.

Basic casting and still fishing (Fig. 1) For the small boy still fishing for panfish or the casual fisherman casting minnows, a sinker is an important piece of terminal tackle. Usually the fishing doesn't require any specialized techniques or tackle, so that a variety of sinkers and rigs can be used. Usually a clinch sinker will serve as a good allaround sinker. And, if the line or leader is wrapped once around the sinker before the ears are clamped down, the sinker won't repeatedly slide down to the bait. A bass casting sinker will serve just as well in most cases since the usual objective is to keep bait down and the bobber just barely floating. The line can be doubled, threaded through the eye and around the sinker but here also, the sinker will usually slide towards the hook. It is better to make a dropper loop in the line and thread the sinker on the loop. The sinker won't slide and most of the line strength will be retained.

When casting bait repeatedly, it is sometimes best to use a casting sinker with built-in swivels. This way, if the bait turns on the retrieve, the line will not be twisted in the process.



Fig. 4-Sinkers for casting light weight lures.

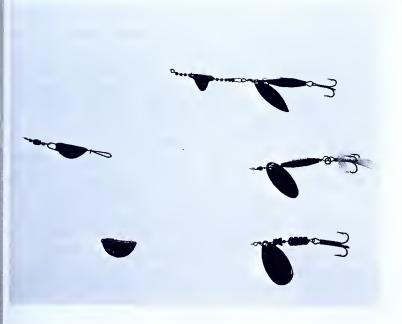


Fig. 5-Sinkers for trolling or fishing line twisting lures.

Fishing a rocky bottom (Fig. 2) Fish are frequently found on the bottom and just as frequently this bottom is rocky. In fishing a situation like this, a lot of line and terminal tackle can be lost if the wrong sinker is used or if it is rigged improperly. Fishing rocky bottoms requires that the lure or bait be bumped along just above the rocks to entice the fish. The most common rig for this utilizes a three-way swivel. In all cases the line and leader are tied to two eyes of the swivel. A length of light monofilament is tied to the third eye for the sinker. In all cases, the mono for the sinker should be of much lighter test than that of the leader or line. If the sinker does get hung up, this lighter mono will break and the line, swivel and lure will not be lost. A bass casting or snag-less sinker is commonly used. The snag-less sinker

is very good as it planes or swims over the rocks and it will very seldom become hung up. If you don't have light mono for the "sinker line" there are several tricks you can use to help you preserve your rig. One, tie several overhand knots in the sinker monofilament and this will weaken the line by about 45%. Split shot can be clamped on lightly so that they pull off if hung up rather than break the line. An egg sinker with one small split shot behind it will do the same thing. For west coast steelhead fishing, a similar three-way rig is used but with a long pencil-like sinker which is felt to get hung up least of all. True, no one likes to lose sinkers, but it is better to lose a few cents of lead than a few dollars of line and lure.

Bait fishing for wary fish (Fig. 3) Wary fish like carp won't pull around a dough ball or corn kernels with a ½ oz. of lead trailing it. Yet, the angler needs the weight to get the bait out to the fish. The answer, is a fresh water adaptation of the salt water fish finder. An egg sinker has a hole in its center to allow the line to slide through it freely. Thus, the fisherman can cast and the fish can mouth the bait without the weight of the sinker. To prevent the weight from sliding down and dislodging the bait when casting, put a barrel swivel or split shot a few feet up from the bait. And if you don't have egg sinkers, a bass casting sinker threaded on the line in the same way will adequately do the same job.

Casting light lures or fishing in depth (Fig. 4) These are similar problems since weight must be added to the lure to cast it properly in one case and to get it down deeply enough in the other. Split shot can be used if only a little weight is needed. It can be placed together but the lure action will generally be better if it is strung on the line a few inches apart. An adjustable sinker with wire clips in the end will also serve well. As with the clinch sinker, line wrapped around the sinker once, will hold it in place. Rubber core sinkers are very easy to use and remove. They also hold their place on the line well. This is a sinker with a rubber core and a slot in one side. Placing the line in the slot and twisting the core rotates the line and locks it in place.

Fishing the line twisters (Fig. 5) When trolling and fishing spinners, line will become hopelessly twisted if preventive measures are not taken. In addition, trolling usually requires some weight to get the lure or bait down where the fish are. The happy answer to this is to use one of the many forms of keeled sinkers. One of the best for the troller employs a keeled lead weight with bead chain swivels fore and aft to prevent line twist. Other types come equipped with barrel swivels in place of bead chains. One of the simplest types for the casual fisherman to use is a crimp-on keeled sinker. It's the easiest to put on and remove, and yet it still prevents the line from twisting.

Spinners are as bad at twisting line as they are good at catching fish. Also, they are light weight, making them difficult to cast well and sink to the proper depth. To catch fish and keep your temper, the answer is again a keeled sinker. It makes the line easier to cast, gets it down to the fish and prevents line twist.

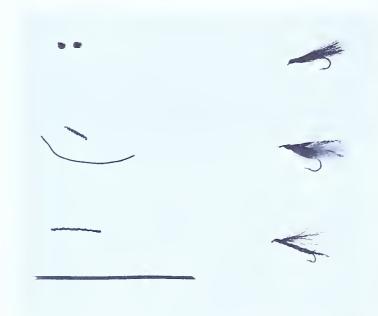


Fig. 6- Sinkers for the fly fisherman.

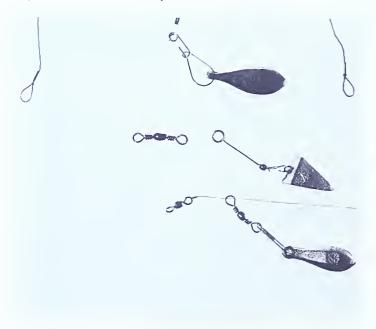


Fig. 7—Salt water and surf fish finder rigs.

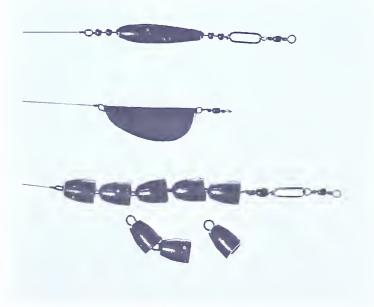


Fig. 8-Salt water trolling sinkers.

Deep down fly fishing (Fig. 6) The biggest fish in streams and rivers are always in the deep hole and pools. The problem for the fly fisherman is to get his fly to these fish and keep it there long enough for them to strike. Usually the current is so fast that it will wash the light weight fly downstream before it has a chance to sink to the proper depth. Additional weight—the answer to the problem must be used cautiously. Because the fly is cast by a fly outfit, too much weight will make the casting difficult and jerky. Usually a few small split shot placed ahead of the fly will cause it to sink properly. Another solution is to use lead wire or flat strip lead. The lead wire comes in convenient small coils and the strip lead comes in a small package like a book of matches. In both cases, the lead is clipped off and wrapped tightly around the leader. It is easier to cast with this arrangement, since the lead weight is distributed over a greater length of leader. A third solution is one of the new, weighted sinking fly lines. At least two manufacturers make several lines designed to sink at different rates for deep fishing conditions. These are a worthwhile purchase for any serious fly fisherman.

Surf and salt water (Fig. 7) The shore based salt water angler needs sinkers for several reasons. First, he must have the weight necessary to cast his bait into the surf or sounds that he fishes. Second, the weight must be sufficient to hold the bait in place, against the force of currents, tides and undertows. Also, he must choose the right type of sinker, so it will not get caught in rocks or roll and slip on sand. The most commonly used are the pyramid and bank sinkers—the former angular shaped to hold well in sand and the latter tapered and rounded so as not to get caught in rocks. On bottom rigs for fish like flounders, the angler chooses the type of sinker needed and snaps it into place. A fish finder rig is used when bait fishing for larger fish. A fish finder is nothing more than a swivel with a snap on one end and a ring on the other. It resembles a snap swivel, and in fact, a large snap swivel can be used. The line is run through the ring and then tied to a barrel swivel large enough so as not to go through the eye of the fish finder. A leader is tied to the other end of the barrel swivel with the hook and bait on the end of the leader. With the sinker on the fish finder, the outfit can be cast easily, yet a fish can run with the bait without pulling along the sinker. In effect, it is exactly the same as the egg sinker arrangement used by the fresh water bait fisherman.

Salt water trolling (Fig. 8) As in fresh water, the salt water troller needs weight to get the bait down and swivels to prevent line twist. The large salt water trolling sinkers resemble those used for fresh water. One type resembles the casting sinker with its long, tapered shape and bead chain swivels. Keeled sinkers usually have a deeper, heavier keel with a swivel at one end for the leveler. One very adaptable type of salt water trolling sinker resembles a string of pop-beads. Several parts of the sinker snap together and apart with a simple push and half-twist. Thus, the depth of the bait can be controlled or changed without dismantling the entire rig.

Winter Whirligig

By J. ALMUS RUSSELL

Pictures by the Author and DON S. SHINER

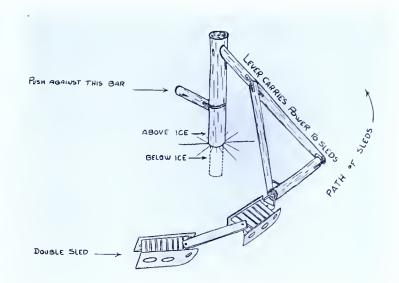
MERRY-GO-ROUND, carousel, whirligig. By whatever name you call it, this winter sport is fun. Many a youth snowshoeing on frozen lakes or rivers, has excitedly watched ice-fishermen with their families sitting around bonfires as the young folks made merry with a made-on-the-spot whirligig.

First, conditions demand a thick coating of ice with no airholes nearby. Above this ice must be a foot or more of snow, preferably without a crust.

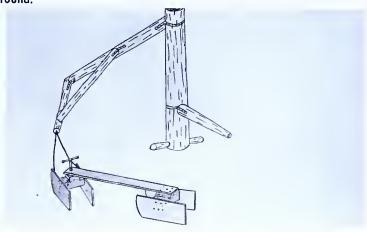
Now for the whirligig itself. After tiring of fishing, the men of the party cut, trim, and sharpen a sapling. The pointed end is stuck firmly through a thick layer of ice. The other end extends into the air ten feet or more.

Next, a lever-arm some twelve feet long is attached at an oblique angle to this pole. At the lower end of this yard-arm, the men fasten a travois (double-runner sled).

Enough snow is now cleared away to make a wide, circular path. If the snow be crusted, it is tramped down on the line of the circle. Then the children load themselves upon the double-runner, the men push hard against the short bar opposite the lever-arm, and the sled whirls around faster and faster, comparable in speed and motion to a modern merry-go-round but a lot more fun, even without the music.



CLEAR AWAY THE SNOW on the ice from a large circular area. Set a tall pole firmly in the ice with the top extending above the surface for 10-12 feet. Attach a lever-arm 12 feet long at an oblique angle to the pole. Fasten the lower end of this lever-arm to a double-runner sled. Then a couple of men push with the weight of their bodies against the short-arm opposite the lever-arm. The "travois" loaded with children whirls around and around with a great burst of speed, comparable to that of a modern merry-goround.





TEMPERATURE CONTROL

The temperature of water used in hatching and raising all species of fish is considered by biologists to be extremely important, affecting health and growth rate. Research is presently underway at The Pennsylvania Fish Commission's Benner Springs Research Station near Bellefonte to determine within a degree the best temperature for hatching and growing trout.

Here Jack Miller, fishery biologist, checks the temperature on one of the several tanks used in the experiment.



Winter Fishing

By DON SHINER

WHAT appear, on these pages, to be rigid, fixed and immovable statues in an outdoor setting, are not sculptured pieces at all. They're fishermen!

These anglers are engaged in a favorite winter sport—ice fishing. This cold weather sport has, during the last decade, grown tremendously popular with fishermen in Pennsylvania and elsewhere in northern latitudes.

During January, when lakes are blanketed under five or more inches of ice, vast numbers of fishermen, dressed in warm woolens, forsake the home fires for a place on the winter ice. It's where the action is. Ice holes are chipped. Baited lines are dropped down through the holes, and a variety of fish—pickerel, pike, yellow perch, sunfish, bluegill, walleye and trout, all legal in Pennsylvania—are pulled top side.

Their ice-tackle includes spud, skimmer, sophisticated "tip-ups" and simple hand rods, popularly called "jig-sticks." No expensive gear here. Baits include about anything at hand—worms, liver, cut bait, or trout flies and spinning hardware.

Admittedly, the fishermen pictured here, silhouetted against winter landscapes, shiver a time or two when raw winds blow across the ice. But who minds a chill or two when fish are biting? These rigid figures move in a blur of motion when schools of fish pass below the ice hole.

This winter go where the action is! Go ice-fishing.

THIS IS A FAVORITE pose of men—ice fishermen that is—in action.

BUNDLED IN INSULATED garments, this ice-fisherman couldn't be more comfortable if it were the month of July. An old fly rod butt joint and reel are used here as a "jig rod."



Midges For Tough Trout

By ED KOCH Photos by BOB SNYDER

The evening hatch was about to start. A few flies were coming off the water. Trout were beginning to surface feed. I was positioned where a fast riffle tumbled over large bolders and entered the head of a long deep pool. The current carried the main supply of the trout's food to the right or far side of the stream for the angler working upwater. The far bank was steep, almost impossible to walk along and trees and brush grew close to the waters edge providing excellent cover for the trout just a few feet away from the edge of the main current. Motionless I watched as three or four trout rose regularly within thirty feet of my position.

The first trout rose just on the edge of the current as it swung around a tree limb that had fallen into the water. He had taken a feeding position plainly visible from my spot 15 or 20 feet below him. His rise wasn't the familiar gulp or slurp of a trout taking a dry fly from the surface. Instead, he rose in the surface film, opened his jaws wide, stuck the tip of his nose up just enough to break the surface causing the often seen break and ring that so many fly fishermen are fooled by. All this trout was doing was taking the fly just beneath the surface as the nymph floated along struggling to free itself from the case, activate its wings and pop out of the water. Mr. Trout had only to move a few inches to the right or left, up or down and catch the helpless nymph as it struggled to emerge. When feeding in this manner trout just seem to open their mouths and swallow or engulf a large quantity of water including nymphs or any other food in the surface film, open their gills expelling the waterminus the food-settle back down into their feeding station and wait for the next tidbits to drift by. The trouter that can learn to distinguish this type of rise from the real surface rise can enjoy endless hours of fun fishing the nymph or midge in the surface film. It's semi-dry fly fishing. A most productive method once mastered.

False casting to work out line, I dropped my fly about two feet ahead of the feeding trout. Down it floated in the current within six inches of the brown. He turned, looked and dropped back into position completely ignoring my imitation. Drag I thought as I cast again. The nymph came right down the feeding trough just over the head of the trout. Nose came up, a quick inspection and rejection number two. Alright, I figured, wrong size or color. Should I try the same size fly in a different color or the same color in a smaller size? Most fly fishermen I talk to tell me they would normally try the same size

and different color. This is where many a competent fly fisherman makes his mistake. If you know your water and know what flies should be hatching during the different weeks of the season it seems very illogical to me that anyone would switch colors rather than size when they are certain a particular colored fly should be hatching.

Back to Mr. Brown. I had been fishing a size 14 fly, gray in color. Checking the water as it flowed by I peered intently trying to see what was floating in the surface film that this brown wanted. For several minutes I watched and saw nothing. I was sure the nymph of the fly due to hatch would be somewhere in the 12, 14 or 16 size range. Nothing like this was in the water. Twice again the trout rose and still I couldn't locate whatever it was he was feeding on.

Reaching in the back of my vest I pulled out a small net made of nylon mesh with very fine hoses. A small piece of spring steel sewn in the top keeps the mouth open in the water. The net is 10 or 12 inches long and wide as a shirt sleeve. Something like a miniature wind sock used at an airport. I held the net in the water for about a minute and then lifted it to check the contents. Leaves, twigs, grass and a few tiny gray specks clung to the nylon mesh. The gray specks turned out to be very tiny nymphs— about size 20! No wonder this trout refused a number 14.

Up to this point I have intentionally failed to mention the particular fly that was to hatch, for this reason. Many fly fishermen after having a fly rejected several times seem to panic and act as though this was the last trout left in the world to be caught. Frantically they change flies, cast, change flies, cast and in a sense begin to forget about accuracy, delicate casts, patterns, size and all the things that just at that precise moment are most important. Nine out of ten times the trout is put down and the angler frustrated. This can be eliminated if he will just calm those jangled nerves and take time to think. Let's get on with my problem trout and show you what I mean.

After checking the flies in the net I decided to try a size 20 midge. The flies that *should* have been hatching were caddis flies, about size 14. Watching the trout rise several more times as I tied on the number 20 midge to the 6X tippet I told myself I would check the contents of the net and water more closely after I tried one more time to fool this trout. Casting two feet above the brown's

feeding position I waited and watched as the current carried the midge toward my quarry just a few inches beneath the surface. As the fly floated to within several inches of the trout, up came the nose, mouth opened, gills flared and back down he began to settle down. The instant he began to settle back down I raised the rod tip sharply. The tiny hook drove home and the brown shot downstream with the current for twenty feet or more. Turning, he headed upstream trying desperately to get to the far bank and the cover of the overhanging branches. The six foot, two ounce rod was arched and straining against the light tippet. Down to the bottom he dove, back out into the current, in toward the far bank again. After four or five minutes of fighting the light rod he began to tire. Slowly I worked him to the top, across the current and into the submerged net. A plump, deep, brightly colored, golden brown of 13 inches was my reward for twenty minutes of trying. Definitely a holdover from last year I told myself as I removed the tiny fly from the roof of his mouth and gently slid him back into the water. I was fishing the fly area on the Yellow Breeches at Boiling Springs, Pennsylvania.

Prior to outwitting the brownie I kept telling myself I'd check the water again, collect a few specimens of the little gray nymph and really do some streamside research before moving on to the next trout. This I suppose is the intention of every serious fly fisherman as he takes to his favorite stretch of water. However, just as with myself, we make many good promises only to throw them all to the wind the minute we outwit our quarry or realize the slightest bit of success. Plenty of time to check the water I thought as I moved downstream six feet or so to get into position for trout number two. I was anxious to see if the next trout would be fooled by the small gray midge fished in the surface film.

Sure enough on cast number six or seven the midge came right down the trout's alley. Up came the nose, jaws opened, gills flared—a repeat of ten minutes earlier. I raised the rod and was playing my second trout in less than fifteen minutes after releasing the first. He was a brown of eleven inches.

I did eventually get to collect some specimens of the minute midges the trout were feeding on. Later that evening I discovered they were small caddis forms, stonefly nymphs and a few that I thought were tiny baetis nymphs. Most of the insects were less than one eighth of an inch long. They varied from black to gray to dirty brown and olive in color. Many of them had a distinct tiny black head. No tails were visible although they could easily have been broken off as the flies were brushed from the net to the specimen bottle. Legs were evident on 75% of the nymphs.

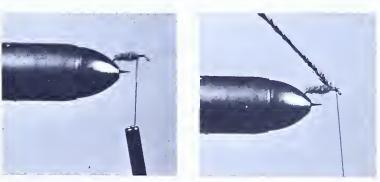
Next came the problem of what to tie for a decent imitation. On the fly tying bench I laid out small pieces of muskrat, rabbit, possum fur dyed blue dun gray, wildcat fur and olive spun fur. Peacock here was to be used for the heads. Hooks number 7948A in size 16, 18 and 20. Gray and black nymph thread. Fine gold and silver wire and I was ready to start tying. Here's how you can tie the caddis midge nymph:



INSERT HOOK in vise. Stort thread at back of shank directly above the barb.

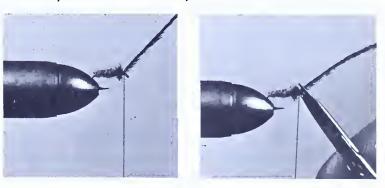


TIE IN small length of silver wire for gray bodies. Gold wire for brown bodies. No ribbing for olive bodies. This step is optional.



PULL SMALL AMOUNT of fur from hide. Spread oport and dub on thread.

WRAP BODY from just where hook shonk begins to bend, two thirds of the woy forward toward the eye.



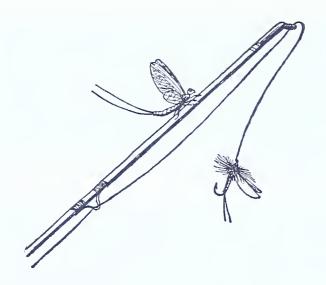
TIE IN piece of norrow peocock here.

MAKE TWO TURNS of peocock herl for head. Tie off herl.



CLIP OFF EXCESS herl and sove for next fly.

WHIP FINISH heod. Apply cement and fly is completed.



Are

Flyrods

Unfair?

By GLENN H. SWANSON

MOST fishermen hunt. Most hunters own shotguns. Most shotguns are repeaters, pumps, self-loaders or double barrels. How many hunters use single-shot guns? Very few. Why? That fast second shot, that's why. Would you, as a hunting fisherman handicap yourself with a single-shot? Of course not. Then why saddle yourself with a single-shot rod? What's that? Is there such a thing as a "repeating" rod? You bet your waders there is. It's called a flyrod.

I'd never compared a flyrod to a repeating shotgun until a cry of "unfair" was leveled at my favorite bass rod by my wife Wanda. On that day we were drifting along an unusually productive lilypad bed. I'd just released my third bass. Wanda had yet to boat one, despite the fact she uses her spin-cast gear better than most men I know. I was lengthening my line to reach the back edge of a channel into the pads when she let me have it.

"That flyrod is unfair!"

"What's that Hon?" (Another false cast).

"I said that flyrod of yours is unfair, darn it!"

With that remark I hesitated too long on the backcast, and the bug-taper securely bound the motor, the rodtip and me all up into one untidy package.

I looked at Wanda. No grin. No cute comments about sloppy line-handling. She just stared. She was still staring when I'd untangled. By now we'd drifted past the pad bed, but instead of cranking up for another drift I asked her what had spawned her cry of "unfair".

"You know as well as I do that most bass pass a lure within 6 or 8 feet of where it lands, right?"

"Right."

"You also know this is virtually a hard and fast rule when bass are in the kind of cover we're fishing now, don't you."

"Right again," I said, proud of the way she'd remembered one of her first lessons about the fine art of bass fishing.

"Okay, Smarty," (that wasn't quite what she called me) "you're pretty hot with that flyrod today, but tomorrow you're going to have to be a pretty hot instructor too. I'm getting a flyrod."

Until now, Wanda had been happy with her gear. This sudden change of heart had me confused. As if reading my mind, she continued.

"How far away from those lilypads were we drifting?"

"Oh, probably 60 feet or so—I didn't want to get too close and chance spooking the fish."

"That's just what I mean," she said. "Here we are, 60 feet out. I make a cast and work the plug for 6 or 8 feet, which you've already admitted is the best water in the pads. Then I have to retrieve over some 40 feet of unproductive water. Meanwhile, you're working your popper that 8 feet from the pocket, picking up, doing the same in the next pocket—and the next—and the next—and what am I doing while all of this is going on? Retrieving, that's what. And over lousy water too. That flyrod is unfair."

I was totally unprepared for her answer, and once I'd digested it I realized that here was a logical fact that had slipped unnoticed through my seventeen-odd years of using the long rod. It explained, at least partially, why the flyrod has always been so deadly on most fish under most water conditions.

With the flyrod you eliminate the necessity of retrieving over unproductive water merely by picking up the cast and shooting out another. You can end the cast at any time and make a new one to another pocket, or back into the one you've just fished through. You have the ability to shorten or lengthen the cast from a few inches to several feet. This can be done in the few seconds required for one backcast.

Many times I've missed a bass and had my popper skitter

away because I've tried to set the hook too early or too hard. Often as not, the bass is puzzled by the sudden disappearance of the thing that tempted him, and he'll remain a moment wondering what happened to that crippled meal he was chasing. That moment can be his andoing, for the flyrod's rapid "second shot" lets you put the lure back on top of him right now. Suddenly there it s again! That cripple! When this happens, the second strike will almost always be as vicious as the fish is capable of delivering. No other equipment gives the fisherman this nstantaneous second presentation of his lure.

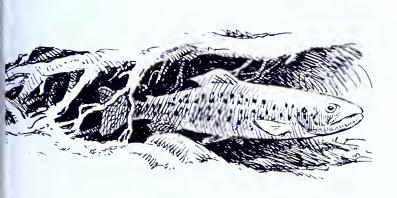
Have you ever missed a shot at a pheasant or a rabbit? Sure. We all have—just like we've all missed a strike while ishing. Missing a shot presents no real problem—there's mother ready at once. Missing a strike with the flyrod presents no problem—with one backcast you put the lure back over the fish. Not so with bait-casting or spinning year. If you miss a fish with them, you must retrieve back to the boat, set up another cast, then hope the fish hasn't been spooked. You're in a little better shape if you're using a surface lure—you can let it rest a moment and hope you're not too far out to interest the fish again. Wet or dry, popper or streamer, the flycaster can immediately and the cast and have the fly back in the right spot in the winkling of an eye.

You don't flyfish? Too hard? Takes years to master? Don't you believe it, friend. Contrary to popular ideas, lyfishing is easy to learn—at least well enough to catch ish. In 30 minutes, any good fly fisherman can have you easting a fly well enough to catch fish under most conditions. Fishing the long rod isn't the mysterious and highly killed art you think it is. You don't need the muscular coordination of a figure skater—you do need balanced tackle—a line matched to the rod, and an instructor that's a good flycaster himself.

With the flyrod you fish *more* of the productive water only the productive water—because you can end the cast inywhere, eliminating that retrieve over water not likely to hold fish.

You fish more good water in less time. The result? More zood fish for the time spent fishing.

Is the flyrod really unfair? No more than are the repeating shotguns we all seem to favor. Give the "repeating od" a try. The only one that will think it unfair will be rour fishing partner (mine now has her own flyrod), and he fish.



NOW THERE'S TIME FOR CONSERVATION, TOO.

By GEORGE DODSON

A NEW development is taking shape in conservation, perhaps even faster than most leaders anticipated. Almost suddenly, the average worker has more leisure—more hours, more days, and sometimes more weeks to spend as he pleases.

Only a few years ago, he felt that his limited free time should be devoted to fishing and similar direct-action sport. Now he has the opportunity to include conservation along with his other outdoor interests. In that simple statement lies the true hope of the conservation movement in Pennsylvania.

What will be accomplished with the surplus time and energy of people who have the necessary enthusiasm to achieve great results? Will these assets be lost through lack of direction and leadership? That is the big challenge in today's situation.

It's no longer sufficient to talk about this subject in broad, general terms. Leaders inside and outside government had better be ready with answers to the question, "Now that we are convinced that conservation is a good thing for Pennsylvania, exactly what can we do about it, and how do we get started?

Because this is a big state with the widest possible variety of physical features and differences in local conditions, it may be too much to expect most people to think of conservation on a commonwealth-wide basis. Bringing matters closer home, and even pinpointing what needs attention in the immediate community, puts conservation in focus and leads to the concentrated action which even minor projects usually require.

If anything stands in the way of impressive progress in the field of conservation now, it can only be blamed on too few leaders. Time is available, and Pennsylvanians have throughout history displayed ample ability to perform whatever duty the circumstances call for. If leadership does not come forward for what may prove to be this century's top priority task, it will be only because men and women with the potential for leadership have not understood the urgency of the situation.

Active support of conservation, and particularly at the local or community level where it may be most effective, does take a bit of time. Fortunately, many of those best qualified for this work will be able to assume some responsibility—and still have time to enjoy the better fishing and other outdoor sport that their efforts help to create.

MODERN CAMPING

CAMPING ALONG THE ALLEGHENY



THE ALLEGHENY RIVER near Pittsburgh is wide and deep. Recent stream improvement has resulted in frequent catches of bass and pike in this region.

F YOU want to have a decidedly different camping trip plus a lot of fun to boot, pick one of the twenty-five rivers in Pennsylvania and follow it by car from one end to the other. We transversed and fished the 352-mile Allegheny River recently from its exodus to the very headwater pool in the Black Forest of Potter County. It was one of the most memorable jaunts we have ever taken!

Our trip began in Pittsburgh, where juncture of the Allegheny and Monongahela Rivers creates the broad Ohio. Fishermen dunked worms and doughballs near the anchor chains of huge tug boats. The Allegheny is wide and deep here, contributing 650 cubic feet per second into the Ohio. The view from the river is set off by a solid mass of steel and aluminum skyscrapers in the background.

On departure, we followed Route 28 north. Pleasure boats churned the water while smokestacks from steelmills and various industries billowed smoke from the shores. Nevertheless, anglers dotted both banks of the river.

The first camping area along the Allegheny is found at Crooked Creek State Park, just out of Ford City. Obtaining one of the fifty campsites may present a problem during weekends of mid-season, but a wide choice is available through the week.

Although we have not seen them personally, private campgrounds are found at Templeton, Brady's Bend and Kennerdale. The last of nine navigation dams is located at Brady's Bend, creating 72 miles of slack water. But from there on, the river changes drastically.

Bass, pike and musky frequent the pools and riffles. Feeder streams such as Sandy Creek, French Creek and others warrant more than passing interest. In the river itself, sand bars and stones permit wading in many places while dredging in certain locations has created deep holes.

Public camping is welcomed at the Venango County 4-H Fair Grounds, near Franklin. Twenty campsites with tables, charcoal grills and waste containers are available. Flush-type sanitary facilities and hot showers are provided. Rate for this twenty-five acre area is \$1.00 per day and 50c extra for electricity. The river and above-mentioned streams are found within two miles.

Three more private campgrounds are located between Franklin and Tionesta Reservoir, itself a popular camping spot. Camping is possible in many places by permission of the landowner. The river in this region is swift, cold—one of the best musky haunts in the state. From this point northward, the waist-deep river creates the western edge of the Allegheny National Forest. Several federal campgrounds are found near the river.

An outstanding private campground, the Cloverleaf Camping Area, is located right on the Allegheny near Tidioute. You have a choice of 112 campsites. All sites have both water and electricity at no extra charge. You can rent a cottage if you so desire. Boats or canoes are available. Camping fees vary but are more than reasonable.

Although the scheduled completion date is long past, camping areas at Allegheny Reservoir were not open at this writing. At last word, Kiasutha will open to the public upon completion of roadways.

The river leaves Pennsylvania at Corydon, circles New York's Allegany State Park and reenters near the little town of Bullis Mills, McKean County. Port Allegany marks the entry of many rough and tumble canoe trips. More a creek than a river, the Allegheny now yields record catches of browns and rainbows.

Deer Lick Camping Area, a private campground on Route 872, four miles from Coudersport, contains fifty tent and trailer sites, electricity, hot showers and more important, is located not only near the river but in the very heart of cold-water mountain trout streams. Rates are \$2.00 per night, 25c extra for electricity.

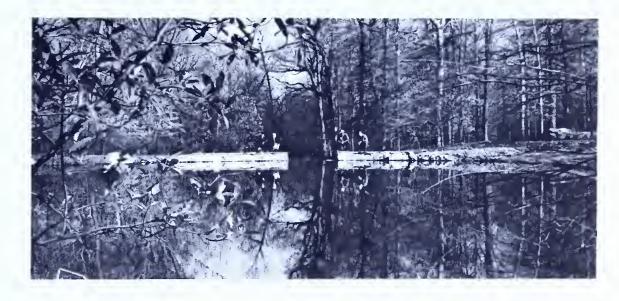
To follow the river to its source, take Route 44 out of Coudersport, then turn right on Route 49. Soon the stream swings away from the highway. A sign marks the point as the easternmost region of the Mississippi River drainage system. But to reach the head pool, you must hike about three-quarters of a mile back into the hills.

Brook trout can be seen darting to and fro in the small rivulet, now barely three feet wide. When reaching the source, you'll find an underground stream gushing into a bowl-shaped pool, then cascading over the edge to begin a journey all the way to the Gulf of Mexico.

We began fishing for catfish and carp in Pittsburgh, ended with brook trout in the Black Forest. We can't help but wonder how many millions upon millions of fish live out their lives in between.

ONE OF TWO ponds on the 640 acre John J. Tyler Arboretum which hove been turned over to the Delco Anglers ond Conservotionists for raising bass under a cooperative agreement with the Pennsylvonia Fish Commission.

By TOM EGGLER
Staff writer, photographer



A PFC CO-OP PROJECT— BASS for DELAWARE COUNTY

Delaware County fishermen can look forward to improved bass fishing in the future if plans being made by the Delco Anglers and Conservationists work out as well as expected.

ABOVE—THERE GOES ONE! Penny Pendleton, fish committee choirmon, points out some bluegills to fish committee member Ed McCorkle ot a form where members of the club fish. All cotches at the pond ore recorded so growth and condition can be checked.

BELOW—DISCUSSING PLANS for the boss roising project with oboretum officiols. Pictured from left to right ore: Mrs. Penny Pendleton, fish committee choirmon; Ed McCorkle, fish committee member; Chorlie Pendleton, club president; Chorlie Finegon, arboretum superintendent; Corl W. Fenninger, arboretum president; ond Buck Sokers, member of the fish committee.



The Delco Anglers, a local group of hardworking, dedicated fishermen, have applied for—and received—a cooperative nursery permit from the Pennsylvania Fish Commission for rearing bass in two ponds on the 640 acre John J. Tyler Arboretum near Lima.

Started in 1961 "to preserve, improve, and expand fishing in Delaware County" and to "educate the public as to good sportsmanship, respect for property, and conservation practices", the club at present has about 100 members. To retain an active membership status members must serve on a number of work details throughout the year.

Original fish for the bass project were purchased four years ago when the club bought 50 bluegills and 100 bass.

Other fish were secured when a local farmer offered to let club members help him reduce the fish populations in his farm pond. Most of those taken were stocked in public streams along with those raised by the club. At present 31 breeders are being held in the ponds on the arboretum.

These, along with those to be supplied the elub under the cooperative nursery agreement, will provide a supply for future stockings.

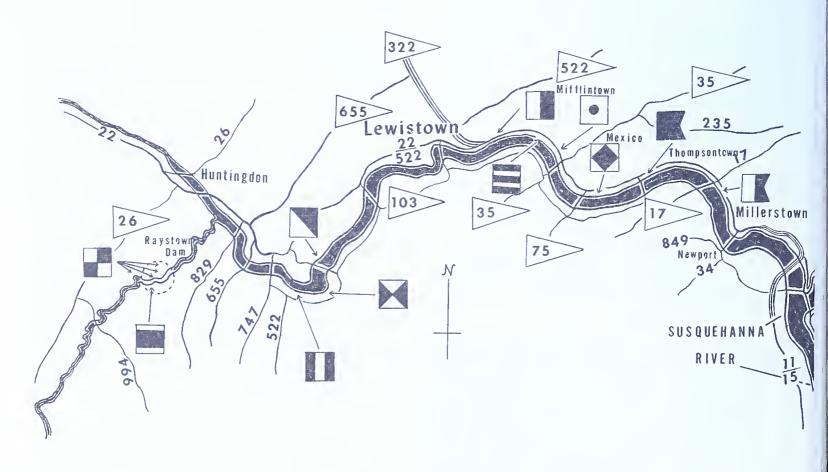
DIRECTORY OF PENNSYLVANIA MARINAS ACCESS AREAS AND **BOAT RENTAL FACILITIES**

By ROBERT G. MILLER

Juniata River

From: Millerstown

To: Raystown Dam

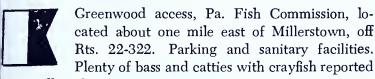


If you're looking for fishing, try the Juniata. It's wide and shallow, interspersed with deep holes, and just a few weeks ago there were plenty of catties to be had, the bass were reported hitting in the deep water, generally found along the south side of the stream; and muskies were reported in the Newton Hamilton area.

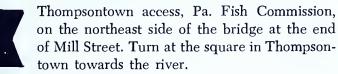
However if your interests run more towards a combination of fishing, bathing, water skiing and pleasure boating, take time out and head for the Raystown Dam which, although it cannot be found on a road map, is the finest pleasure boating area on the Juniata.

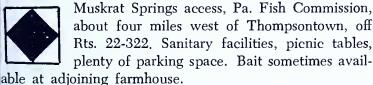
Between Millerstown and Raystown there are 14 areas, some a bit on the primitive side, where small craft can be launched. Some have row boats for rent, others have bait for sale in the immediate area.

A thumb nail sketch of each area is as follows:



as excellent bait.





Walker access, Pa. Fish Commission, at Mexico. Parking and sanitary facilities. Also available are camp sites, for tents and camp trailers, on adjoining land. For reservations contact

Ray Henry, Mifflintown R2. Telephone: 436-2481. Rates: \$1.50 a day, or \$9 per week.

Mifflintown access, Pa. Fish Commission, about one and one half to two miles west of Mifflintown, off Rts. 22-322. Next to Beale's drive-in. Riverside trailer court, privately owned access area, about one mile east of Lewistown, off Rt. 22 where Rt. 322 heads north towards State College. Beach type ramp, parking,

gasoline and oil available nearby. Fee for launching.

Linn's boat livery, Willis "Bill" Linn, owner, at Newton Hamilton, next to the bridge. If approaching Newton Hamilton from Rt. 22 turn left at general store. About eight boats available for hire, no outboard motors except those brought in by fishermen. Bait usually available in the community, check at Linn's service station-store. Strictly a fishing area, about three quarters of a mile from Mt. Union bridge, off

Rt. 22. Telephone: Mt. Union 542-9489.

White Haven, fishing and camping area owned by R. G. White, Mt. Union 542-4723. Five boats available for hire, motors usable up to 5 hp. Located along Rt. 103, about one mile

from Newton Hamilton bridge. Charge for tents and trailers. No bait available.

A PEACEFUL SCENE on the Juniata River at the Mifflintown access area, off Rts. 22-322, just west of Mifflintown.



Crownover access area for fishing craft, tents and tent trailers, owned and operated by Mrs. Louise C. Crownover, about three miles above the Newton Hamilton bridge, near Beacon

Lodge, off Rt. 103. Owner supplies camp site table and sanitary facilities, at 50 cents per day, \$1 overnight or \$5 per week. Telephone: Mt. Union 542-4120.



Martin & Allen marina, formerly Westbrook, provides docking space for pleasure craft. Located off Rt. 305 about three quarters of a mile above the Raystown dam. No telephone.

The Boat House, owned and operated by C. J. Yocum, about one mile above the dam. Fishing craft for hire, winter storage for over 40 boats and on water storage over the summer months for about 80. Open seven days a week, with someone on duty 24 hours, with gasoline and oil, camp grounds, picnic area, outboard motor service, boating accessories and fishing tackle. Yocum also provides a complete line of live bait, minnows, crabs, red worms and night crawlers, and reports fantastically good fishing for calicos, bass, walleye and muskies. Telephone: Huntingdon 814-643-3329.

Jim's Anchorage, owned and operated by Jim Filson, eight miles from Rt. 22 turn-off on Rt. 305. Has ten fishing craft for hire, about 110 boats on water, some docked along the lake front, others in the cove; gasoline and oil, live bait, picnic areas, a beach for swimming, two tent and camp trailer areas with a third under construction for 1967. Telephone: Huntingdon 814-643-3279.

Pete's Place, formerly known as Suter's landing, operated by Pete Suter, Hesston R1. Gasoline and oil available, launching ramp and parking. Located down lake off dirt road which is an extension of Rt. 305.



Pennsylvania Fish Commission ramp, near Hesston, off Rt. 26. Ramp, plenty of parking space, wooded area for picnics and fishing.

A MUCH BETTER FISHERMAN

By JAMES T. VALENTINE

District Warden-Pennsylvania Fish Commission



The Osprey, Fish Hawk, or perhaps *Pandion haliaëtus*, if you eare to refer to him by his latin name, is one of our feathered creatures looked upon by many with mixed emotions. To the bird wateher he is a thing of beauty, to some conservationists a species that is rapidly disappearing and should be afforded striet protection, to some sportsmen a predator who is in direct competition with them for something, they feel, belongs only to them. Before you make up your mind and take sides with any group, let's take a closer look at the character of this creature and then decide if there is a place for him in our great outdoors.

This fish eating bird is considered relatively large, reaching an overall length of from twenty to twenty-five inches at full maturity. The females will generally average slightly larger than the males. He has a firm glossy plumage with dark brown feathering above and a whitish neek and underparts. A dark stripe on each side of the head, and a greyish tail with several dark bars are also an aid in the identification of this bird.

Residents of Pennsylvania ean see the fish hawk when it appears principally along the waterways as a migrant in April and May and again in September and October. Ospreys are very often confused with various types of hawks and eagles, but its broad, barred tail and dark upperparts should make it distinguishable even at a great distance.

The osprey builds an enormous nest that may be from four to eight feet in diameter. Branches, sticks, and other types of debris make up this bulky mass that is usually perched on an old dead tree twenty to fifty feet from the ground. The inside of the nest is often lined with seaweed or other types of vegetation. Although most nests are made off the ground, some rare eases of ground nesting have been observed along the Atlantic Coast. Records show that single nests have been occupied annually for forty years.

When the time is right, usually during the month of May, the female osprey will lay a clutch of from two to four eggs that are slightly larger than those of the domestic fowl. Although the size, shape, and eolor ean be quite variable, a whitish eolored egg with reddish brown spots seems to occur most frequently.

Incubation of the eggs takes about five weeks. During this period the male is in constant search of food for both himself and his mate since she seldom leaves the nest except for short intervals. After hatching, near the end of June, the young rely entirely on their parents to supply rourishment for the next eight to ten weeks until they learn to fly and can provide food for themselves.

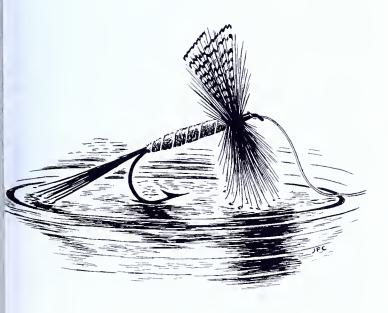
The fledgling learns to fly under the strict supervision of his parents. After the art of flight has been mastered it will then be time to develop the necessary skills that will enable him to provide food for himself. Mother Nature has endowed this winged creature with excellent equipment to seek out and capture its prey. Its four toes are of equal length instead of unequal as in all other raptors. Its outer toe is reversible as in the owls, so that it can grasp its prey with two toes in front and two behind. Each toe is tipped with a long, sharp, downeurved nail, and the pads of the under-surface of the foot have short, stiff spines to aid in holding on to their slippery prey.

Picture if you will this large magnificent bird, its long broad wings giving it a gull-like appearance, as it eireles from fifty to two-hundred feet above a body of water. It hovers a moment, then begins a dramatic downward plunge with a loud rushing noise and with unerring aim. Wings half folded, large sharp talons pointed directly toward its prey it strikes the water with a tremendous splash. It disappears completely beneath the surface then emerges in a few seconds often with a fish grasped tightly in its talons. Occasionally it grips a fish so large that it cannot extricate its talon, and is dragged to an unfortunate death.

The fish hawk has few enemies other than man. Although his diet consists almost exclusively of fish, he is protected in Pennsylvania. There are those who feel, nowever, that perhaps this protection is not justified, and even suggest that a bounty be placed on his head. Like other predators, whether they be aerial or terrestrial, ne competes with man for desired animals. This, of course, s unpopular with some sportsmen.

In defense of the osprey we should take a closer look at just what types of fish he does catch. Like most predtors he is more likely to prey on something that is the easiest for him to obtain. Carp, suckers, and other species of non-game fish apparently make up the bulk of his liet. By the nature of these fish they are the most plentiful and the easiest for a bird of this type to capture. He vill also tend to prey on those weak or struggling fish hat are sickly and would be the most likely to die anyway. This, incidently, has been the undoing of many osprey. Bick fish affected by toxic sprays, such as DDT, are an easy mark for this bird, and in many cases cause the leath of the bird himself. Often it is passed on to the eggs esulting in very low hatchability. So whether the osprey eally hurts the game fish population in a given body of vater is questionable. More likely he helps in keeping a ody of water in proper balance.

The next time you happen to be fishing along your avorite river or lake and you see this large graceful bird coaring and searching for an evening meal of fish, I tuggest you admire him for his beauty, respect him for his skill, and give him all the credit he deserves—he's a nuch better fisherman than you or I.



ART CLARK'S FISH'N DIARY

THE ROCKWORM

While waiting for thermometer to register water temperature a stone is turned up inside eddy of the riffles, and Mr. Trout's menu is plain as day. The light-green caddis larvae with brownish heads or rockworms are lodged under the stone. If stomach contents of a trout are removed, placed in water and stirred, the undigested worms can be seen floating free of the green mass. Special tactics are needed to take advantage of this feeding condition.

The rockworms rove about stark-naked, and often help-lessly benumbed by the cold water are literally tumbled along by deep currents into the mouths of trout. Any of the worms that escape build pebble-stick huts or shelters on stones, in which they are comparatively safe. Even then trout root around and gobble them up, huts and all. Trout so relish these succulent worms they often have bruised noses from rooting stones. Trout do not intentionally eat the pebbles, gravel, sticks found in their stomachs. Stomach juices have digested the worms in their huts and disintegrated the shelters. Why the worms live so dangerously is one of those things. Trout feed on them all season, and how any of them survive to hatch as caddis flies is another one of those things.

Year after year there is an alarming decrease in species and quantities of stream inhabitants; therefore, rockworms and other larvae-nymphs should not be used for bait. These useful, harmless worms and nymphs are rapidly becoming extinct in many streams because of the twin scourgers, erosion and pollution.

There are several good imitations of caddis larvae, pupae and flics. However, today we use the Surface Nymph tied on a 2x fine hook. This Nymph is fashioned to serve very effectively as imitation of worms, worms in huts or cases, pupae or flies. Without lead or by adjusting amount of strip-lead on leader the Nymph can be fished with a life-like bouyancy at all feeding levels. When drifted on bottom of stream it very seldom gets hung-up. Today's selection is a size 14 tied with light-green nylon thread.

With lead on leader the Nymph is cast on short line upstream to 1 or 11 o'clock, rod is held high enough to keep line off water. The Nymph is allowed to sink and drift about a foot from bottom. As it drifts downstream rod tip is moved along so the Nymph is not pulled upward by too tight a line. If the Nymph becomes invisible during the drift we watch for flash of trout slightly downstream from entrance of leader into water. When there is a flash or the leader stops moving line is merely tightened, although trout invariably hook themselves on the small needle-sharp hook.

We fish the very end of the pool under the old covered bridge, all the convex side of the fast-riffly run below the bridge, then move above the bridge and wade carefully downstream within a few rod-lengths from apex of fast converging currents of the two streams. The size 14 Surface Nymph is again drifted near bottom in deep currents, first on our right side, then on the left. While things

quiet down after hooking trout along right side, Nymph is drifted through currents on left side. After hooking trout on left, cast is made back to the right side. Thus a wonderful day astream ends, all too soon.

Hot Run is about forty yards long and ten yards wide. The bottom is covered with submerged boulders. Open spaces or pockets between the boulders provide excellent living quarters for trout. Depth of the water varies from few feet to top of waders. The Run is straight as a die, banks are studded with boulders and heavily reinforced by roots of trees. There is no main current through the Run, nor side currents idling off along the way. Water moves en masse, heavy and fast.

We have never had a surface strike in this Run, although for many seasons we have persisted in trying for one. Trout seem to have plenty of bottom food and live in security of the pockets between boulders, subsisting on succulent nymphs and larvae. They do not have to expose themselves by sipping flies on the surface, or chase and gobble low-fat-content minnows.

Today there are no flies leaving the water and no rises. Close inspection with sun at back reveals no flashes of trout darting to side for bottom food. The trout evidently occupy hiding places in quiet water between the boulders. We deliberately take plenty time rigging-up, inspecting leader, attaching short piece of strip-lead in small-tight roll few feet from end of leader, casually looking over box of nymphal imitations, stalling around and watching for a flash—if an old lunker would only move and signal his location.

We finally decide to start at lower left hand corner facing upstream, and thoroughly comb the Run.

First casting position is on shore. After short casts to I o'clock March Brown Nymbh is allowed to sink, drift to 3 o'clock when line is tightened, so the Nymbh starts rising toward the surface. Cast is repeated, perhaps half dozen or more times through or over the same openings between the submerged boulders. Even a well-fed, wary brown trout can find room for another succulent nymph, providing it keeps coming so close to him with natural movements of the water and gradually ascending toward the surface, as if to escape. He merely needs to be coaxed, and move just a foot or so. We do not try to hurry him with any fancy movements.

Casting position is advanced by wading carefully about ten feet directly out from shore, where the above routine is again successfully repeated. Two more such advances and the Nvmph is being drifted along the right bank. After half dozen drifts along and under the bank we wade out on shore, move upstream about twenty feet, then start fishing back across the Run. On the crossing back to the left shore successful casts are up to 11 o'clock and the line is tightened at 9 o'clock, so the Nvmph starts rising toward the surface. Advances continue to the left shore. The crossings are repeated until the entire Run has been combed, quite successfully too.

Wading is a never-ending problem, in this boulder-laden Run, and although it is a familiar one a dunking is always a possibility. It's practically impossible to wade without stepping on submerged boulders—one way to get dunked. Stepping in openings between the boulders is also risky because a foot may catch and have to be wriggled free, and in the fast-heavy water this may be rather difficult. If footing is finally secured on a boulder the next step may have to be too far and hazardous—back water! Try another equally hazardous way to advance.

Hot Run is the home of trout, and not a place to take a walk.

FRAUS 'N' FISH

By RALPH E. PROUTY

SHE ran her fingers through my thinning locks and spoke in a wheedling voice: "Honey, do something for me?"

"Sure. What?" I asked, trying to engage her with one eye while the other conned the sports page for the latest doings of the Cleveland Indians.

"Promise?" she pursued.

"Promise. Scout honor." I was more interested in Sam McDowell's two-hitter. He had pitched to only twenty-seven men.

"Take me fishing with you," she cooed.

"Sure. Any time you . . . What? TAKE YOU FISH-ING?"

I was finally awake to what was going on, but she was way ahead of me.

"I thought you would," she went on, "so I phoned the boat livery and reserved a boat for tonight. Then I went to the bait store for a bucket of minnows and a can of worms. The gasoline lantern is filled, and I think everything else is under control. So, shall we?"

I was whipped and I knew it. I bowed to the inevitable, though not without a token protest.

"Okay," I muttered bitterly, "let's go. It's just hard to believe my own wife could knife me in the back like this."

"Oh, relax!" she snapped, exulting in her underhanded victory. "I won't disgrace you."

The lake was clear that night. The water was smooth. It did look like a good night for fishing. I rowed out about a quarter of a mile and dropped the anchor.

"Here's the bait," I offered patronizingly.

I was determined not to bait her hooks for her. She'd invited herself, so let her make the best of it.

"Thanks," she replied sweetly, "but I baited up while you were rowing out."

"All by yourself?" I asked incredulously.

"Wow!" she yelped suddenly. "Have I got a bite!" Her pole suddenly bent in an alarming arc.

"You're snagged in the anchor rope," I volunteered cheerfully. "That's what you get for being so eager."

"Yeah?" she grunted. "Well, this is the first anchor I ever met that could swim."

RETIRES

Glen Spencer, recent Chief of the Real Estate Division and a Fish Commission employee since 1924, retired in January after nearly 43 years of service.

Starting at Pleasant Mount Hatchery in Wayne County, he worked as a fish culturist until 1945 when he was made foreman.

He remained there as foreman until 1958 when he transferred to the Real Estate Division in Harrisburg.

From 1958 to 1965 he served as assistant real estate representative. In 1965 he was named chief of the real estate division, a job he held until his retirement January 6.

Married to the former Alta Marie Stark, Spencer says he and his wife will be returning to White's Valley in Wayne County where "I'll be doing a lot of fishing".



GLEN SPENCER



NORMAN BLUM

WARDEN BLUM RETIRES

Fish Warden Norman L. Blum, Tionesta, retired on disability, November 18, 1966. He started working for the Pennsylvania Fish Commission April 1, 1931, as a hatchery employee. Transferred to the law enforcement division as the regular fish warden August 1, 1949, for the counties of Forest and Clarion, which position he held until his retirement.

Now I could see her line moving along the boat. It wasn't the anchor rope, after all. Then the answer struck me.

"Sheepshead fisherman—that's what you are," I said scornfully. "I can tell by the way he acts he's just a big, no-good Lake Erie sheepshead."

"Oh, you're so smart," she grated out. "Why don't you get the landing net and make yourself useful?"

"Landing net?" I sneered. "I wouldn't give a sheepshead the honor. The landing net is for real fish."

"Come on!" she panted. "He's coming up!"

About two feet below the surface the fish showed up plainly in the light of the gasoline lantern. He was no sheepshead, but a walleye—and a whopper. I made a frantic grab for the landing net.

"Don't give him any slack," I coached.

"Are you kidding?" gasped the wife. "I couldn't if I wanted to."

I slipped the net under the fish and lifted him into the boat. He was magnificent—all twenty-two inches of him.

"Some sheepshead, huh?" chortled the little woman. "I've cleaned enough of your fish to know this baby is a walleye. You know, this is kinda fun, at that."

Right then I began revising my opinion of lady fishermen. Maybe she didn't do this or that right, but she did catch fish. And that, they say, is the test of a real fisherman.

Well, I have to run. The wife is taking me fishing.

Norm, as he is affectionately called by his friends and acquaintances will be remembered for his calm, cool and collected manner in which he went about his work.

The Pennsylvania Fish Commission wishes him many years of pleasant retirement with the hope his physical condition will improve once relieved of the problems with which a fish warden must continually be concerned.



FISH WARDEN JOSEPH E. BARTLEY is shown explaining the features and operation of a casting rod and reel at a "Fundamentals of Fishing" class conducted at Promised Land State Park in Pike County.



SEEING IS BELIEVING! This five-legged frog was caught by 14-year-old Wilson Snyder of Port Allegany in the Allegheny River.

...with a subscription to Pennsylvania ANGLE

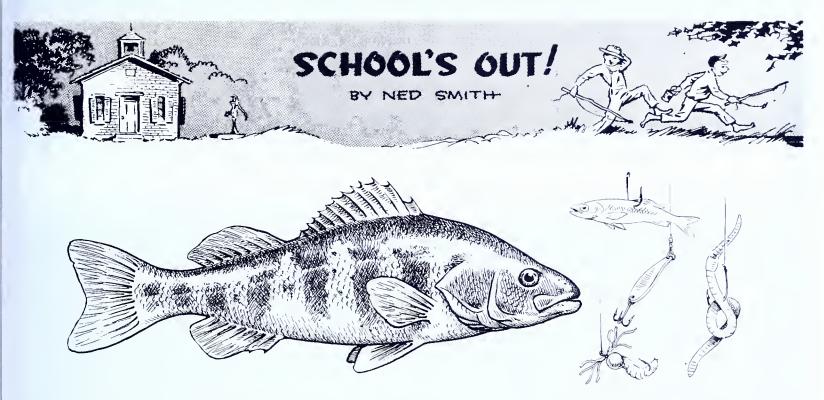


EDDIE GRAY PHOTO

THE MUSKIES ARE HITTING-Herman Young of near Venango, shows an impressive result af gaod fishing in cald, clear water of French Creek: It's a 47-inch, 26-paund muskellunge caught at mouth of Canneauttee Creek, west af Cambridge Springs. A veteran "creek" angler, Yaung annually lands several sizeable 'lunge. French Creek's waters, high and muddied by heavy rains, had leveled aff ta a moderate level—cald enough to make the muskies hit. Young used a big chub far bait an this specimen.



FRANK SABOT, af Barking, is quite a musky fisherman. After taking a 38-incher and a 46-incher from Tianesta Reservoir an September 18, he taak another 46-inch musky the fallowing Saturday marning and then went aut the next night and landed a 32-inch lunge. Sabat fishes with frags.



THE TASTY PERCH

HE yellow perch is one of the best tasting fish ever pulled through a hole in the ice. Every angler should make its acquaintance.

This relative of the walleye is found in many lakes throughout the state, and in the larger streams as well. It grows largest in the lakes of northeastern and northwestern Pennsylvania, but nowhere is it a big fish. Two pounders are rare, and the average is eight or ten inches long.

The yellow perch is easily identified. Its back is olive and the sides are yellow banded with olive or dusky. It has two separate dorsal fins—the rear one is soft, the front one spiny. The lower fins are usually bright yellow.

Perch travel in schools and are among the easiest fish to catch. In summertime they are often found around docks and in stump or log littered coves, but the bigger ones are generally caught in deeper water, sometimes twenty or thirty feet down. In wintertime, too, they are found in deeper water than that inhabited by bluegills.

Yellow perch feed on nearly anything, and will strike spoons, spinners, plugs, bass bugs, trout flies, and other lures. Worms, minnows and grasshoppers are excellent live bait. In wintertime perch are caught through the ice by jigging a metal lure, ice fly, jig, or bait up and down. In some areas grubs are the perferred bait; in others minnows are more popular.

Fortunately, yellow perch can often be caught in large numbers, and the daily limit is fifty, unless combined with certain other fish (see the latest fishing regulations.) They can be skinned or scaled. Either way the white, firm flesh is hard to beat, especially when taken through the ice on a cold day in January.

FILL YOUR REEL

Reels of all types should be nearly filled with line. Unless they are, casting and spinning reels won't cast as far as they should, and too many turns of the crank are required to retrieve the line.

Fly lines should be tied to "backing line" to fill the reel for fast take-up, and to guard against a big fish taking off all your line.

Judging how much backing to use to properly fill the reel is difficult, but this way is easy. First, wind your fly line on the reel—backwards if it is a weight-forward line. Then attach the backing line (squidding line is good) to the end of the fly line, continue winding it on the reel until the spool is well filled, and cut it off. Now take it off the reel by temporarily tying the end of the backing to a tree and walking away with the reel, allowing the line to play out until you reach the end. Disconnect it from the spool and let it drop to the ground, then untie the end of backing line from the tree, fasten it securely to the spool, and wind it up. The line will be reversed, and the spool will be filled just right.

SHORT SHORTS

When you have a batch of fish to clean soak them in a solution of vinegar. It will take away the slippery coating that makes them so hard to handle.

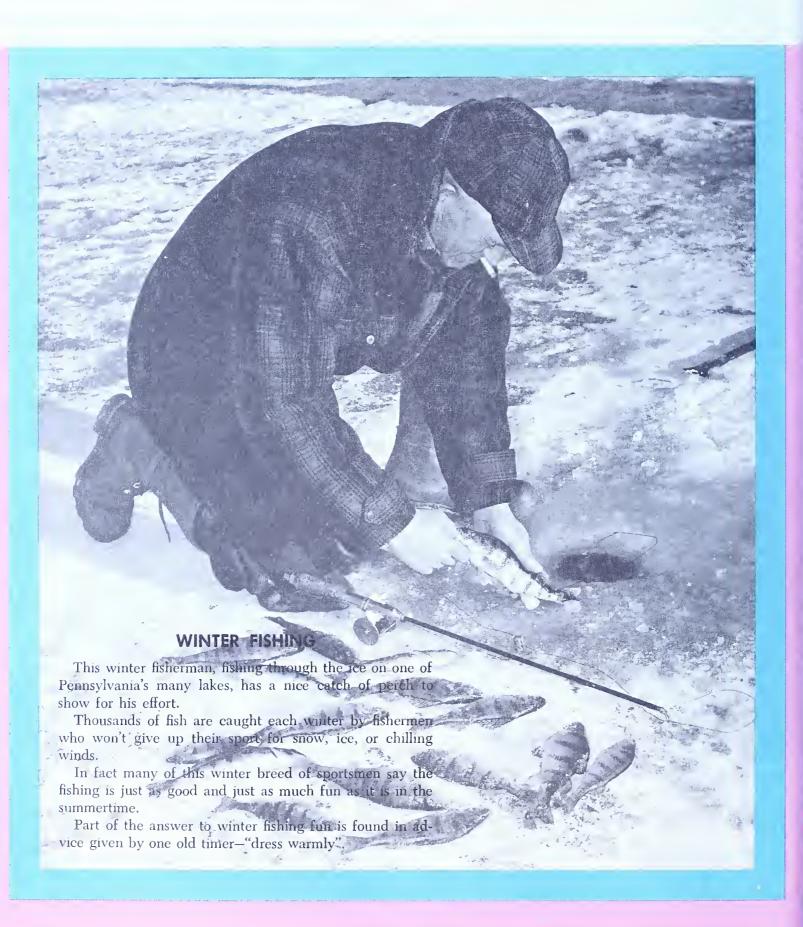
Remove the bits of tippet material from the eyes of your trout flies in the off-season. It will save precious time on the stream.

Store your hip boots in a cool place, hanging them by the soles to prevent creasing.

To coat fish with flour for frying put them in a paper bag with the flour, hold it shut, and shake.

Don't wait until you have the first fish in your hands to get the stringer and unhooker out of your tackle box. Place these items within reach before you start.

JANUARY—1967



FEBRUARY 1967 1.6 C.Z

Pennsylvania Angler



Pennsylvania's New Governor Hon. Raymond P. Shafer

PENNSYLVANIA STATE LIBRA DOGUNGATS SECTION



TO THE FISHERMEN OF PENNSYLVANIA:

As the second century of Fish Commission history starts it is important to note that recreation and tourism are Pennsylvania's second largest industry.

The many thousands of miles of rivers and streams and vast acreages of lakes and ponds which provide some of our Nation's most exciting and rewarding fishing recreation are also Pennsylvania's greatest natural resource.

Pennsylvania's recreational fishery program is entering a new age where the working man has more leisure time to spend with his family. Fishing on Pennsylvania's waters is truly a family sport in which persons of all ages can participate.

All of us today are seeking peaceful relaxation from the cares, pressures and tensions of today's frantic world. What better way to health and happiness than a pleasant afternoon along one of our scenic waterways.

As Governor I look to the Fish Commission to continue its outstanding 100 year record of public service and to expand our recreational fishing resources to meet the ever-growing outdoor needs of all Pennsylvanians.

Sincedely yours,

Raymond P. Shafer

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Pennsylvania Angler

Published Monthly by the

PENNSYLVANIA FISH COMMISSION COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA

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FEBRUARY, 1967



VOL. 36, NO. 2

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POSTMASTER: All 3579 forms to be returned to Dunlap Printing Co., Inc., Cherry and Juniper Sts., Philadelphia, Pa. 19107.

The PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER is published monthly by the Pennsylvania Fish Commission, South Office Building, Harrisburg, Pa. Subscription: One year—\$2.00; three years—\$5.00; 25 cents per single copy. Send check or money order payable to Pennsylvania Fish Commission. DO NOT SEND STAMPS. Individuals sending cash do so at their own risk. Change of address should reach us promptly. Furnish both old and new addresses. Second Class Postage paid at Harrisburg, Pa. Neither Publisher nor Editor will assume responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts or illustrations while in their possession or in transit. Permission to reprint will be given provided we receive marked copies and credit is given material or illustrations. Communications pertaining to manuscripts, material or illustrations should be addressed to the Pennsylvania Fish Commission, Harrisburg, Pa. NOTICE: Subscriptions received and processed the 10th of each month will begin with the second month following.

The Loss of Free-Rein Privileges Provided by Land Owners
Often Occurs When Defensive Hostility is Aroused by . . .

Faulty Fishing Manners

By WILBERT NATHAN SAVAGE

PROPER piscatorial etiquette covers much more than simply exercising resolutions not to be a litterbug or a firebug. It involves, first of all, full recognition of the fact that the rural land owner's pride in proprietorship equals that of any city-dwelling property owner. Indeed, his land in many instances represents his sole source of livelihood.

Unfortunately, his rights and his security are sometimes grossly overlooked or even threatened by sportsmen (?) who symbolize the provocative few. And the exasperating nature of vexing circumstances all too often understandably topple everyday moods of patience and agreeability to the extent that the irate land owner heads for town to pick up a supply of "NO TRESPASSING" signs.

To direct initial focus on indiscreet fishing manners, let's begin by considering unfair treatment experienced by farmer-lumberman, Edmund K----. Edmund went into a section of his two hundred acres of Pennsylvania timberland to get a truckload of selectively cut pulpwood. When he sought to reach the nearby highway, two cars and a pickup were parked smack-dab in the middle of the private lane that provided his only way out. Two of the vehicles were locked. Edmund repeatedly sounded his horn. No results. Not only had the owners of the effective roadblocks fished through Edmund's property-they also kept him bottled up in the narrow lane for four hours. Ready to go into orbit by the time the situation had been remedied, no amount of excuses and apologies could alter the course of his determination. Next day he posted his ground, and intends to keep it that way!

The blocking of private passageways by unthinking sportsmen-fishermen included—is a rather common of-

fense. A kinky little dirt road may appear totally unused Further examination may even hint that it doesn't go any where—except perhaps into a perfectly empty field. Beside offering the advantage of being handy to good fishing, i also affords welcome shade. So it is appropriated as parking place—possibly for the day.

But upon returning, your pleasant and rewarding day of good luck may be shattered by the fact that an enraged farmer is there to profanely shout that your foolhard parking blocked the only point of field access for his harvesting equipment. His blood-pressure is up—and nex day so are the NO FISHING OR HUNTING signs!

If your fishing jaunt takes you to private property-which is very apt to be the case—one sure way to avoid hampering farm operations through unwise parking is to ask the owner if the spot you've selected rates his okay. For in what you may look upon as a wide path, a tracto suddenly will appear, or farm livestock, or maybe a combine or a truck. Farmers and timbermen set their own pace in strange places—and the miracle of mobility transcending the impossible is as likely to occur in a swamp as it is on a snaky logroad.

If you have long been enjoying the privilege of fishing on unposted land, now might be the time to take inventor, of your good fortune. Cultivate sincere recognition of the fact that you are the land owner's guest—for that is exactly what you are!—and treat every inch of his property with the same respect you'd want him to have for your fron lawn. Even when private land isn't posted, there may be special request signs. Such as: "Please Limit Your Party to Four," etc. Honor them—cheerfully.



The author has first-hand knowledge of an incident which involved a stream-bound trio of anglers and their failure to close a pasturefield gate. Shortly after they made their way across a farmer's mountain acreage, a score of his cattle took advantage of the invitation to roam the countryside. It started to put down a cold rain about the time the farmer discovered the fishermen's blunder. The cattle scattered in several directions, and darkness was settling when the sturdy tiller of the soil, soaking wet and boiling mad, finally rounded up the last bovine escapee.

As he was posting his ground next day, he commented: 'I'm sorry to have to do this. I know most fishermen are esponsible sportsmen. But a few mischief-makers can poil things in a nasty kind of way. I'm lucky some of my cattle weren't killed on the highway yesterday. Situated is I am, I just can't take chances on a repeat of that shabby act of pure carelessness . . ."

Several years ago I approached a farmer to ask for an okay to do a little solo fishing on his unposted 360-acre Pennsylvania farmstead. Although I had been there several years before and felt there'd be no objection to my plans, I reminded myself that renewing an acquaintance und getting a fresh verbal permit certainly could do no narm. I was surprised, however, to find the hard-working and owner in a bad mood.

"I remember you," he greeted. "And it's all right for you to go ahead and fish. But that station wagon load of ginks who drove in here yesterday while I was away—they'll never again be welcome hereabouts, even if they beg. I'm still not going to post my land, but I sure am going to put up 'Fishing and Hunting by Permission Only' notices!"

Why was the farmer as riled as a pinched hornet? Well, to begin with, five high-booted fishermen (he called them by another name!) brazenly went stomping across his 12-acre field of near-ripe wheat, trampling it shamefully. The needless grain loss was made even more noticeable by the fact that the field was wet. Now we must add this little caper. When the men tried to climb over a woven-wire fence as one, they tore it loose from several posts and made no attempt to refasten it.

Many years ago a Pennsylvania farmer wrote a letter to the editor of a farm magazine. His remarks still hold true. To wit: "Fishermen generally are a trustworthy lot. Aside from telling an occasional notorious lie about 'the one that got away,' they rarely show signs of outright cussedness. But a mere handful of ill-mannered nuisances can cause the door marked 'Welcome' to be locked against throngs of square-shooters seeking their creel limit on private property. That's why it is in the interest of all



honest fishermen not to admit a newcomer to a fishing party without carefully checking his ethics index. One bum can get a lot of Princes into quick trouble. When you strike out with rod and reel, pick your buddies with great care. I have seen some examples of rudeness that would shame a shoat out of a mud wallow. Those are the hook-and-line boys that I stop so they can take a gander at the special sign I have designed just for them—'One Way: OUT!'"

Among the comparatively small number of irresponsible fishermen one can find a still smaller group: the hoodlums who, by reason of some warped misconception, regard farmers as "rubcs," "hicks," "hayseeds,' etc. They are the rogues whose infractions often come about as a result of malicious planning. Exhibiting utter disregard for private property, they help themselves to anything in sight—including a crack at the farmer's own farm pond if any sort of screening from general view is afforded. Should the fishing take on a wearisome drag character, diversion may be sought in a raid on an orchard, sweetcorn truck patch, or an especially appealing shrub of convenient size may be lifted. Or—and this really happened!—in the case of the gang who camped out along a trout stream near

Confluence, Pa., one hero even got up at dawn and milked a farmer's cow that happened to be grazing in a nearby pasturefield. He nobly explained that he wanted to make certain there'd be no shortage of milk for the break fast coffee!

In yet another case, not being satisfied with a nice eatch of trout, a pair of punk anglers got brave and made history by taking advantage of a fleeting opportunity to nab two ducks that belonged to the farmer whose land their presence was corrupting. But in the end, the joke was on them. For on the way out to the highway they tried a short-cut past an abandoned sawmill-and became mired. They had to ask the farmer to pull them out. He heard a duck quack and demanded that they open the trunk of the car. Two ducks strolled out. The farmer casually put the ducks back in the trunk and told the disgrace-to-the-name anglers that pulling them out with his tractor would cost them \$20, plus \$5 for the ducks. Realizing that prosecution could cost them even more, they shelled out the money. Bidding them a fond farewell, the farmer said, "Guys like you should be kicked off all the streams, or, better still, kicked the hell out of the country!"

Did this outrage trigger a decision to post? No. In the words of the broad-minded land owner, here's why: "Weasels of this caliber come along so seldom that I wouldn't think of lowering the boom on respectable fishermen who stand in overwhelming majority. But I do think that every conscientious fisherman would do himself proud by making certain that none of the walking worms such as I've just dealt with ever get into a sportsmen's elub of any sort. When facts are known, put the proper brand where it belongs. Make sure, of course that you're handling facts, not rumors. The word'll get around-and pretty soon the insufferable vahoos will be loners unwelcome to fish even in a stock pen mud puddle! I like to fish, too, and the more the 'good guys' try to deal fairly with the land owner and weed out the 'bad guys,' the better off they'll be when they have to depend on that high percentage of private land for prime stream fishing."

Sometimes the little things count, as indicated by Oscar H———, who relates: "For several years I have been asking those who fish on my land not to stop at the first big pool beyond the woodlot—and I've been getting splendid cooperation. You see, by grandson is crippled and that pool is easy for him to get to when he comes visiting. He calls it his own private fishin' hole."

And then we have this candid comment from a Keystone land owner who can measure a good half mile of troutstocked creek water in his wood and pastureland: "I've been getting along with fishermen better than I have with hunters. About the last difficulty I had with a hook dunker happened when a fellow exhausted his bait supply and started to spade up a storm where a worm hasn't lived since Noah built his ark. I had to stop him; but since he wasn't a smart aleck I even pitched in and helped him turn up a healthy batch of worms. That evening he stopped by and shared his catch with my wife and I. I don't expect this, ever, or ask it; but fellows of this type rarely turn out to be the kind of scoundrels who make it hard to leave prejudice out when more favorable

odds are being weighed. Even though no portion of my five hundred acres of land has ever been posted, I still like the man who asks for permission to fish—not every time he comes by, but before taking to the stream the first time around. Such courtesy sets him apart—and sometimes I think courtesy is getting to be an awful scarce commodity in this country. Since fishing, as it is meant to be enjoyed, is a sport for Kings, I expect any man worthy of the Walton insignia to come to the front door. He's more apt to get a go-ahead nod there than he is around pack. . . ."

If anyone in the rod-and-reel set feels that the farmer s too busy—or too slow-witted—to be keenly aware of what s going on about him, better think again! From an orchard vantage point one farmer noted with approval he fact that two fishermen were careful not to disturb nilk cows resting in afternoon shade. Going around the ivestock meant skipping nearly a hundred yards of good ishing; but doing so nonetheless meant for them new uster on the streamside welcome mat.

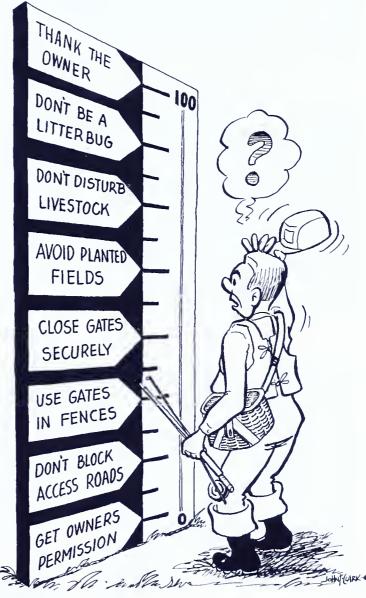
A second farmer observed that a fisherman and two roung companions went to an out-of-the-way gate, rather han climb his fence and double-checked to make certain he gate was securely closed. A third farmer silently applauded a lone angler who picked up several tin cans left by someone less tidy and "buried" them beneath a large lat stone. Indeed, this bit of thoughtfulness caused the armer to recall the year before when a young heifer imped in to the barnyard with a round can wedged on her hoof. The animal was badly cut, and the services of a veterinarian had to be sought—thanks to some scatter-prain who still may erroneously be referring to himself as a fisherman.

Although he may say little, or perhaps nothing at all, almost any land owner despises to see a stream fished to death by a few parasites who appear day after day with unreasonable regularity. They simply don't know when to quit, regarding their license as a daily admission ticket, carnival-style. One farmer discovered such a pair of "enthusiasts" to be unemployed. Curiously, they had made a bet with some friends that they would fish every day until their employer called them back to work. Upon hearing that in one day they had taken 28 trout from the stream, the farmer ousted them and made it plain that henceforth fishing would be by permission only, and their permit had just expired—permanently!

Of the encounter, the land owner remarked: "In another part of the county it was capers like this, coupled with some downright vicious property abuses, that caused mass posting on a farm block basis—maybe eight to ten farms linked as one, and each posted to the hilt. The tragic thing up there, as I got the story, was that offending adults often had youngsters in their groups. It is bad enough for a fellow to have to witness bad conduct by a so-called sportsman. But when they start to drag in mere kids and set rotten behavior examples in shameless fashion, then I guess it's time for all-together action!"

What impels people to show their ignorance through reckless irregularities that at best suggest only impudence and poor up-bringing? To put the issue in the simplest terms, why must it really be so difficult to treasure rather than abuse seasonal privileges that exist only because a multitude of land owners generously allow you to match wits with the finny clan on ground they toil to maintain? It is their hard-earned dollars that go into modern-day high taxes. Indeed, you're most fortunate that Mr. Proprietor of Leisure Acres is such an amiable host. Give him a reciprocal break—even if it means going out of your way to do so. The unselfish liberty he usually allows, and your vow to esteem rather than trample it, could be the key to survival of the traditional Walton pasttime wherever pure streams rush through privately owned woodland, or make crooked courses of still water in broad green meadows.

Little has been said of the never-ending need to enforce great personal caution in the use of campfires, disposal of matches, cigarettes, etc. And not much has been said of the litterbug—the guy who throws his lunchbag and beer bottles in the creek or strings them along the banks. Actually, it seems that little need be said. For only nit-wits arc careless with fires; while litterbugs more often than not are slobs. Few people care to pin on these identification tags. Not even one at a time.



HOW DO YOU MEASURE UP...?

Midges For Tough Trout

PART 6

By ED KOCH

Photos by BOB SNYDER

AS OF this writing we have considered various types of midges. The herl midge, small dry midges and the start of midge nymphs. We have discussed the style of the nymph, rough and suggestive rather than detailed and imitative. Method of fishing, short line, upstream and close to shore. This method of fishing, the simple tying of the nymphs opened a new era in my fly fishing career.

Eagerly I began tying muskrat nymphs in size fourteen and fishing them with the short line and upstream method my unknown friend had shown me. Talk about feeling like a pro, for the rest of the season that was me. I figured I was in the same class as Hewitt, Evrett, Brooks, Lucas, Bergman or any of the well known anglers I'd read about. Fishing the Paradise from top to bottom with the muskrat nymph the results were always the same, more trout than ever taken on the black ant or any other fly. Using the muskrat on Penns, Bald Eagle, Elk, Fishing, Young Womans, Cross Fork and Slate Run, the nymph and method really brought results. Thus another lesson was burned into the memory of this young lad.

For many seasons after that I checked rocks, logs, leaves, grass, mud, everything in the stream bottom where insect life might be found. Specimens by the hundreds were collected and preserved in alcohol. Most of the large identifiable species were set aside and concentration was directed to the minutae, tiny forms of insect life from 1/4th of an inch in length to \% inch long. Observations of feeding trout on numerous occasions turned my interest to this "small stuff" as it has come to be called. This occurred not only on Pennsylvania streams but in New York, Vermont, Maine, Maryland and Virginia. Trout were observed feeding when there was no apparent hatch of flies on the water. This feeding habit was not sporadic but quite consistent. There were evidently specific times that the trout fed on these small midge like flies, in the morning, afternoon and evening. This unusual feeding occurs on streams that are exceptionally rich or over abundant with insect life. On small mountain streams or feeder streams where there are limited numbers of flies or hatches the midges are all but non-existent.

Being more concerned with general size, shape and color at this stage of the game the specimens were categorized accordingly. Shapes varied from simple, slender, smooth bodies to oversized fat bodies. Flat, round, tapered, rough, smooth, you name it and a sample could be located

in one of the specimen bottles. Even small mayfly like nymph bodies with tails, segmented gill structures, thorax wing cases and legs, all on an insect that should have been tied on a number 24 hook! The color spectrum was equally amazing. Black, grey, brown, tan, cream, olive yellow and even orange.

Next came the problem of what to tie and how to tie it. The main objective was going to be simplicity for I was firmly convinced at this time that the simpler and uglier a fly looked the more trout it would catch. Over the long winter evenings several hundred nymphs of various shapes and colors were turned out from the weird collection of furs in the tying kit. White rabbit was dyed to colors that couldn't be obtained naturally. Nymphs in size 18, 20, 22 and 24 crammed the fly box ready for the coming season. That winter was like an eternity. Spring and trout scason seemed as though they would never arrive. I was over anxious to try the "midge nymphs."

I decided to start the season on Mountain Creek in Cumberland County. Driving to the area my mind was going a mile a minute wondering if all the effort of the past winter was going to be in vain. Parking the car with the dozens of others already assembled, gear was laid out and checked. Rod assembled, leader tied on and a size 14 muskrat securely attached to the 5X tippet. A quick cup of coffee and the season was several minutes old. Starting at a spot that usually went unfished by the hoard of first day anglers because of the thick tangle of laurel that lined the edge of the stream, two nine inch browns quickly fell victim to the muskrat nymph. In less than an hour seven more trout were hooked and released in seventy yards of stream. The edge was off! Thinking of the midges in the fly box and the amount of hours spent in preparation for this day I decided to head back to the car, have a sandwich, another cup of coffee and rig up a new leader tapered to 6X and give the "little secrets" a try.

Walking upstream to where a long quiet glide stretched out behind a fast riffle I stopped to study the water. The freshly stocked trout would not yet be feeding under the surface film as readily as they would in a month or two from now. Instinct suggested that they were probably laying in their feeding stations waiting for something to drift by. This was as good a time as any to find out for sure if the midges would be "Worth their salt" as the saying goes. If these early season trout could be enticed into coming up for a look or perhaps even be fooled into taking once or twice all the long hours and effort of collecting and tying would be history—happily remem-

pered! Just the thought that "perhaps" the flies might rove themselves made me nervous working out line for he first cast. Casting up and across stream with about wenty feet of line the midge hit the water about six feet rom the far bank. Almost instantly the small fur body oaked up water and the nymph went under. Keeping an eye on the spot where the leader entered the water I vatched, tensed and ready to strike as the fly drifted lownstream. Ten feet from the spot the fly hit the water t was swept past a rock dividing the current into a small wirl. As the leader drifter past the downstream end of he rock I saw the telltale twitch. Conditioned reflexes mmediately raised the rod tip six inches upward. The ine went taut and the weight of a fish could be felt on the other end. Instantaneously the tension was gone. A sigh of relief let out and the trout given a free reel. It had worked ,at least once! Now the concern was to land the trout and find out where the nymph had hooked him. This would tell a lot. If he was lip hooked on the side of the jaw it could mean that it was a quick pass at the fly as it went by and possibly that the fly may only faintly resembled some speck of food. If he was hooked deep in the top of the mouth I could be pretty certain that the fly looked an awful lot like the real thing and mister trout meant business as he engulfed the tiny imitation as it drifted by his feeding station. He ran and splashed about the pool for several minutes straining against the small rod. Presently he came to the top. The arm went up swinging the rod behind my back easing an eleven inch rainbow close enough to gently slide the net under him. The first victim of the "midge nymphs" had succumbed. Cradeling the rod in the crook of my arm I gently held up the trout to check the fly. There it was imbedded firmly in the skin on the side of his jaw. The fly looked so small as to seem unbelievable to ever hook, much less hold a trout. There was no denying the "proof of the pudding." Mr. Trout was fooled, hooked, landed and released! Needless to say I was well pleased with the start of the midge nymphs.

Materials needed:

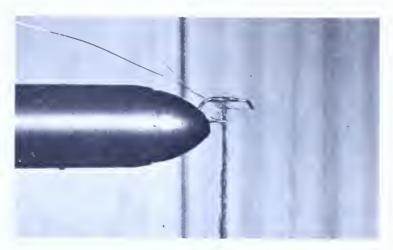
Hook: #7948A—size 16, 19 and 20.

Thread: Brown and gray nymph thread.

Fur: Muskrat for groy nymph, weasel for brown nymph ond fox fur for cream nymph.



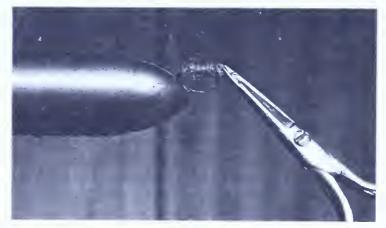
INSERT HOOK in vise. Attoch thread directly above barb of hook. Attoch piece of fine gold wire just where shonk of hook begins to bend. (Photo #1)



PULL SMALL AMOUNT of fur and dub obout one ond o holf inches on thread. (Photo #2)



DUB TAPERED BODY from bend of hook to eye of hook. Build a small hump near the front of hook shank to represent thorox or wing cose. (Photo #3)

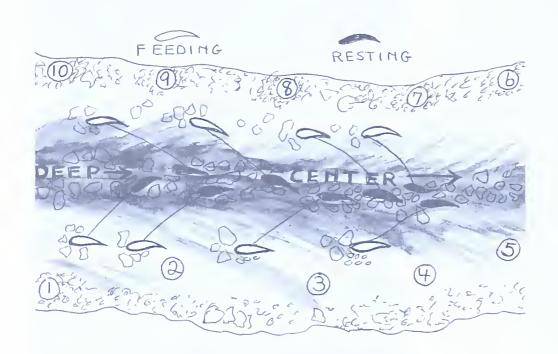


RIB BODY of nymph with three turns of the fine gold wire. Clip off excess of gold wire. (Photo #4)

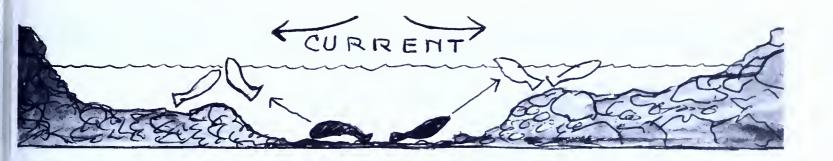


WHIP FINISH head of fly. Clip off excess thread. Apply head cement ond fly is finished. (Photo #5)

FISHERMAN'S FAIRWAY



By RAY OVINGTON



HIS is not only one of the most common situations, but one of the hardest to fish. In the early season when the water is high, most parts of the stream look like this. It is only later when the shelving riffles and deep holes will begin to take shape. To keep a lure working properly in this kind of water takes much care in casting and retrieving whether you are working with spinning gear or fly tackle.

Since early spring might call for wet flies and nymphs, let's work this water from top to bottom. Let's say the average depth here is three feet. There are streaks of medium-fast water; broken water on either side of the mid-current fanning out toward the edge of the stream. It is in these streaks of medium-fast water that the naturals will be drifting. The trout like this area too, as it affords good protection and a vantage point to take the food coming down to them from the main current flow. Wade carefully through the slack water and take up a position to the side of the main current, about a rod's length from the center of it. The plan is to work both the far and near stretches in the same cast. The spincaster can follow with us with modifications since his lures are weighted and he doesn't have as many drifting line problems.

A short fly cast line is called for, upstream and across, well over the main current and slightly beyond the stream of medium fast water. Immediately when the fly and leader are on the water the rod tip is lifted high to keep the line from hitting the central current and thus having the fly whisked away from its business. As the imitation drifts down into the current the line bellies into the medium cast water. A strike here will be felt as a slight tug requiring the immediate set of the hook and will be announced by a sudden movement of the surface line.

After the maximum practical amount of line is used in this situation and is absorbed in the downstream drift, the rod tip is slowly lowered to the surface of the water and pointed directly to the line. Spare line is carried in the hand in case of a strike so that it can be released to control the power of the strike and the first lunge of the fish. The fly, due to the action of the current on the line, swings upward from the bottom and crosses into the medium fast water to the feed lane. A strike there will require little or no setting of the hook because the line is taut during the rise, a most killing time.

The imitation then crosses over the central current, swinging in our direction and enters the fringe of the medium fast water on our side. Again, it is in position

for a strike from any trout in this lane. The fly is guided slowly out from the current and drifted into the quieter water as the rod tip is held down. The line is slowly retrieved, hand over hand, until it again is pointing directly downstream, much of it floating on the surface. This action causes the fly to rise slowly to the top and at this point a strike is felt as a strong tug against a taut line and to set the hook the rod tip is raised with a sharp snap of the wrist.

If the water is exceedingly fast and heavy it is sometimes advisable to weight the leader with two very small pieces of lead attached about two and four feet ahead of the imitations.

This is subtle fishing and a technique which will allow you to cover the current run properly rather than make a lot of wasted casts simply because it is difficult to make that fly work properly. The spin caster can follow the same general directions, and, using a very light line and ultra-light lures can take fish rather than scare them with too much casting with bright frightening lures.

When the water is low, the upstream technique follows the same general routine. Again, work from the bright side to the shady side and take your time to master this dead drift technique. Follow the numbers and fish SLOWLY.

How many times you have seen anglers wading right up through the very center of this type of water? Perhaps you have done this yourself. Remembering that the fish usually rest in the deep water unless there is sufficient overhang and cover along the edges, it is obvious that such wading tactics will disturb the water for at least an hour after the angler has left the area. It takes trout at least that long to resume their normal positions. Therefore, the chances of connecting with any fish, especially the more wary big ones is seriously cut by such wrong wading.

No matter how good your tackle, how expert your technique and delivery of the right lures or flies, scared trout that aren't there won't bite.

Actually it is better to wade a stretch of this type of water from the edge of the bank, or at least out of the water so that you will not cause any undue disturbance.

About the only time this type of situation can be waded through the center is in the early spring when the water is high. Even then, according to the casting and line routine outlined above, it would be unnecessary to wade the deep anyhow.

FEBRUARY—1967

A Fish-For-Fun Project Can Be Rewarding ... and Frustrating

By JOE McLAUGHLIN

Secretary, Project Brookville



JEFFERSON COUNTY WARDEN JIM DONAHUE is shown above taking the measurement of a trout in the fishing contest for youngsters. Hundreds of youngsters showed up for a day of fishing, plus hot dogs, pop and ice cream.

What happens when a group of civic minded citizens get together and decide to start a fish-for-fun project? "Plenty happens," is the combined answer from more than 15 Brookville citizens, who are entering their second year on a project that has been highly successful overall, but mighty frustrating at times.

When the idea was born to make a portion of North Fork Creek in Brookville into a fish-for-fun area there was plenty of enthusiasm and volunteers went to work with a will. In the fall of 1964 dams were built on the initial ¼ mile section of stream that was designated as a fish-for-fun area. Later, the project was enlarged by another mile, with more work involved. And, since funds are limited, most of the work was done by the interested parties or by contractors who donated manpower and equipment. The fishing was great, and still is.

This past winter the Directors of Project Brookville (by then a non-profit corporation had been formed) decided to build rearing pens and raise fingerlings to augment the regular Fish Commission stocking in the project. The pens were built in April and stocked in late May with 4,000 fingerlings. Project Engineer Reuben P. Ferringer was handed the baby sitting job of feeding the fish daily and otherwise caring for them. By mid-July the fish had grown to a healthy four inches and we had lost only about 40 fish, a mortality rate of only one percent. We were elated! Then on July 20 disaster struck. We received a call from Ferringer informing us that 40 dead fish were found in the pens in the morning, and more were dying every hour. A fungus had found its way into the pens.

Activity was feverish for a few days. Project Chairman F. C. "Bob" Deemer and Project President W. Jack Burns directed the fish-saving program, which included aeration with a specially purchased pump, injections of formaldehyde into the water, vacuuming the bottom to remove foreign matter that might be contaminating the water, and constant testing to see if the main water supply was foul. But, it was to no avail. Within four days the fingerlings were gone and only a messy clean-up job remained.

"We'll try again in the fall," declared Chairman Deemer, as he presided over the burial service for the fingerlings.

It was in the winter months that the Board of Directors also decided to sponsor a state trout fishing contest during the third week of June. The entire North Fork Creek and its tributary streams were included and the message was carried to fishermen far and wide. The first day of the contest there were hundreds of fishermen along the banks. But, somebody apparently forgot to tell the fish, for they were highly uncooperative and decidedly reluctant to bite.

There were plenty of 15 to 20 inch trout registered, but not one really good sized lunker had been registered. Then, in the final two days of the tournament the fish started to cooperate and fishermen began showing up with the kind of fish we knew were in the stream. The final winner was a Brookville man, Brill Wright, who landed a 25 inch brown beauty in a hole below the fish-for-fun area. The contest was a success. We had made some mistakes, but we also had a year of experience under our belts.

A one-day fishing contest for youngsters under age 14 was another project during the late spring. We promised a free hot dog and bottle of pop to each youngster who registered. And, to make sure there were some fish around, we purchased 200 six to nine inch browns to stock at the beginning of the contest.

The day dawned bright and clear, and young fishermen showed up by the hundreds. But, our newly-purchased fish didn't show up until noon. The truck had broken down on the way to the project and the fish were in no mood to let themselves be caught when they were released.

At noon we had 500 hungry youngsters on our hands. The Directors, with the help of some interested citizens, dispensed 2,000 hot dogs and the same number of bottles of pop. It was a lot of work, but the Directors felt ten feet tall when one seven year old, after his third hot dog, said: "Gee, youse is good guys to do this for us kids." What more could we ask.



REUBEN P. FERRINGER, one of the directors of Project Brookville, is shown above cleaning up the pens after 4,000 fingerlings died from fungus. A second attempt to raise fingerlings will be tried later.



BANKS WERE LINED solid on both sides as youngsters participated in the fishing contest in the open waters of North Fork Creek. There were many cases of fouled lines, but all in all it was a great day for these future fly fishermen.

Of course, there have been other projects too. Like the time we decided to promote ice skating on the municipal water dam, which is part of the fish-for-fun area. It was clear and cold, the dam had frozen smooth and was declared safe. We plowed the snow off, installed a light for night skating, put in a trash burner and hauled logs for a fire. The skating was fine for three days . . . then disaster. Overnight we had a twelve-inch snowfall, which rapidly turned to slush. The skating was ruined for the rest of the winter.

And so it has gone for two years now. There have been other projects in connection with the fish-for-fun area. Some have been very successful. Others have been dismal failures. Meanwhile, the original project has far exceeded our expectations.

Fishermen by the hundreds spend many hours along the banks of North Fork Creek. The mortality rate of the fish has been low, and occasionally a happy fisherman departs for home with a beauty that measures 20 inches or more (they can keep one a day, 20 inches or over). The fly fishermen who visit the project are happy and keep returning time after time. The townspeople are happy, especially the stores that sell sporting goods and fishing tackle. And, the Directors of Project Brookville are happy . . . most of the time.

TROUT FROM OUT BACK

By ALBERT G. SHIMMEL

RDINARILY people that make eloquent pronouncements concerning the merits of "the good old days," find scant sympathy in my hearing. I remember too well the zero mornings when shirts and breeches flapped with the speed of my race against four brothers for the warm spot behind the kitchen stove. I remember the sessions with the bucksaw and the constant trips to the wood pile that it required to stoke the stoves. Go back? Never. Yet I confess a certain nostaliga for the trout of my boyhood. In the half century since that time my esteem for Salvelinus fontinalis has increased rather than diminished.

My childhood encounter with this trout is indelibly etched on my memory. Each detail of that incident comes

again, undimmed by time.

From a small swampy depression in the meadow, a half dozen trickles united to form a brook. Less than a hundred yards from the back gate this water had a magnetic temptation and was all the more attractive because it was forbidden.

Not far from its source the brook undercut a clump of alders. Lying on top of the three foot flanking embankment I discovered two trout, partly hidden under the protection of the roots. Their bodies swayed from side to side in perfect rhythm with the green streamers of fountain moss that framed the pool. The backdrop of sand and pebbles was a perfect setting. When they changed



position I caught a flash of color. The white edging of their quivering fins, the pink and silver of their sides and the green vermiculations of their backs were marvels to my young eyes.

Even at this early age the instinct to capture these creatures was strong. I was already forming plans when one of them darted to the surface and took a bit of flotsam. It was so beautiful and interesting that I edged out farther and farther. I lost my balance and landed gasping in the fishes' element. Fortunately the water was shallow. In jig time I was up the bank and across the meadow to the yard. My muddy, saturated clothing came under parental observation and my posterior received prompt attention. My father was not one to neglect the precept, "Spare the rod." In fact he doubled it and shortly I became the owner of a fishing rod. It was discipline of a different sort and under it I became a passage angler.

By mid-teens I had acquired a familiarity with most of the trout streams within hiking distance and a number of others "out back." When on occasion I was excused from farm chores one of these distant streams claimed my attention.

Among my treasured possessions was a surplus McClellan saddle that was sold by the army when they ceased to use cavalry. With one of the horses to furnish the transportation and my gear strapped behind, I set out. The ride through the pre-dawn freshness of a summer morning was delight spiced with anticipation. Much of the way followed an overgrown logging road. It led through pines and hemlocks regrown to respectable size. It by-passed rhododendron thickets where in late spring the abundant blossoms contrasted sharply with the somber shadows cast by the evergreens. The sloping side was a jumble of lichen covered boulders where polypody fern grew from the crevices. Later the openings were filled with the pink balloons of the moccasin flower.

The stream of my choice tumbled down a steep valley filled with obstructing boulders and decaying logs, left from the logging days. Shady picture pools and waterfalls dug deep lairs where the dark backed brookies waited, willing to take anything that resembled food. One day I ran short of bait and finished out my limit with baked beans filched from my lunch sandwiches.

The limit was a generous twenty-five and on these occasions I filled it without a qualm of conscience. These were native trout, pink fleshed and splendid in gold, blue, scarlet, black and green. The stream now lies in ruins from clean timber cuttings and strip mining. In those days it was Camp Hope Run. Today its dwindled water runs red with the deadly acid.

In the early 1930's I discovered two beaver ponds on the upper reaches of Kettle Creek. These ponds were at least four miles from a passable road and had a population of brook trout that had grown large on the abundant food that the water supplied. By much experimenting I discovered that the only method of capturing these spooky natives was to use a dark nymph or a bedraggled fly, saturated with mud until it sank readily. When it was cast the trout would scatter. After some time, the fly could be moved an inch at a time across the bottom and the

trout, now over their fright, would look it over curiously then pick it up. It was fishing that required stealth and much patience. The fight that followed the successful setting of the hook so frightened the trout that the angler must seek another spot at some distance. Here after much waiting perhaps he would take another. Thé total catch for a day of hard work seldom exceeded a half dozen fish, but what fish! They were slab sided, dark with their brilliant colors and in length from twelve to sixteen inches. Only two other spots have to me ever yielded brook trout of that size, the upper Au Sable of Michigan and a small pond in northern Ontario. I returned to the spot after the flood of 1936. The dams were washed out and the very character of the stream changed. The beavers and the trout had vanished.

The preference of brook trout for dark colored flies was common knowledge among the older anglers. The old favorites were Black Gnat, Black Ant, Iron Blue Dun, and the Dark Sedge. These patterns were generally used wet. The Black Bivisible and Black Spider sometimes brought them to the surface. Dark nymphs and the darker streamers were especial favorites. A Strawman Nymph made of clipped deer hair, dyed black and ribbed with silver, rigged tandem with a Lead-wing Coachman for a dropper, was a deadly combination when fished slow and deep. Sometimes a black Wooly-worm is substituted for either lure.

The early season angler knows that the brook trout is active in colder water than either the brown or the rainbow. In a stream where all three species are present, the brookie's voracious appetite will bring him to creel while the other species are still sluggish.

One of the favorite pastimes that my wife and I pursue is exploring the mountains that lie some forty miles to the north. We were following a mountain brook that flowed through one of those deep wooded hollows. House sized boulders with the white conglomerate pebbles were scattered about. Between the white birch, hemlock and basswood we found beds of wild ginger and carpets of club mosses. The brook, pursuing the path of least resistance, leaped over the obstructions to form falls and picture pools that delighted the eye. In one spot, a shaft of sunlight spotlighted a clump of burgamot of deepest scarlet. Behind it the water slid down a slant of rock to form a sand floored pool. Beside a sunken log was the dark shadow of a trout. Although the moving water made it almost invisible, when I flipped a passing carpenter ant into the current the sight of the fish as he struck was breath catching. A trophy trout no less.

We observed other pools more carefully. There were trout in most of them. We saw no beaten paths, no empty beer cans, discarded cigarette packs or luncheon litter. Here was solitude, unspoiled. Why, we questioned? Halfway down the valley we found a possible answer. An ancient timber rattler slid into a crevice among the rocks. Silent, aloof and primeval, he completed the picture.

When the time is right, we hope to come again to taste the beauty and the peace. Perhaps we will take a trout or two and try to match their scarlet with the blossoms of the burgamot.

FEBRUARY—1967



NO. 1—NECESSARY EQUIPMENT FOR ICE FISHING. THE ICE CHISEL, TIP-UPS, MINNOW BUCKET AND BASKET FOR FISHING GEAR.



NO. 2—CUTTING THE HOLE WITH THE ICE CHISEL. FIVE SETS ARE ALLOWED AND SHOULD BE SPACED SO THEY CAN BE QUICKLY ATTENDED.



NO. 5—PLACE A MINNOW ON THE HOOK AND REEL OUT THE PREDETERMINED AMOUNT OF LINE AND LOWER IT CAREFULLY.



NO. 6—SETTING THE TIP-UP. THE TIP-UP IS SET AND PLACED ON THE HOLE.



NO. 9-JIGGING. THIS IS DONE FOR PAN FISH. PICK-EREL TAKEN THIS WAY MUST BE RETURNED TO THE WATER.



NO. 10—JIGGING. THIS METHOD OF FISHING REQUIRES A CONSTANT UP AND DOWN MOVEMENT OF THE BAIT. PERCH EYES ARE VERY GOOD.

WINTER SPOR

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NO. 3-LOOSE ICE SHOULD BE CLEARED FROM THE HOLE WITH A WIRE BASKET, SCREEN, OR DIPPER.



NO. 4—SOUNDING THE DEPTH OF THE WATER. BAIT SHOULD BE SUSPENDED ABOUT ONE FOOT OFF THE BOTTOM.



NO. 7—FLAG UP ON NO. 2. SETS SHOWN ABOVE ARE SPACED CLOSELY AND CAN BE ATTENDED READILY.



NO. 8—LET THE FISH MAKE HIS RUN, SET THE HOOK AND REEL IT IN.



NO. 11—JIGGING ACCOUNTED FOR SEVEN NICE PERCH AND ONE PICKEREL WHICH WAS RETURNED TO THE WATER.



NO. 12—A NICE CATCH ON THE TIP-UP. THREE PICK-EREL AND TWO PERCH.

How To Fish Streamers

By JIM HAYES

THE difference between success and failure in fishing is often very slight. The trouble is, you can go on making the same mistake over and over until you get wised up to what you're doing wrong.

Streamer fishing is a bonanza for some anglers and a bugaboo for others. Quite often, the difference is simply in the angle of the cast. Many of the fishermen I see on streams cast their streamers at a quartering downstream angle and fish them like wet flies. This method produces very few trout and leads many fishermen to the conclusion that streamers are not much good.

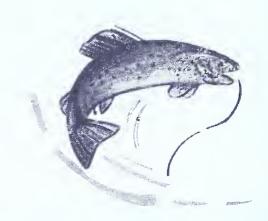
Part of the trouble may be a confusion in terminology. We often hear the term "streamer-fly". This is a misnomer. A streamer is not a fly. It is designed to imitate or give the impression of a minnow or small fish. It has to be fished as such to be effective.

For best results, a streamer should be cast at a quartering upstream angle, permitted to sink as the current sweeps it down, and retrieved cross-current in either sweeps or erratic jerks. If the downstream swim is completed without a strike, it is not too likely that you'll get one after the line comes around and as the streamer is being retrieved upstream against the current. Unless, of course, the trout is extremely stupid because minnows do not skip upstream on the surface in fast water. It's too hard work. They scurry on the bottom from rock to rock.

Streamers are available in an almost infinite variety of patterns and sizes. So much so that one might suspect that many of them are designed more to catch fishermen than fish. The two old standby patterns are the White Maribou and the Gray Ghost. Both give a good imitation of a shiner minnow.

Starting out with these two, you can add Sam Slay-maker's "Little Trout" series, Paul Clark's "Blonde Bomber," the Mickey Finn bucktail, and keep collecting ad infinitum. They'll all account for their share of trout when fished properly in the right time and place.

One Saturday on the North Fork Haven at Brookville I watched a fisherman casting at the tail of the spillway pool. It was a cold, overcast day, and the water temperature could not have been much over 43 degrees. No one was catching many fish except this fellow. He was hooking trout on nearly every cast. He was being mighty secretive, too, about what he was using.



On one cast, a gust of wind caught his line, and the lure snagged on a streamside rock and broke off the leader. Several minutes later I noticed something white drifting half-submerged in the current. I fetched it out—a No. 10 White Maribou with silver tinsel body. I returned it to the angler and tied on one of my own. Thereafter I began catching trout.

Occurrences like that are not too common. Generally, if a trout will hit one streamer, it will also strike at another pattern pretty close to it, sizes being equal. Proper streamer fishing technique, however, can make all the difference in the world.

If you are the kind of fisherman who likes to at least see a lot of trout, even if you don't catch many, you'll find that streamer fishing provides plenty of action. For every fish you hook and land, you'll have at least one or two others make passes at it. When trout strike short, it's often a sign that you are working the streamer too fast.

If you fail to hook a strike, it's unlikely that you'll raise the trout again immediately, even if you haven't nicked it. That's especially true of brown trout, less so of brooks and rainbows. The best idea is to fish elsewhere for awhile and return later with a slightly different streamer pattern and fish it more slowly.

There's a time and place for everything. Streamer fishing is no exception The best times are early spring, any time the stream is high, and any time you find trout chasing minnows. The best place is in moderate to fairly swift current. After the streams go low and clear, it takes a real pro to take fish on streamers.

Izaak Walton once said that you can't learn to fish by reading a book about it. Neither can you learn to fish streamers by reading this or any other article on the subject. To take trout on streamers, watch other fishermen who do—and do likewise. Once you get the knack, the rest is easy.

WINTER AID FOR REELS

By GORDON L. STROBECK

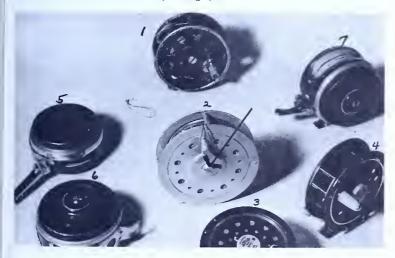
When the snow sticks to the roof of your house like icing on a cake and long, stalactite appearing icicles hang from the eaves, we know that the off-season is here and it's tackle-tinkering time. Put it to your advantage by cleaning, oiling, and repairing your reel(s) in your spare time and when Spring finally rolls around you'll be all set.

Different types of fishing require different rods and reels, but no matter which type you prefer, the reel should be matched to your rod for balance and casting skill.

Probably you are like millions of other anglers who wait until the last few days before opening morning to look over their tackle.

This year don't wait until season opens and by all means don't wait until something goes wrong opening day when you'll waste valuable fishing time trying to fix a balky reel.

Make sure you have a good one and that it won't let you down just when you are trying to land the "big one that got away last year." I don't know why, but most reels seem likely to break down at this time. Maybe *this* is the real reason for so many empty creels.



SPRINGTIME ANGLING usually requires using fly rods and reels. They come in two types—the old style "wind-ups" and the automatics. Both reels are simple; therefore they are easily cleaned after removing just one screw arrow. Watch out when cleaning automatics, though; don't let that big spring unwind, for rewinding takes time. One, two, three, and four are "wind-ups", while five, six, and seven are automatics.

Winter is always the time to pick up bargains in fishing tackle, as sporting goods stores usually cut prices on old model reels in favor of new ones; some of these "old" reels are equally fine. Therefore, it's wise to buy an extra reel to keep in your tackle box—"just in case," as it's often time consuming to make on-the-spot repairs.

Probably, for the Spring season, you'll want to use a fly rod and reel. Fly reels come in two types; automatic and the old-time wind ups. You need not remove the newer lines from either type reel, unless you wish to do so and the wind-ups need little care; a wipe with an oily rag to keep 'em clean and a drop of oil, now and then, while using: Now for the automatics:



SPINNING REELS are very popular, but sometimes seem likely to get out of order. If you are a spin-caster, take along some spare parts and small tools.

These fly reels are simple and you can remove the spring which powers the reel merely by removing one screw. The spring can then be cleaned and oiled, but be careful this powerful spring doesn't get away from you or you might have quite a time rewinding it. Right here, I should like to stress that all of your reels should be cleaned and oiled thoroughly; even though you have often checked the more accessible parts before and after your fishing trips!

You may also be an advocate of spinning reels, for they are easy to use, and make casting easy—without backlashes. This, evidently is what makes them so very popular, but I've noticed that although they are much less complicated than are the old, bait-casting reels, spinning reels seem more apt to get out of order.

Thus, spin-casters should be well equipped for emergencies; take along plenty of spare parts and springs—even an extra reel. If you are going on a week-end camping trip, the faulty reel can then be repaired at the end of the day. Perhaps you prefer the more reliable close-faced spinning reels. If so, it's well to remember that these reels cause more wear and tear on monofilament line.

Maybe, though, you learned to angle for bass with a fine casting reel and consider "bird's nests" a part of the grand old sport of angling. Take care of that casting reel and even give it special treatment. Then, it will never let you down. Here's how:

Before cleaning your reel, a large piece of cardboard should be numbered from 1 to 10. Each part of your reel should be removed, cleaned in kerosene, then wiped dry with a lint-free cloth. As each part is removed and cleaned, place it beside a number on the cardboard; then reassemble your reel in reverse order and you won't have left-over parts.

Every angler accumulates miscellaneous tackle which may or may not need repairs, but the most important part of your tackle-fixing job is now finished. Winter aid for reels can help you land many of those big fish that "got away" last year.

LOFTY SENTINELS

of FISHING COUNTRY

By WILBERT N. SAVAGE

FOREST land, with its effective natural means of combatting the gnawing agents of erosion, serves a function of vital significance to every sportsman—whether his pursuit favors firing piece or fishing tackle. For without leaf-canopied woodlands, and the billions of water and soil-holding root systems collectively present in sixty-seven Keystone counties, we very conceivably might be fleeing the desolation of an Eastern Dust Bowl!

A timberless Pennsylvania is difficult to imagine. But whether healthy woodland growth occurs in modern times on State-owned land or private property, it seldom is entirely a happen-by-chance parcel. The origin may stem from timely planting and good forest management, or natural growth well distributed. But very often both survival and soundness must be credited to a form of fire detection and control that started in Penn's Woods in 1905: the methodical use of fire towers.

The first wooden tower on Pennsylvania forest lands was erected a little more than 61 years ago on Pine Mountain, near Mont Alto, in Franklin County. Curious "tourists" immediately flocked to the vicinity, and at times were permitted to climb to the top of the novel structure "to enjoy the exceptional countryside view from giddy heights. . . ." Here, indeed, was an arrangement characterizing progress as new as the horseless carriage! For, Statewide, all preceding "towers" had amounted to nothing more than crosspieces nailed to trees so that a ladder of sorts extended to a simple plank platform.

In 1914 a State District Forester designed five steel fire towers which were erected on State forests lands. In the same year Pennsylvania foresters were instructed to extend their protection efforts to private forests, and to recommend locations for additional forest fire observation towers, particularly in problem areas most subject to fires, and where detection normally was especially difficult.

Within three years after the first steel towers were put into use, two Aermotor towers with ladders and observation shelters were built within State Forest boundaries. Stepping things up to an even faster pace, fifty towers with stairways and enclosed tops were built in 1920.

In the beginning of the State Forests protection service, no telephone lines were available. When a towerman sighted a fire, it was necessary for him to scramble to the ground, run to the nearest camp or community, and there shout the alarm, making a hasty appeal for all the assistance he could get before heading for the scene of the fire.

It was soon realized that construction of towers would yield picayune benefits if they were not equipped with some means of rapid communication. Of equal importance: the established availability of fire fighting personnel, or "extinction force." Today, all towers have radio or



MOST UNUSUAL among the state's fire towers is this stone one built in 1939. Known as the William Penn Memorial Fire Tower, it is located at the summit of Reading's Mt. Penn Park Reservation—a tract of about 2,500 acres.



THE SPRINGFIELD TOWER in Fayette County is typical of most towers found in the state. Observer's lookout is atop metal framework up to 80 feet above the ground.

telephone connections. A large percentage have both. And, even as early as 1949, the extinction force was described as one of the largest and best outfitted in the Nation.

Time was when fire towers in Keystone Territory served as weather and stream flow observation stations. During World War II the towers functioned as vital points of information for spotting airplanes. Later, the tall structures often served in the dissemination of information covering floods and forecast data on the heavy rains that caused them.

Today, however, the purpose of the Pennsylvania fire tower is more specialized. The only relationship the towers now have with weather predictions is tied directly to the Division of Forest Protection's own fire danger forecasting system. Flood control has its own radio system and separate personnel.

Still another change concerns the large number of fire towers once equipped with beacon lights installed by the Aeronautics Commission as aids to night flying. One by one these have disappeared, largely because radio signals are being used to take the place of visual beacons. Only a few of the original fire tower beacons remain in the State, a typical example of which is at the Blue Knob Tower in Bedford County.

While it is true that visual beacons soon may be totally absent atop Pennsylvania fire towers, the structures do help serve as valuable airway identification landmarks. Each tower is assigned an airway number which is painted on the roof or side of the tower cab; or if a ground cabin is present the number is often on the roof of the cabin because there it can be made much larger. As surface objects familiar to aircraft pilots, fire towers serve especially well because many of the tapering spires are located in isolated areas that afford no other landmarks.

Pennsylvania had a peak quantity of 150 fire towers just prior to 1950. However, due to increased efficiency in communications and visual overlapping in certain locations, fifteen towers have been eliminated since 1955. Today, the State's fire tower count stops at 132.

One of the oldest fire towers is the Waterville Tower in Lycoming County. It was built in 1914, rebuilt in 1933. The highest towers feature the 90-foot models, but most are 60 to 80 feet from ground to tower cab. The Negro Mountain tower in Somerset County surpasses the elevation above sea level of all other State towers—3,190 feet.

Fire towers very often take on colorful and unique names, such as Scalp Level Tower in Cambria County; Sugarloaf in Fayette; Snowshoe in Centre; Coffin Rock in Clinton, etc. For the angler's diary these towers have meaningful names: Brooks Run; Pond Field; Cherry Springs; Three Runs; Silver Creek; Water Gap; Washington Springs; and others.

Establishing a plausible relationship between forests and fishing simply involves pulling together two naturally interlocking ends. Read any forestry publication and you'll soon find the subject of *water* making frequent and appropriate appearances. And when the typical contents page goes on to specifically list topical coverage of everything from trout environment to planting trees by the millions for watershed protection, the connection between cool woodland acres and your creel becomes quite obvious.

Perhaps one of the best examples of the standing alliance between forestry and fishing can be found in this statement made some fifteen years ago by a Pennsylvania Research Forester:

NO. 76 painted on the side of Big Pocono Tower illustrates use made of towers as airway markers. Numbers are also painted on the top of the lookout as well as on the roof of the attendant's cottages which are part of the facilities at many lookout posts.



FEBRUARY—1967





EARLY "TOWERS" were nothing more than platforms erected in tall trees. These illustrations from a 1918 forest report—are of the "Cow Catcher" Tree Tower on Oak Knob in Mont Alto Forest in 1909 (on the left) and the Tussey Mt. Barree Forest Tower in 1910 (on the right). One was twenty eight feet high; the other was thirty.

"Trout are aptly termed 'the aristocrats of the fish family.' With their more colorful appeal, and being more wily and gamey than other fishes, trout naturally seek superior living conditions. None but the best of stream environments seem to suffice.

"Above all, the trout want never-failing, reasonably stable supplies of cold, clean water. This Nature provides from well-forested slopes, off which the moisture gradually seeps into perennial springs and feeder brooks.

"Cooly shaded headwaters, whose temperatures never exceed 70° Fahrenheit, support our native brook trout. These speckled beauties require more dissolved oxygen in the water than do other game or coarse fishes. As more than twice as much water passes through their gills per minute at 60° as at 40° F., warmed waters enervate them. A trout stream's summer temperature depends on how well its banks are shaded by foliage, on its depth and pace of flow, and especially on its inflow from well shaded spring tributaries. . . ."

Recently the author selected at random a file copy of a national forestry publication and discovered that on page 13 there's an article titled "Fresh Water to Order." On page 38 there's an article titled "Fishing Goes to College"—a feature telling, among other things, of George Harvey and his fishing classes at the Penn State University, believed to be the first offered for college credit.

Another forestry magazine tells of the dependance of stream behavior on the density of trees along the regional watershed zone. In fact, in one case, when great quantities of trees were being planted in Central Pennsylvania in 1950, the organized 1,000,000-tree reforestation project was spoken of as helping to provide "a massive natural absorption and conservation block for a dependable water supply. . . ." (This supervised program involved Clinton, Clearfield, Centre, Huntingdon, Juniata, and Mifflin Counties).

During an on-the-job conversation with a veteran Fayette County towerman a few years ago, the vigilant attendant remarked to the author:

"I like to think that my responsibility up here in the tower cab goes beyond routine forest protection duties. I prefer to imagine that I'm a resolute sentinel helping to guard the heritage of every outdoorsman. Accomplishments beneficial to this aim yield a kind of bountiful return in personal satisfaction that has nothing whatsoever to do with pay-day checks!" . . .

This recognition-worthy expression of unselfish interest in the public—from avid angler and hunter to the Sunday picnicker seeking a table in the shade—should induce a careful weighing of the following lines from still another forestry periodical:

"Mr. Fisherman, can you picture yourself pursuing your sport through each season without the comfort of a single cooling spot of shade? While you're thinking about it, please ponder the fact that fishermen are included in the group of outdoor people whose smoking and careless use of campfires account for some 65% of our annual forest fires."

Significantly, the reminder comes from dated Penn's Woods statistics!

The romance of the fire tower began with the first crude models put into use and has not diminished in spaceage times. While the interest of tourists in towers can never be more than strictly incidental to their intended function, public visitors are allowed to climb the towers in most locations—at their own risk. The "thrill" of ascending the skeletal-frame structures has for many years attracted an annual total averaging more than half a million Summer season visitors to the various Pennsylvania tower sites.

MODERN CAMPING

By DEL and LOIS KERR

One of the most outstanding conservation bills in the history of America was signed into law on September 3, 1964. This, of course, is the Land and Water Conservation Fund, now in its third year. Secretary of the Interior Stewart Udall contends that at long last, America is winning the battle to conserve recreation acreage.

In a recent address Udall said, "The new dimension in conservation is an evolving partnership of private, local, State and Federal elements providing recreation opportunities available where we need them most, where the people are." Ironically, the much-needed bill is perhaps the most misunderstood piece of legislation affecting campers and outdoorsmen.

Although it has been widely publicized, many people are amazed to learn they must now pay at Federal areas that were free in the past. Many are angered, feeling that such areas were bought through tax monies and should not be restricted. This may be true, but we strongly feel the end result will justify such action.

The Land and Water Conservation Fund Act, which became effective January 1, 1965, derives revenue from three separate sources: a \$7. Federal "Golden Passport" entrance permit and other recreational admission or day-use fees, sale of Federal surplus lands and from the Federal motorboat fuels tax. It will last for a duration of twenty-five years. In return, the Act will provide present and future generations with recreational lands that would be unobtainable otherwise.

The \$7 recreation-conservation sticker (known also as Golden Passport and Operation Golden Eagle) is good for one year. It permits the driver and all occupants of an automobile entrance to any *Federally* controlled area in the country. The only additional charge may be in certain areas where special regulations apply. Basically, if the area was free in the past, all that is required now is the bumper sticker.

If you camp at Federal areas only occasionally, you may wish to forego the larger amount and pay only an entrance fee. Depending on the area, this would range from 25¢ to \$1 per person per day for everyone over 16 years of age.

Conservation-recreation stickers do not apply to state parks or federal lands leased to state, local or private agencies. There is no charge for boating in Federal areas, traveling through designated regions or even camping in Federally-controlled areas where improvements have not been made. Fishermen, for instance, would have no expense unless they wished to use camping or picnicking facilities where entrance fees are in effect.

Every penny received under the \$7 Golden Passport program goes directly into the Land and Water Conservation Fund. About 60% of the Fund goes on a matching fund basis to states applying for grants to purchase and develop new recreational lands. However, states must provide a state-wide recreation plan for approval to the Bureau of Outdoor Recreation Department of the Interior before money is allocated.

According to the Bureau, the State share is apportioned



as follows: Two-fifths divided equally among states, three-fifths according to population and other criteria of need. Apportionment to Pennsylvania for 1967 amounts to \$2,407,150. Only New York, California and Texas have received a higher sum.

Forty per cent of the Conservation Fund is available to three Federal agencies—the Forest Service, National Park Service and Fish and Wildlife Service—for purchase of Federal recreation areas and to aid capital costs of public recreation and Federal water development projects.

If Pennsylvania follows the expected pattern, recreation projects will be broken down into three main categories: state 90%, county 6% and city 4%. In state and local acquisition, 67% of the alloted fund will go into new areas, 33% into additions to new areas. It is anticipated that 55% of park land acquisition will be within one to two hours driving time from urbanized areas, 28% under one hour and 17% over two hours.

The most often asked question in Pennsylvania is, "Where must I pay?" Fees are charged in most U. S. Forest Service areas of the Allegheny National Forest. These include: Allegheny, Bear Creek, Buckaloons, Hearts Content, Jakes Rocks, Kelley Pines, Kennedy Springs, Kiasutha, Minister Creek, Morrison Run, Rimrock and Sandstone Springs. Small additional fees are imposed at Buckaloons and Kiasutha for extra services. Twin Lakes and Loleta campgrounds will cost no more than in the past.

At the time of this writing, the only National Park Service area where entrance permits apply is Gettysburg National Military Park Cyclorama. At this time, there are no charges at any Federal reservoir in Pennsylvania.

But changes could come shortly. To receive the latest information, send for the free publication, "1967 Directory of Federal Recreation Areas", Operation Golden Eagle, Bureau of Outdoor Recreation, P. O. Box 7763, Washington, D. C.

Secretary Udall has said that it is not beyond our national ability to guarantee that each of us be able to see green grass and clear streams and open spaces every day. A "Golden Passport" is really your share of a more beautiful outdoor America.

DIRECTORY OF PENNSYLVANIA MARINAS ACCESS AREAS AND BOAT RENTAL FACILITIES

Located in northeastern Pennsylvania is Lake Wallenpaupack, between Wayne and Pike Counties, which offers plenty of year round recreational opportunities for everyone.

Lake Wallenpaupack, the largest lake within the boundaries of the Commonwealth, was built in 1925 by Pennsylvania Power & Light Co. It stretches for 13 miles, with 53 miles of shoreline.

Its primary purpose is to store water to power the company's 40,000 kilowatt peak load hydroelectric plant, but its secondary purpose is recreation which includes pleasure boating, fishing, water skiing, sailing, bathing, scuba diving, ice boating, ice fishing, and a large variety of other winter sports.

Since it was built, Lake Wallenpaupack has grown to become one of Pennsylvania's most outstanding resort centers. Although PP&L offers four areas for public launching and camping, there is also a multitude of other marinas, motels, and other resort centers, all tailored to fit the needs of visitors in search of outdoor recreation.

In view of space limitations, it has been necessary to "draw a line" between the areas which provide facilities for the general public, and the motels which serve their individual clientele. As a result, and because of the lack of space, only those which fall in the former category are located on the sketch.

The sketch also shows (those white dotes which appear to run through the center of the lake) the approximate location of the channel buoys placed by the Office of Watercraft Safety in cooperation with PP&L.

A thumbnail sketch of each area follows:



Ledgedale Park, a PP&L area, containing onwater storage over the boating season; a concrete launching ramp, and 85 camp sites.



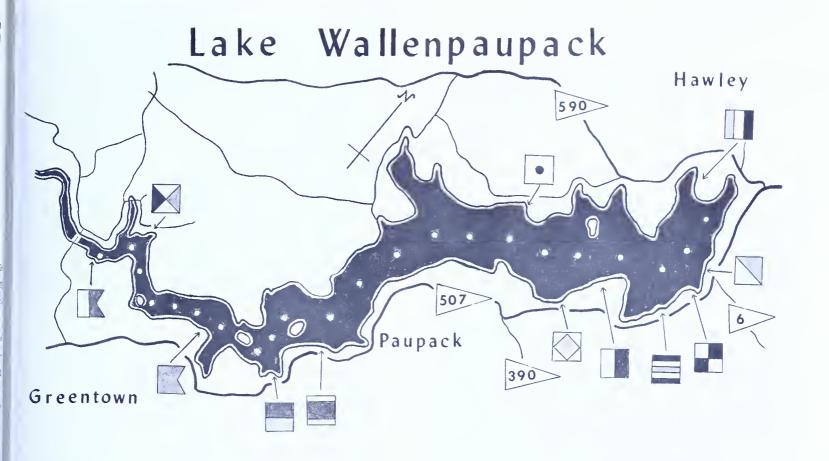
Ironwood Park, PP&L, with 65 camp sites. Also docking areas and concrete launching ramp. Located off Rt. 507.



Lake Harbor Marina, off Rt. 507, between Labor's Creek and Gifford Creek. On water storage, singles and doubles, and buoys for 100 to 150 boats; winter storage by reserva-

tion only, \$2 fee for ramp, gasoline and oil, engine repairs and boat refinishing. No live bait. Tom Gangewere, AC 717-676-3816, proprietor.

By ROBERT G. MILLER





White Beauty View, just off Rt. 507, near Gifford Creek. Has 100 moorings, winter storage, gasoline, oil and refreshments, ramp, \$2 fee for use; anchorage fee, \$5 per week;

or \$35 per season; also gift shop, boat and motor sales and service, motel, restaurant, theater, and general store.



Walt's Landing, at Hawley Rd., southwest of Hawley, one mile from the dam at Rt. 6 and 590. Has about 100 boat slips and moorings; buoys, no winter storage, provides gasoline,

oil and refreshments, a ramp, fee \$1.50; camp trailer spaces and overnight parking; play area, picnic tables, washrooms and showers, plus permanent trailer lots with electric, water and sewer connections. Walt opens the season on April 15 and closes October 15.



Pep's Inn and Village, six miles south of Hawley, on Rt. 507. Provides a launching ramp, \$2 daily; and mooring at \$1 per day; \$4 a week, and \$30 a season. No winter storage,

offers gasoline, oil, and refreshments.



Wilsonville Park, PP&L, off Rt. 507 near the public beach and Tafton diner. Concrete launching ramp, docks and moorings, plus 140 camp sites and 38 travel trailer sites.



Caffrey Park, PP&L, located on north side of the lake off Twp. Rt. 361. Public launching ramp, dock space and 35 camp sites.



Landis Marine, off Twp. Rt. 333, offers 150 on-water storage areas; facilities for 200 craft during the winter, ramp, \$1; boat licenses, motor repairs and boat sales. Henry Landis,

owner, AC 717-689-2101.



Seeley's Landing Marina, John Slattery, mgr., off Rt. 507 near Tafton Fire Co. Fishing craft and small horsepower motors for hire, no live bait, but night walkers available, 150 on-water

storage areas, winter storage for 75 boats, ramp, \$1; gasoline and oil. Telephone AC 717-226-4431.



Paupack Marina, off Rt. 507 near the Wallenpaupack Yacht Club. On-water storage, docks and buoys, for about 75 boats; winter storage for over 100. Gasoline and oil, no live bait,

packed shale ramp with \$2 fee for use. Mooring fees: daily, \$1; weekly, \$5; season, \$35. David Stocker, owner. Telephone: AC 717-226-4062.



Baker's Marine, off Rt. 507, near Sunset Point. Six slips and ten buoys. Boat and motor rental for fishing and water skiing, no live bait; gasoline and oil available at showroom, ramp

fee \$1.50. Storage rates range from \$25 to \$75 monthly depending on size of craft. Joe Baker, owner. Telephone: AC 717-226-4413.

THE

WADING

By DON SHINER

STAFF



SLIPPERY ROCKS coupled to swift currents account far many falls in traut streams. Falling may mean loss af gear as well as some uncamfortable maments drying out. When crossing strong currents always use a "wading staff." It's like having a "third leg" and may well mean the difference between an enjoyable ar unenjayable trip.

There's an old saw that says, "there's many a slip between the cup and lip." Likewise with fishing in streams that have strong, unyielding currents. There's many a slip encountered as one attempts to cross from one bank to the opposite side of the stream.

And don't you believe it, as some old timers claim, that you need a spill or two in order to be officially christened into sport fishing. You're a better fisherman if you remain upright and dry! Besides, a dunking can be dangerous, especially in fast, deep current while wearing heavy, cumbersome boots or waders and weighted down with all the gear that burdens the backs of most anglers. It can put the best man down for keeps.

Swift currents are partly responsible for falls. Slippery rocks underfoot are to be blamed also. I've fallen numerous times in knee deep water, because rocks on the stream bottom were as slippery as ice. Slippery, slimy coatings on rocks are plants—tiny, microscopic, unicellular, sub-

marine-shaped plants commonly called diatoms. Some algae plants are responsible too. Though film coated stones are a hazard to fishermen who wade, a big diatom count is a healthy condition for the stream. These tiny plants are basic in the food webs which range from miniature organisms to predacious game fish.

Ordinary rubber boot soles, even those with deep ridges, slide over the diatom film as though they were greased. Metal chains underfoot grip rocks firmly. Felt soles do as good or a better job. Still, this traction is not always sufficient to get a fisherman across a strong flow of current.

The answer is a wading staff.

There are plenty of sticks or limbs lying along stream banks. Pick one stout enough for your weight, then wade confidently across the shallow creek.

The staff is best used for support on the downstream side of your boots. Poke the staff among rocks to find a crevice. Then use the staff as a "third leg", leaning part of your weight on it as you move one boot, then the other, onto solid footing. Upon reaching the opposite side, a common courtesy is sticking the staff upright in the sand, there to be used by someone else, or for your return.

Old timers—and youngsters—find a staff most helpful while wading long stretches of difficult streams. When standing still there is no need to hold fast to the staff—tuck it under your arm. It seldom gets in your way while casting or even while hooking and landing fish.

If it does tie one end of a cord to the handle, the other to your belt, and let the staff drag in the water. Then it's always available when you wish to move.

Occasionally one encounters a fisherman who is carrying a long handled boat net. This net can double as a wading staff. The handle, very often tipped with a spike or ferrule, is poked into the crevices among the stones, to give the fisherman dandy support. The net portion is used, of course, to land fish. Many mail order catalogues featured these "wading nets" some years back, but I have not seen any for quite some time.

Fishermen approaching retirement age should be especially careful and make no attempt to wade a slippery, fast flowing stream without the assistance of a staff. Water normally cushions a fall, so there are seldom broken bones, but a fall can lead to many painful bruises, lost or broken spectacles, and sometimes a mouthful or two of water being gulped down the wrong pipe.

A wading staff is a highly effective "third leg." Use one to assist you in forging a difficult stream and the advantage of this piece of equipment becomes quite clear. It is an important piece of gear, especially in Pennsylvania trout country.



NEW LOOK!

FISH WARDENS of the Southwest Division of the Pennsylvonio Fish Commission disploy new uniforms being issued to the commission's officers throughout the stote. From left to right the gentlemen ore: Front Row-Richard Owens, Junioto County; Anthony Discovoge, Armstrong County; Jomes Volentine, Huntingdon County; Poul Sowers, Allegheny County; Second Row-William McIlnoy, Bedford County; Arthur Wolker, Indiano County; Bill Sterling, Wotercroft Sofety Officer, Region 2; Third Row-Bert Euliono, Greene County; Cloyd Hollen, Bloir County; Arthur Hermon, Westmoreland County, Joseph Dick, Somerset County; Bock Row-Jomes Beotty, Foyette County; John Buck, Regional Worden Supervisor, Region 2; and Thomas Qualters, Combrio County.

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Dear Editor:

I received the smart looking patch with the PENNSYL-VANIA ANGLER CITATION AWARD on it and I am writing to thank you kindly for it. I'll wear it somewhere this season, you can bet on that.

The record catch of mine must have been a beginners luck thing, but I have the bug now and I must say I spent the best part of last summer along the banks of the streams in Somerset. I really enjoy it. Managed to get a few nice trout too. My husband says he's heard of GOLF WIDOWS but you know what he calls himself—A FISHERMAN WIDOWER.

Well, I have my gear pretty much lined up already for the first day of fishing. I got a beautiful fly rod for Christmas too. So you see I really mean to follow this sport to the end. We fish as a family and really have a great time. My husband, myself and son (age 13) and daughter (age 11). We all have rods and plenty of hooks, etc. and away we go.

Thank you again.

/s/ MRS. MARGIE JONES

P. S. I know the family is out to beat my catch and so I'll have to really work harder this year and hope for another big one to really show the rest it wasn't just a lucky catch.

Telford, Pennsylvania

Dear Editor:

I want to take time out to thank you for the PENNSYL-VANIA ANGLER Citation Award Patch. That was the largest bullhead I ever caught. It took all day to get the fish. I do a lot of fishing (mainly panfish) to pass the time away and to have a lot of fun with the rest of my friends.

I had a heart attack in 1957 while hunting, and had four since that time. I am under a doctor's care at the present time. They let me fish from the shore lines, but don't want me to go out in a boat by myself, which a fisherman should do if he wants to get game fish.

I assure you I will wear the patch. I had the citation award tramed and have it hanging in the club house where I am a member. It drew a lot of attention.

/s/ WARREN R. GROFF

A Place for Everyone

Looking back over the history of Pennsylvania's conservation movement, it is only natural that certain names should stand out. These were the leaders and pioneers who saw the need and had the courage to fight for what was a misunderstood and sometimes unpopular cause.

But even those men and women would admit they could not have done the job alone. They provided the vision, fresh ideas and leadership on which others have built. Their effectiveness can be summed up in a single sentence from an editorial on conservation, recently published in the Sunbury Daily Item: "The soundness of Pennsylvania's conservation policies has been fully demonstrated." No one will ever know how many thousands of individuals contributed in some measure to make that simple statement a reality.

Today, the conservationist enjoys wider public support than did the pioneers in this field. However, the task has expanded greatly since those days, making it necessary for increasing numbers of citizens to become involved in some phase of the work. Certainly the need for leadership is as great as ever, but the need for intelligent and cooperative followers to aid in accomplishing what has grown into a major problem is perhaps the outstanding concern now.

There is a place for everyone. Big ideas and plans will succeed only to the extent that many people contribute their own thinking, planning and enthusiastic effort. Conservation is a serious business, intended not for those who are merely "joiners" but for citizens of every age who eagerly support the good work.



6 OF 13 WINNERS-Pictured ore 6 of the 13 trophy winners of the first onnual Prince Gollitzin State Park "Big Fish Contest" staged Apr. 1 to Oct. 15, 1966, sponsored by Churello Morine Soles, in cooperation with the Pennsylvania Fish Commission. There were over 200 entries in 5 cotegories, and prizes for children, lodies and men (\$5 eoch) who fished in the pork's 1,640-ocre Glendole Loke. Pictured (l. to r.) ore: Denny Horvey, Ebensburg, trophy for 18-inch boss (children's division); Art Wolk, Revloc, 36-inch northern pike (men's division); Denny Lieb, oge 5, Indiono, Po., 191/2-inch wolleye (children's division); Pete Walters, Altoono, 131/2-inch croppie (men's division); Lindo Long, Potton R. D., 11-inch croppie (children's), and Morionne Novok, Wilmerding, Po., 201/2-inch pickerel (lodies' division). Other first place winners were: Dennis Motulo, Johnstown, 33-inch northern pike (children's); Mrs. Vero Reihl, Altoono, 20-inch wolleye; Mrs. Kothryn Reorick, Jersey Shore, 17-inch bass; Rito Pflueger, Pittsburgh, 25-inch northern pike (lodies'); Russ Albright, Potton, 231/2-inch wolleye; Howard J. Umberger, Quakertown, Po., 17-inch boss, and Greg Levy, Pittsburgh, 211/2-inch pickerel (men's division).



A FISHING FEATURE FOR FISHERMEN -

FROM FISHERMEN



HILLS CREEK LAKE in Tiaga Caunty produced this fine pair af muskies far Butler fisherman Paul Ritter (right) last summer. The big one—believed ta be the largest taken from the lake so far—measured 44 inches and weighed 25 pounds. The smaller ane, held by Steve Hudak, another Hills Creek Lake fisherman, was 37 inches long and weighed 14 pounds. Mr. Ritter said the big ane was taa large to net and that after mare than half an haur he got it close enough to his boat to hit it in the head with a hatchet.

SEND PHOTOS

Beginning this month your Pennsylvania Angler will carry big fish photos, letters, etc. under the above "Fish Tales" heading. To help us keep the record straight and to insure the return of photographs we ask that information include your name and address (printed on the back of the photo) as well as when and where the fish was caught, lure used, the length, weight, and any other information which you think is important. Also, please address all correspondence to: Fish Tales, Pennsylvania Angler, Pennsylvania Fish Commission, Harrisburg, Pa.



LEFT—REAL SPORTSMAN! Robert Ludwig, Selinsgrove, caught this fine pair af smallmouth bass during the winter season last February on the Susquehanna. But instead of killing them Mr. Ludwig kept them alive until he could have them recorded as citation fish (they were 20 and 21½ inches) and then released them.

RIGHT—MIDDLETOWN FISHERMAN John M. Zlogar pulled this nice 43 inch, 24 pound musky from the Susquehanna River at Falmouth Access during last winter's season. Zlogar fishes the well-knawn musky "hat spat" each year and usually brings home his share of the "big ones" Lancaster County Warden Sam Hall reports.



FLY TETHER

A section of a small-diameter drinking straw, when slipped over the hackles of a newly tied fly, enables the tier to make a neatly wound head. Lacquer this head, taking care not to glue the fibers together.

TROPHY FISH

When you catch a mounting-size lunker, don't clean it before sending it to the taxidermist; cleaning will ruin it. Wrap it carefully in a wet cloth and freeze it, then ship it packed in dry ice. The taxidermist will correct any color it loses.



DURING SALVAGE operations at Bryants Pond last February this nice 21 inch, 6 pound largemouth bass was caught. Holding the fish is Honesdale sportsman Robert Histed.

HAMMER CREEK just below the new Speedwell Forge Dam produced this 23 inch, 5½ pound brown trout for Lititz fisherman Jim Johnson. The trout was pulled from a big pool below the dam when it went for a worm, according to Mr. Johnson.



FORTY SEVEN inches long, this big musky fell to the temptation of a Hellbender Plug. George Rose, a Philadelphia fisherman, was fishing along Green Lane in Montgomery County when he hooked the citation fish.

WINTER FISHERMAN Enock Balser, South Fork, spent 20 minutes landing this 34 inch, 10 pound northern pike last January while fishing in Glendale Lake. The big fish went for a large minnow. Balser says he's been fishing the lake for a couple of years.



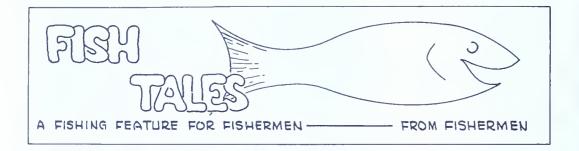


JEFFERSON COUNTY'S North Fork Haven Fish-For-Fun area produced this fine 24 inch brown trout taken by angler Robert Berquist. Regulations at the area permit anglers a daily creel limit of one trout—20 inches or more in length.

DON'T FORGET

Send photos of YOU and YOUR big fish to: Fish Tales, Pennsylvania Angler, The Pennsylvania Fish Commission, Harrisburg, Pa. Print your name and address, when and where the fish was caught, its length, weight and species, and lure used on the back of the photo.







CITATION WINNER Homer K. Zweizig, Reading, holds the 21 inch, 51/2 pound smallmouth bass he caught in Montgomery County's Green Lane Lake.

SPINNING TACKLE brought in this smallmouth bass which measured not quite 22 inches and weighed nearly 5 pounds. Angler Ronald Cziraky of Bethlehem was fishing the Delaware in Northampton County when he caught the fish.

> SOFTSHELLS produced this fine catch of smallmouth bass taken by John Hetra of Farrell and Joseph Zollitch of Erie. The men were fishing at Shade's Beach along Lake Erie in about thirty feet of water. The fish ranged between 2½ and 3½ pounds.











By J. ALMUS RUSSELL

BAKED PICKEREL

Temperature-425 deg. Fahr. Time-20 minutes

1 pound dressed piekerel ½ teaspoon minced parsley, salt, 2 tablespoons butter pepper, lemon juice to taste

1/4 teaspoon rosemary ¼ cup water

Wash, skin, and elean the piekerel. Placed in ovenware dish and dot with butter. Season to taste, adding the herbs. Add lemon juice and water, baking as directed. For a larger amount of fish, increase the other ingredients proportionately.

BEAN POT SUCKERS

Temperature-325 deg. Fahr. Time-8 hours

Suckers, dressed and cleaned Mixed piekling spices salt

vinegar

Clean sufficient fish to fill a two-quart bean pot. Sprinkle bottom of pot lightly with salt, add a layer of fish, sprinkle again with salt and a few pickling spices. Cover with vinegar, somewhat diluted with water. Bake as directed. The bones will soften in the baking.

SAVORY FROGS LEGS

frogs legs salt hutter pepper

Wash frogs legs in cold water. Skin. Pour boiling water over them to tenderize the flesh. Let stand five minutes before draining and drying. Panfry until tender. Serve.

SURVEY OF NEEDS FOR HATCHERY FISH

A survey to determine future needs for hatchery fish to help manage the Nation's fishing will be made by the Department's Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife in cooperation with State fish and game departments. It will be used to estimate the water now suitable for sport fishes, how much of this is or should be stocked, fisherman numbers, future stocking needs, and capabilities of National, State, and private hatcheries. The survey is also expected to be helpful in deciding the future roles of public and private hatcheries.

In announcing the survey, Secretary Udall said data gathered will be projected to cover needs for "hatchery fish" in 1973, 1980, and 2000.

"The role of artificial production in providing for America's angling needs must be better defined," he said. "Stocking and production guidelines resulting from this survey are needed to keep up with the ever-increasing angling pressure while still maintaining or improving the quality of fishing."





Even in wintertime water attracts wildlife, and a hike along your favorite stream or lake might surprise you with some unexpected glimpses of birds or animals, or their tracks.

For instance, wild ducks often stay in Pennsylvania where there is open water in which to feed and rest. One of the most conspicuous is the American merganser, often seen on our larger streams. The male, or drake, is a large duck—chiefly white with a dark green head. The female is gray with a reddish-brown crested head. These birds have saw-toothed bills to catch the small fish on which they feed. The dainty hooded merganser usually prefers smaller streams. The handsome drake can be identified by his hatchet-shaped white crest.

Another winter bird found along the larger rivers in southeastern Pennsylvania is the fish crow. Although not as big as the common crow, the difference would seldom be noticed were it not for the fact that the fish crow's call is distinctive—a short, nasal "car" instead of the common crow's drawn-out "Caw-w." Fish crows, like gulls, often pick up food scraps from the water and shoreline.

A number of animals also find their food in and near the water. The muskrat, for instance, is a common inhabitant of streams, marshes, ponds, and lakes. You may see him or his tracks where he wanders ashore in search of food, for he not only eats plants that grow in the water, but also digs through the snow to reach wheat, grass, and waste grain. Home to the muskrat may be simply a burrow in the stream bank, or it may be a mound of cat-tails and other plants that is hollowed out to form a "house." The entrance to the house is under water.

The big beaver also builds a house, but his is a huge pile of sticks and mud sometimes as tall as a man. Other signs of beavers are the dams of sticks they build across the streams, and the stumps of trees which they cut down with their chisel-like front teeth. The bark is eaten; the wood is used to build and repair the dams and houses.

A

WINTER

HIKE

Beaver tracks are unmistakeable. The webbed hind feet leave prints up to eight inches long, and the broad, flat tail drags in the snow.

The mink usually feeds along mountain streams where his footprints are more often seen than he is. This fearless fellow eats practically any animal food he can catchfrogs, fish, crawfish, mice, rabbits, birds, and muskrats. He is a good swimmer and much of his food is found in the water. Look for his tracks wandering into and out of the water, under roots, in and out of holes, investigating every foot of the shoreline.

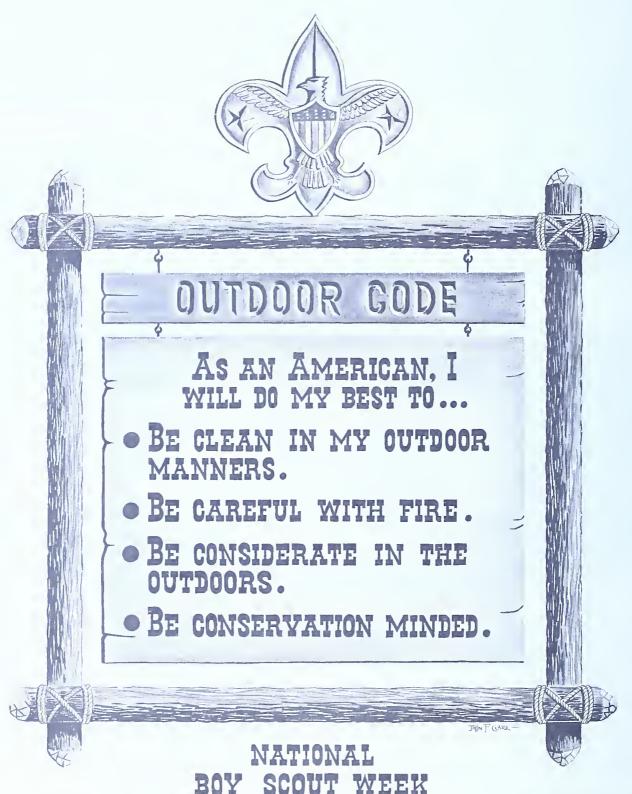
Another animal that hunts along our streams is the raccoon. It is active only at night, however, and you'll usually see only its tracks. These are often arranged in pairs, a hind foot print and a front foot print side-by-side.

The amusing otter is, unfortunately, a rare animal in our state, and its tracks and sliding places are seldom seen except in the Pocono Mountains of northeastern Pennsylvania. It frequently "coasts" on its belly in the snow, leaving trough-like imprints along with its footprints.

These are just a few of the interesting birds and animals that are as fond of your streams and lakes as you are. They, and many others, will make a visit to your favorite fishing spots a pleasure even though you can't wet a line.



FEBRUARY—1967

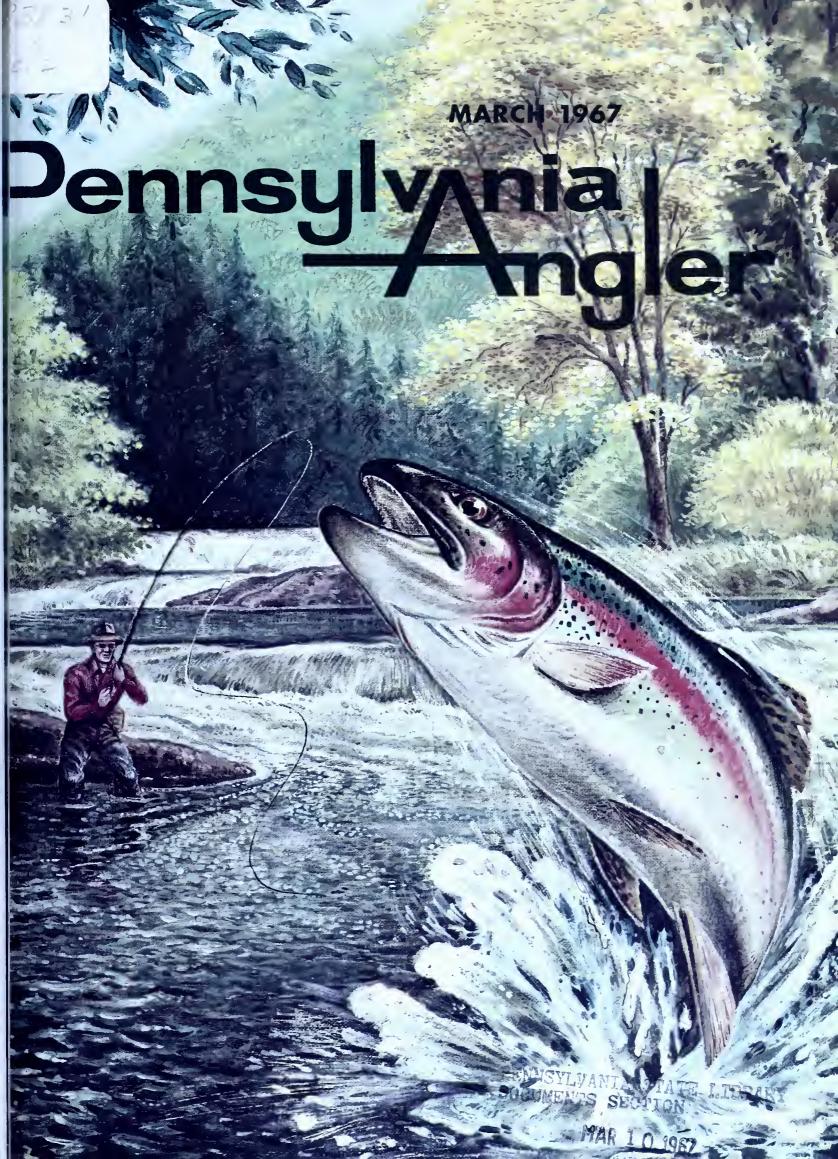


FEBRUARY

FISHERMEN

Each year thousands of boys become Boy Scouts. Many of these boys already are fishermen, but some aren't. Scouting can offer many of those who haven't learned to enjoy the quiet moments along a stream or on a lake the chance to learn something about fishing. Angling is among the many things in which a Scout may earn a merit badge. So if you're a fisherman-and interested in Scouting activitiesdo what you can to help Scouts in your area learn about fishing.





A NETFULL OF FUN!

If you're one of the thousands who enjoy Pennsylvania's number one fun sport—whether it's fishing a mountain stream, a friendly farmer's pond, or a public lake—then . . .

. . . join the crowd of readers of Pennsylvania's number one fishing magazine—The Pennsylvania Angler. Send your name, address (zip code included) and two bucks to:

The Pennsylvania Angler
The Pennsylvania Fish Commission
Harrisburg, Pennsylvania



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Pennsylvania Angler

Published Monthly by the

PENNSYLVANIA FISH COMMISSION COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA

Raymond P. Shafer, Governor



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MARCH, 1967



VOL. 36, NO. 3

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POSTMASTER: All 3579 forms to be returned to Dunlap Printing Co., Inc., Cherry and Juniper Sts., Philadelphia, Pa. 19107.

The PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER is published monthly by the Pennsylvania Fish Commission, South Office Building, Harrisburg, Pa. Subscription: One year—\$2.00; three years—\$5.00; 25 cents per single copy. Send check or money order payable to Pennsylvania Fish Commission. DO NOT SEND STAMPS. Individuals sending cash do so at their own risk. Change of address should reach us promptly. Furnish both old and new addresses. Second Class Postage paid at Harrisburg, Pa. Neither Publisher nor Editor will assume responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts or illustrations while in their possession or in transit. Permission to reprint will be given provided we receive marked copies and credit is given material or illustrations. Communications pertaining to manuscripts, material or illustrations should be addressed to the Pennsylvania Fish Commission, Harrisburg, Pa. NOTICE: Subscriptions received and processed the 10th of each month will begin with the second month following.

Pennsylvania Fishermen

CATCH



SIZE FISH

UPPER CORNER—ED MORAN, Canfield, Ohio, holds the citation smallmouth bass he caught at Pymatuning in Crawford County last August. It was 21½ inches long and weighed 5½ pounds.

RIGHT—S. CARLYLE SHEL-DON, Pleasantville, holds the 47 inch, 25½ pound Muskellunge he took from the Allegheny River in December near Warren.



WATCH NEXT MONTH'S ANGLER FOR A COMPLETE LIST OF THE 1966 CITATION WINNERS!

By TOM EGGLER
Staff Writer — Photographer

Lots of big fish are being caught by Pennsylvania fishermen—at least that's the way it looks from tabulations of the Pennsylvania Angler's Fishing Citation Award program for the 1966 season.

In all, 156 citations were given in 18 of the 20 classes set up for various species in 1966. That's 53 more than last year's 103! To date since the program was started in 1964 a total of 367 citations have been awarded.

Smallmouth bass headed the list with 52 entries. Fifteen walleye were second and largemouth bass and muskellunge tied for third spot with 12 each entered.

Outstanding in 1966 were five all time record size fish entered for citations. Angler records checked back as far as 1932 showed no fish larger of the same species.

The five record fish were:

A 22 inch, 4½ pound brook trout caught by Beth Ann Riker, Athens, in Swago Lake in Wayne County.

A 32 inch, 17¼ pound brown trout caught at Big Spring in Cumberland County by Kenneth Asper, R.D. 3, Shippensburg.

A bullhead, 28½ inches weighing 11½ pounds caught by Pittsburgh fisherman John Moore, Jr. in the Allegheny River in Warren County.

An 18% inch, 2 pound, 7 oz. fallfish caught in York County's Yellow Breeches Creek by Ronald L. Foster, Mechanicsburg.

A rock bass 15 inches long, weighing 3 pounds caught in Swatara Creek in Dauphin County by Hershey fisherman John H. Rhodes.

A musky entered during the 1966 season was the largest entered in the three-year-old awards program although it wasn't the largest on record in the state.

It was 53½ inches, 35 pounds caught by Ardie Plattner of Cochranton in Sugar Lake in Crawford County.

Ten citation winners caught two or more award-size fish.



BEAUTIFUL MUSKY caught in November of the Folmouth Access Areo below Harrisburg was 42 inches long and weighed 20 pounds. Peter Culbert, the lucky angler who caught the big fish, took half on hour to land it on on 8 pound test line. It was three inches short of the 45 inch citation size for muskellunge. Photo Courtesy Lebanon Daily News.

Topping the list was Ken Asper who not only caught the record 32 inch brown trout but also a 17 inch brook trout, a 23 inch largemouth bass, and two other brown trout, both 28 inches.

Henry Gross, a Juniata River fisherman had three small-mouth bass, one 22 inches, another 21½ inches, and a third 20 inches, as well as an 11¾ inch rock bass.

Biggest fish in each of the 18 categories in which citations were given were:

American white shad, 26% inches caught by Harry Fenstermacher in the Delaware River in Pike County.

Bluegill, 11 inches, caught by Andrew Misko in Lake Wallenpaupack in Pike County.

Brook trout, 22 inches caught by Beth Ann Riker in Swago Lake in Wayne County.

Brown trout, 32 inches caught by Kenneth Asper, in Big Spring in Cumberland County.

Bullhead, 28½ inches caught by John Moore, Jr. in the Allegheny River in Warren County.

Carp, 41 inches caught by Scott Schiffert, in Albert's Rod & Gun Club minehole in Lehigh County.

Channel catfish, 32 inches caught by Ralph Starr in Wolfe Lake in Franklin County.

Crappie, 16% inches caught by Larry Ensminger at Jim's Anchorage in Huntingdon County.

Fallfish, 18% inches caught by Ronald L. Foster in Yellow Breeches in York County.

Lake trout, 34½ inches caught by Francis Keen in Harveys Lake in Luzerne County.

Largemouth bass, 25½ inches caught by Mike Kosar in Manor Lake in Bucks County.

Northern pike, 39½ inches caught by Victor L. Koroush in Pinchot State Park Lake in York County.

Rock bass, 15 inches caught by John Rhodes in Swatara Creek in Dauphin County.

Smallmouth bass, 23 inches caught by Frank Corcione in the Delaware River in Northampton County.

Yellow perch, 15½ inches caught by Mrs. Pauline Leach in Walker Lake in Pike County.

Walleye, 32¼ inches caught by James Stella in Lake Wallenpaupack in Pike County.

Chain pickerel, 28¼ inches caught by Thomas Hill in Fairview Lake in Pike County.

No citations were applied for in either the rainbow trout or the eel classes.

Rules for the citations require that fish (in addition to citation size) be caught in Pennsylvania public waters by legal methods during the season open for the taking of the species involved.

Fish must be measured, weighed and recorded by a fishing license issuing agent or tackle store within the state by the owner, manager, or an authorized agent of the respective establishment.

Non-residents as well as residents are eligible for citations if fish are caught under the above conditions. All applications must be received within 90 days from the date of eatch to be honored.

Although not required, photographs of catches are desirable.

Fishermen interested in applying for a citation may secure application forms by contacting a local fish warden, a district office of the Commission or writing the Public Relations Division of the Commission in Harrisburg.

GIVE UP - GO FISHING!

THE FISHING BUG

By ALBERT G. SHIMMEL Photos — DON SHINER

Of all the ills that plague the human race, none is older, more unique, of longer duration, more variable in its symptoms or distinctive in its consequences than the Virus of Angling. This common—often misunderstood—disease is the direct result of a bite from a seldom detected, Insecta-horribilis, commonly known as The Fishing Bug. Insecticides are ineffectual.

The first symptoms are manifest in a slight glassiness of the eye and a disorder of the intellect that ranges from slight abnormality to strong delerium. The only known therapy is prolonged exposure to water inhabited by fish. This will not effect a cure but will alleviate the disease to the extent that the patient can be allowed to roam unconfined. Exercise—especially with a rod and line—will speed results. Relapses may be expected periodically especially at the beginning of each new season. Individuals most strongly affected are those born under the Zodiac sign of Pisces.

In chronic cases, shock treatment, consisting of an unexpected dip in an icy mountain brook, may afford temporary relief but it may accelerate the disease into the acute phase, from which there is no known relief.

"Dunk" for example, is a shrewd, unemotional, successful businessman—but subject to the virus. In his light, powerful truck we drove eighty miles over roads that at times even his sturdy vehicle acted as if it would require assis-





tance. When we finally arrived I had difficulty following his mad scramble to the nearest water. It was a picture pool, rock flanked, hemlock shaded and best of all a dozen good trout were lying just under the surface, feeding with gusto on a hatch of Hendricksons. With the flush of his malady upon him he experienced considerable difficulty in assembling his tackle. Somehow he got everything in passable order, got into position, made the cast and when the fish rose he reacted so violently that he lost his fly in the lip of the fish. With mounting tension the performance was repeated. When the fourth trout departed wearing a decoration, "Dunk" was in such a convulsive state that he slipped, fell full length into waterthat although barely eighteen inches deep-was charged with the cold of recently melted snows. It took the better part of an hour to wring out the water, dry his clothes and restore his calm. During the balance of the day he performed with a technique that was flawless.

The disease appears in a particularly virulent form when, as the season opens, the patient is denied access to the cure. Another example:

"Chuck" had a bad case. The stress of the office demanded his presence opening day. It was late afternoon before he made his escape. He arrived at the stream of his choice appropriately attired in a dark business suit and a gray Fedora. He pulled on his fishing boots and slipped a fishing vest over his coat. His white pocket handkerchief added a jaunty touch.

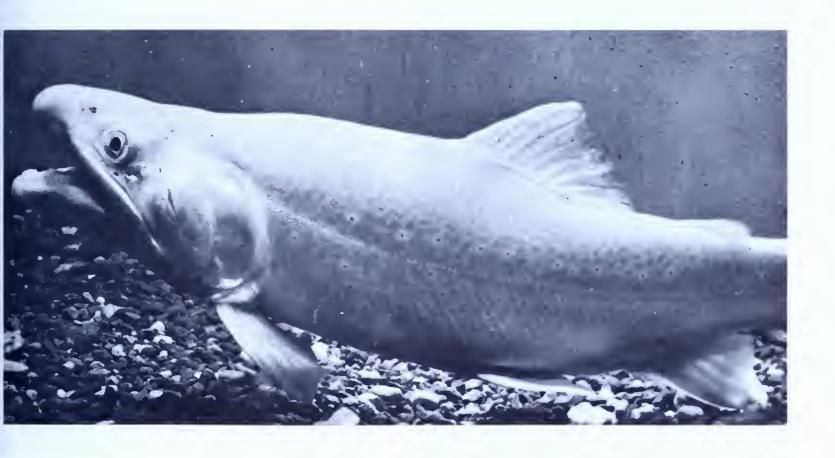
Two of his companions began a mad race for the stream almost before the car stopped. "Chuck" was calm and deliberate. His behavior befitted a rising young executive. He assembled his tackle with care, restored order to the car, anointed his chosen fly, locked the door then walked slowly to the water. When he stepped into the water a look of pained surprise worthy of the brush of a master artist crossed his face. His boots were still neatly rolled at the knee.

If you react to opening day like cither "Chuck" or "Dunk", you probably have the fishing bug.

Give up—go fishing!

Fishermen ...

WATCH FOR THE WHITE GHOSTS



By TOM EGGLER
Staff Writer — Photographer

This year a few Pennsylvania fishermen should come home with a rare prize—a white trout.

For the first time a few of a small supply of albino brook trout will be released by the Pennsylvania Fish Commission during spring stocking. Scattered throughout the state, there will probably be just one to a truckload of normal trout. No plans are being made for mass stockings.

The "White Ghosts" as they might be called are the ancestors of three white brook trout first raised to maturity in 1920 at the Cory Hatchery. Since then experimental breeding with other occasional albinos has permitted hatcherymen to raise a small stock for display at some of the hatcheries.

Howard Fox, the Commission's Superintendent of Hatcheries, says the strain now appears to reproduce much the same as normal trout, however since none have been stocked it is not known how they'll react to life in a stream or lake. The experimental planting this year should provide some answers.



CARP AFTER DARK

By ED ATTS

"Ready" said Tom Shupienis as he pushed the aluminum canoe away from shore. He shifted his feet and soon had the canoe moving up through the winding channel of Geneva Marsh which is not too much of a trick for a good canoeist as Tom is, but this was in the dark of night.

Our purpose for being in the middle of this huge swamp was to hunt carp with the bow and arrow, a sport that was not new to either of us, but Tom had a new method of doing it which I was as anxious to try as he was to show me.

For the past year Tom had been telling me what I was missing by not hunting carp at night with the aid of an artificial light, but this was the first chance we had had to get together. In fact, Tom's stories about night hunting were so enticing that I had broken a social engagement with a lovely girl just to spend the night in a dark smelly swamp in hopes of bagging a few trophy sized carp.

The outfit for night hunting consists of a regular bowfishing outfit with the addition of a hand spotlight which is taped to the front of the bow. Power for the light is supplied by an automobile battery which is placed in the center of the canoe. The light's cord is run along the lower limp of the bow and then attached to the proper terminals on the battery. The light we use is of the cheaper variety in that it has no "on or off" switch but a fully charged battery is capable of supplying enough power for a full night's hunt.

Tom instructed me to stand in the front of the canoe and shine the light back and forth in a half arc so as to illuminate the water on both sides. I was surprised at how well the light worked and it was not long before I spotted the first carp lying on the bottom.

This carp was not nearly as wild at night as he would have been in the daytime but I was still not quick enough to get off a shot before we passed over him.

TOM SHUPIENIS with part of the night's collection of fish. He is holding a snapping turtle which we also took.

Tom told me not to worry for we would see plenty more and in a couple minutes his words came true. This time I was much quicker on the draw and the arrow hit in the midsection, just where I had intended.

I sat down as soon as the fish began his powerful run for the weeds for it is tricky enough standing up in a canoe, but it is doubly tricky trying to stand up and land a large carp at the same time.

The fish flopped around for several minutes, but I soon had him along side and jabbed the arrow completely through his body. Gripping both ends of the arrow, I lifted him aboard.

During the next half hour I had a half dozen more shots at large carp (all over ten pounds) and managed to land four of them. By this time I was sold on night hunting and was convinced that it was every bit as productive as Tom had been telling me it was.

I switched places with Tom and took my turn with the paddle while he did some shooting. The carp in the immediate area were not as plentiful as they had been earlier in the evening so we decided to try another area. Tom directed me to a grassy flat where he had killed many carp in the past and we began to hunt this area.

We only traveled fifteen or twenty yards when both of us spotted a giant carp at the same time. It was on the wrong side for Tom to shoot at immediately, and it doesn't pay to shift one's feet too quickly when standing up in a canoe. He did get off a shot just as the carp streaked for cover, but the arrow went over its back. We were both disappointed for it was by far the largest carp we had seen this night.

We estimated that it weighed over 25 pounds so we decided to make several passes over the area to which it had retreated. In the next fifteen minutes we never did catch sight of it again so we decided to move on.

Tom took the paddle again and adeptly worked the craft through a thick group of willows. When we came to a small pocket of clear water I spotted a large carp hiding among the lilies.





TWO LARGE carp and the equipment used to toke them. For night hunting a light is taped to the front of the bow olso.

I promptly sank an arrow into his back and had him along side in a couple minutes. Just as I went to lift him aboard the arrow point came unscrewed from the shaft and the fish was free. I expected to see only a fleeting glimpse of him streaking for cover, but instead he only settled to the bottom and tried to hide among the weeds with the point still imbedded in his back.

Instantly I reached in my pocket to get another point to screw into the shaft. My fingers first felt several .243 cartridges I had been using on varmints, then a fresh roll of 35mm film, and finally a double barbed point at the bottom. With fumbly fingers I screwed it into place and was soon looking at the hiding carp over the point of a drawn arrow. This time the arrow hit just where I intended, and I not only had a 12 pound carp but my point as well.

We drifted on down the channel and picked up several more carp in the 10 to 15 pound class, and passed up others that looked to weigh less than 10 pounds.

By this time the canoe seemed nearly full of carp and we wanted to get unloaded before the load shifted and tipped us over.

The sun began to break over the eastern horizon as we approached the bridge at Route 19, and we were surprised to discover that it was 5:00 A.M. Our original plans had been to hunt until 3:30 or 4:00 o'clock and then go back to the cars to catch a few hours sleep before going back out in the morning to shoot some pictures.

When we reached firm land we decided to check our catch. A quick count showed that we had bagged 14 carp weighing between 10 and 20 pounds. We weighed each fish on a pocket scale and found that their total weight was 152 pounds. This was far from the largest haul either of us had made in the past, but it still wasn't bad for a night's hunt.

THIS CARP weighed 17 pounds. A fish scole is a good way to keep accurate records of the total cotch.

TROUT ON A MINNOW

Combined here are Do-It-Yourself and How-To directions for making and using a rig that will add a new dimension to minnow fishing with a fly rod . . .

By BOB GLOVER

A FRESH minnow, properly fished, is a more consistent producer of trout, large and small, over a wider range of stream conditions, than any other type of bait or lure.

If that doesn't start something, nothing will. Can't you just imagine earlier generations of worm fishermen or departed purists fixin' in their graves to greet the nut who penned those words.

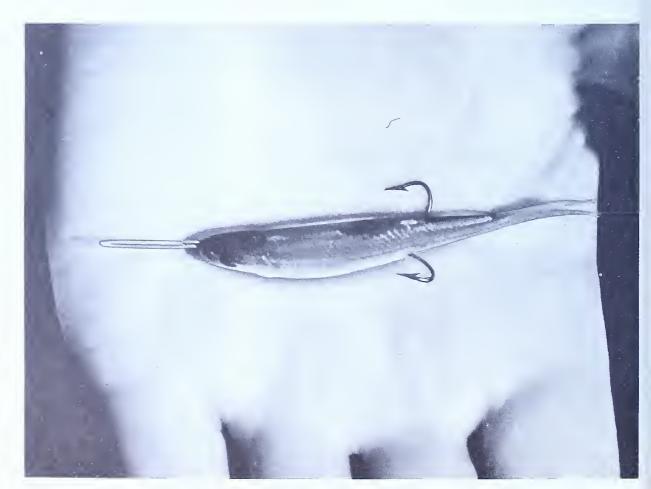
Or the quick, especially the purists, stretching to full height with heads held back so the disdainful glares down

their noses will be longer and icier.

Or the derisive snort from the brash and new segment of the clan (flush with easy-come success behind the only tackle they know—the spinning outfit).

But the statement stands nevertheless, notwithstanding, and as a challenge to all skeptics.

The crux of the proposition, however, is that the minnow be fished properly. Required are: fly-fishing tackle with a different-than-usual rod and line combination; the ability



BAITED RIG looks like this.



EQUIPMENT USED to assemble the "Pfeiffer" minnow rig.

to use that tackle with a reasonable degree of finesse; a more-than-casual knowledge of the whims of the species, and an intimate acquaintance with the stream being fished or the ability to "read" a stream.

That sounds like a bigger order than it really is. The successful trout fisherman can and does "read" a stream, and is all too aware of a trout's capricious nature.

Also, his mastery of fly casting has conditioned him to learn minnow-fishing in a very short time.

Although a spinning outfit may be employed, fly-fishing tackle permits the more subtle control of the bait necessary for maximum effectiveness.

The rod may be from seven to nine feet long. Regardless of length, however, it should be one of limber action extending well into the butt. A rod of that type facilitates throwing the minnow, rather than casting it, as one would cast a fly.

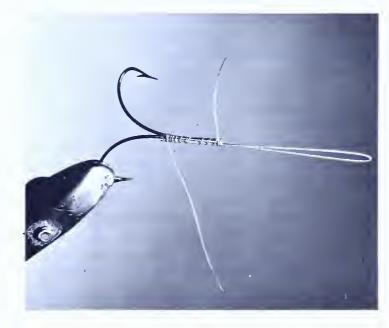
The reel may be of any type. An automatic, however, enables quicker recovery of line when the occasion warrants.

The line should be of lesser diameter or weight than one used for fly fishing with the same rod. Also, the line should be smooth to facilitate "shooting", and a floater to afford easy pick-up.

The leader and the special features it should have will be described later.

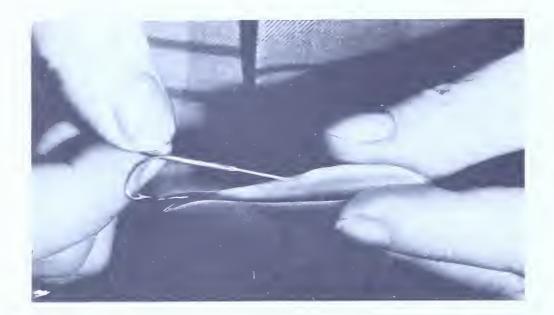
It is also important to consider the minnows to be used—the species and size best suited for this type of fishing. Those native to the stream being fished are recommended, though not essential. If a fisherman collects his own, he must remember that not all small fish are minnows, and guard against keeping fingerlings of species on which there are regulations.

The size of minnow proven most attractive on most trout streams is between 2 and 2½" in length. The number of strikes per hour of fishing declines in proportion to the increase in the size of the minnow used.



ABOVE—RIG ASSEMBLED and ready for soldering. BELOW—RIG after being soldered.





BAITING—into the vent, through the body cavity and out the mouth.

MINNOWS continued—

Up to this point there is general accord among most stream minnow-fishermen. Ways part, however, on the best manner of rigging the creature. Each of a dozen or more methods that employ commercially produced harnesses or personally fabricated rigs, has its own proponents.

This story is about a rig that allows a most natural action of the bait, a very high ratio of strikes per hour of fishing, an almost perfect strike vs. hooked-fish average, a rig that inflicts minimum injury to fish that would be returned, yet gets maximum "mileage" out of each minnow.

Its "invention" has been credited by fishermen in eastern Pennsylvania to the late Lou Pfeiffer of Allentown. Lou was "the master" thereabouts with the minnow. He developed his minnow hook in the late 1920's.

It's simple, and easy and inexpensive to make. The materials: steel wire, the character of a guitar "E" string; strands from doorbell wire; size #7, thin gauge, mediumlength shank, eyeless hooks; solder, and flux.

The tools: a fly tier's vise, a fisherman's pliers; a small soldering iron, fine emery cloth, and a fine file.

Following are the steps in fabricating the "Pfeiffer" minnowhook:

- 1. Cut a 3" piece of the steel wire.
- 2. Double the wire back on itself, exactly in half. (See bottom center of illustration #1.)
- 3. Remove the anodizing from the shanks of two eyeless hooks with a piece of emery cloth—to provide a better surface for soldering.
- 4. Tie the hooks to the open end of the dou'led wire with a hair-thin strand from doorbell wire, in a manner that the steel wire becomes an extension of the hooks' shanks.
- 5. Position the hooks so that the open ends of the piano wire are even with the beginning of the bend of the hooks.

6. Then spread the hooks to about a 135 degree angle.

At this point the assembly may be clamped into a fly tying vise or otherwise mounted to permit applying flux, prior to soldering. If the hooks are moved out of alignment in applying the flux, they can easily be re-adjusted. (See illustration #2.)

- 7. Apply the flux, then solder from just ahead of the hooks' shanks back to the point where the hooks bend away from each other.
- 8. Allow a few moments for the solder to set and cool.
- 9. File away the excess solder and the ends of the bell wire so that the finished jointure will be smooth and streamlined and of the least possible diameter, without impairing the strength of the jointure. (See illustration #3.)

The use of the rig requires these modifications to a dry fly leader tapered to about 2X: (1) Tie a 3" loop on the terminal end. (2) Incorporate a small swivel 15 to 18 inches above the loop.

The swivel will minimize twist usually imparted to the leader and line in the course of fishing. The large loop allows easy and quick attachment of the baited hook.

To bait the rig, insert the wire shank into the minnow's vent and run it up through the body and out the mouth. (See illustration #4.) Slide the minnow back on the shank and between the hooks until the vent reaches the point where the spread of the hooks start. The hooks then will extend outward from each side of the minnow, about % way back its length. (See illustration #5.)

Attach the baited rig to the leader by running the leader loop through the wire opening ahead of the minnow. Then pass the loop around the baited rig and draw the loop taut. (See illustrations #6 and #7.)

And now to fishing.

Throwing the minnow, rather, as mentioned earlier, than casting it, is a two-step procedure. First, with several coils of line in hand just off the reel, swing the minnow LEADER loop is slid through wire loop ahead of the minnow. It is then passed around the baited rig and drawn tight.



to the rear a little more distant than the rod's length. The second step, a one-section continuation of the first, is a forward sweep of the arm—a sweep that starts slowly at the shoulder and extends to the tip of the rod. Accelerate the motion and complete it with the wrist action that was learned in the first casting lesson. The momentum thus imparted to the minnow makes it actually pull the coils of line from the hand.

The throw may be made at any angle to the current or to any point upstream or downstream within the fisherman's ability to control the bait and the fish, when one is hooked. With practice a fisherman can learn to "shoot" his cast and drop his minnow accurately at distances up to 40 or 50 feet, more than enough to be effective.

Then, by manipulating the rod and taking advantage of the stream's currents, the minnow can be made to act in lifelike fashion—to dart from one pocket to another, to drift back with or move into the current—either just under or well under the surface, or skittering across it. Usually, hest results are gotten by dropping the minnow close to the shore, a projecting rock, a windfall or a weed patch and starting its action from those points.

Minnows may be carried alive. Or they may be dead and packed in the folds of soft cloth, after being treated with salt or a brine to toughen them. In a pinch, commercial preserved minnows may be used, but as a rule they are too soft and a poor substitute otherwise.

Some fishermen accept the minnow bucket as a part of the game, in order to keep their minnows alive until ready for use. Other tossers contend that little in appearance is lost by salting minnows or soaking them in brine overnight, then rolling them in damp cloth before leaving for the stream. Treated in this manner, minnows can be carried more easily, they are less bother astream and are a bit tougher. The toughness lengthens the time they remain intact, thus effective, while being fished.

Defending their position, members of the carry-'em-alive school hold that in addition to appearance, the natural minnow "odor" assures more strikes. Salt or other substances destroy that quality, they say.

Those of both groups who have used the Pfeiffer rig are unanimous, however, on its hooking qualities. The position of the hooks along the body of the minnow makes a frontal, rear or flank attack a most hazardous venture for any trout. Infrequent snagging or fouling is another feature of the rig.

Purists who frown on the use of bait of any type contend that a streamer fly would be just as effective as a minnow, all other things equal. They can be sure, however, that the minnow fishermen will just smile. It will be a patronly smile and most likely followed by, "Wanna bet?"

The purist who does will lose!

He'll also lose on the point of the damage done by the hook to smaller fish that would be returned. Though a trout whacks a fresh minnow seemingly with more gusto than it does any other bait or lure, very seldom is it hooked by the Pfeiffer rig other than about the outer edge of the mouth.

But whether a purist or not, every fisherman owes it to himself to experience the distinctive and unique thrill that attends catching a trout with a "worked" minnow.

And with this "home-made" rig, the experience will be crowned further with more action, greater success and the glowing satisfaction that is usually reserved for the fishermen who ties his own flies.



HERE LEADER is shown drawn tight on the rig, ready for fishing. Baiting up this way is fast and easy.

MARCH—1967



NOT ALL fishermen own the number of lures found in Scott Johnson's (Berwick) collection. Each one of Johnson's lures are in top condition simply because he frequently overhauls the hardware.

WORK FOR A WINTER EVENING

OVERHAUL THE HARDWARE

By DON SHINER

The general agreement, that a rusty nail is as effective a game fish lure as is a tarnished spoon, is well founded. The effectiveness of a dull, tarnished lure has been cut by the peculiar swimming action that causes hardware to have great appeal to game fish. Hence, when you cast a tarnished lure into the pond, you greatly reduce your chances of catching a game fish. Toss one that is shiny new, and the chance of hitting pay dirt doubles.

One of these cold, inactive evenings this winter, haul out the tackle from the dusty closet and check the various pieces of hardware. Of course, clean and oil the various reels. Check the rods for broken guides, wrappings that are unraveling, and for chipped varnish. Put these in condition now so this gear is ready and waiting for the spring season. But right now, we're suggesting that you scrupulously examine the hardware. This part of the gear takes the blunt of the blows, and are the key articles that account for fish in the creel. These had better be in excellent condition.

Spoons and spinner blades that have tarnished or become oxidized can be shined with a chemically treated cloth commonly used to polish the family silverware. In the absence of this cleaning cloth, use a light, grit-free cleaning compound. Vinegar or cigarette ashes work fine too in restoring the original luster. The tarnished spoon simply had the surface oxidized. By removing this residue, without grinding into the finish, the hardware will look as good as new.

To prevent further oxidation, coat the polished surfaces with clear lacquer. Clear nail polish will do nicely. Finish the restoration of this hardware by honing or filing the hooks to needle sharpness. More game fish that strike spoons are missed because of dulled hooks than for any other reason. Hence, a needle sharp hook is the best insurance you can have to assist in landing that lunker.

So far what has been said pertains to metal spoons and spinners. It applies, however, equally with the "plug" department. Here, too, the color of the lure and its action in the water are the two contributing factors in luring fish into the net.

The finish on plastic lures is practically indestructible. This does not apply to the plug lures made from cedar wood. Granted, the overwhelming majority of plugs manufactured today are fabricated with plastic. But there are probably wood models in your kit. Some of these may have a battered appearance. Bouncing the lures against rocks and stumps, coupled to the dental equipment of pike and walleye, rips into the painted surfaces. Touch up these damaged areas with suitable paint. Check the condition of the hooks. If rusty or bent out of shape, replace with new treble hooks. Tighten the screws holding the hooks in place. This minor detail would well spell the difference between landing or losing a nice bass.

Most of my fishing buddies never find it "work" to overhaul the hardware. Some winter evening, when the mercury hovers around the zero mark, they find it fun to sort through the tackle, touching up this spoon or that plug, while reminiscing of past fishing outings. Pick one evening, before you become glued to the TV set, to check your gear. Get some organization in the tackle box and into your life.

Warm weather is but a few calendar pages away from the present. Get the hardware in shape and be ready for the spring season to unfold.





A GENERAL overhaul of spoons calls for polishing all reflecting surfaces.

COAT ALL newly polished surfaces with clear nail lacquer to prevent further oxidation of metal.

BE SURE to hone the hooks to needle sharpness.

TIGHTEN ALL screws on plugs. This will help land that lunker next spring.





TROUTING TACTICS for OPENING DAY

The water temperature was 41° , perfect as branch water for cutting bourbon, but frigid enough to give goosepimples to even an arctic charr. Otherwise, conditions were not bad, as opening days go. Tionesta Creek was gin-clear and at normal spring flow, which is to say high but within its banks. It was a raw, gusty, overcast day.

By mid-morning, most of the anglers had either retired to their cars or were hunched over campfires along the banks. Few of the fishermen we met had landed a single trout, but occasionally we encountered an angler who was able to display a respectable catch and report good fishing.

The experience confirmed what we have always held to be true. Any fishermen of average competence can take trout when conditions are right, but it requires skill and know-how to bring them to hook under adverse conditions. And, of course, miserable conditions are par for the course on opening day.

Season after season, the No. 1 limiting factor is the frigid water temperature. When water temperatures are below 55°, trout digest their food slowly and feed sparingly. They are not much interested in big mouthfuls. An angleworm, salmon egg, small minnow, or natural or artificial nymph will tempt them more quickly than a night-crawler or large minnow. Because the trout are sluggish, all lures, natural and artificial, must be fished very slowly.

Of course, trout that are not interested in food can frequently be excited into striking at a spinner or flashing lure. That seems to be particularly true of hatchery reared trout. Spinning lures, handled with skill, can produce trout when all else fails.

A mistake that many spin fishermen make is to cast downstream and retrieve against the current. This means that the lure travels shallow, whereas the trout, if they are off their feed because of low water temperatures, tend to lie on the bottom. A more effective method is to cast upstream or else fish the slower moving currents along the banks. A slow-moving lure, bouncing bottom, will produce more strikes than a shallow-running, fast-moving lure.

Surveying a stream on the morning of opening day, one gets the impression that the trout must be scattered in every pool, riffle and pocket. This is rarely the case. Hatchery trout, unless they have been released well in advance, are usually found within a half mile or so of the place they were stocked. If you don't know the stocking locations, then fish the bridge stretches or join the largest gatherings of anglers.

By JIM HAYES



If you know the stream contains a sizeable population of streambred or carryover trout, you can often locate them with a bit of experimenting. With the onset of winter, these fish tend to drop downstream from their summer holding water and spawning stretches and congregate in the deepest pools they can find. The reason is the deep water is somewhat warmer and also offers protection from solid freezing and anchor ice.

During the high water of early spring, some of these trout will scatter into nearby riffles and broken water, where food is more plentiful, but they rarely venture too far from their wintering holes. The major upstream migration usually doesn't get underway until early May. Therefore, if you can locate a good wintering hole, your chances of success will be increased.

It is noticeable that anglers who are able to consistently take trout during the heat of mid-summer, when water temperatures are high, are also successful during the low temperature conditions of early spring. Moreover, they get results on the same sections of stream under both situations; that is, by fishing in the vicinity of springs and small infeeding brooks.

Springs empty into a stream at a fairly constant 52°. The inflow from such sources, which tends to cool the mainstreams during hot weather, also contributes a warming influence during cold weather. If the volume from a spring or series of strong springs is sufficient, it can increase the temperature of the stream enough to attract large numbers of trout.

Another factor to be reckoned with on opening day is



likely to be high, roily water. Actually, however, a stream that is rolling high, wide and handsome may offer better chances of fishing success than one that is low or in normal flow. For one thing, the water temperature is more likely to be closer to the trout's feeding range. For another, there is less likelihood of spooking the fish, as often occurs when the water is clear. Lastly, it means that the trout are accustomed to feeding on a wide variety of food—worms, grubs, beatles, etc., which are washed in.

During high water, trout spend little time struggling against the powerful, surging currents. They prefer to locate in whatever quiet water they can find. This means back-water eddies, banksides, coves, and the bottom of deep pools. Natural baits, wet flies and nymphs, worked slowly in such areas, will bring results.

Of course, you don't really have to slug it out under adverse stream conditions. In fact, your chances of bringing home a fat mess of trout will be much better if you forget about the larger freestone streams and open the season on one of the limestones. Penns Creek, Big Spring Creek, the Letort, and especially Yellow Breeches, are all good bets. The water temperature is more likely to be favorable, and limestone streams are more stable in their flow characteristics than the others.

If you are interested in fishing for big, lake-run rainbow trout, the opening weeks of the season—while they are still in the streams, before they return to the lake—are the best time to try for them. Any of the trout streams emptying into Lake Erie in Erie County are likely bets. These lake-run rainbows do not seem to mind cold water, so you

eliminate or at least reduce one major limiting factor.

Still another idea is to fish the trout lakes, of which Pennsylvania has quite a few. During cold weather, trout tend to gather in deep water. They can be taken either by still fishing or trolling with a spinner. As the lake water warms along the edges, the trout often move into the shallows to feed. A well cast nymph or wet fly is likely to catch their fancy.

Native brook trout, like lake-run rainbows, are somewhat more tolerant of cold water than browns and stream rainbows. Also the mountain streams where they are found usually have a fast runoff and may be in better shape for fishing than the low-land streams. So add the mountain brook trout streams to your list of possibilities.

Yet despite these alternatives, hundreds of anglers, including this writer, go fishing opening day to observe the tradition as much as to catch trout. Where you go is not nearly as important as the going.

That and the chance, admittedly slim, of getting in a bit of fly fishing and picking up the sport where you left off last June and July.

To expect decent fly fishing during the opening week is like looking for strawberries in mid-January. However, if the weather has been mild during preceding weeks, you are well advised to pack your fly book. On most freestone streams you can start looking for an emergence when the water temperature rises above 49°. Overcast, blustery days usually produce more hatches than blue-bird weather. If you are lucky enough to hit a hatch, the No. 18 Blue Dun is a dandy weapon.

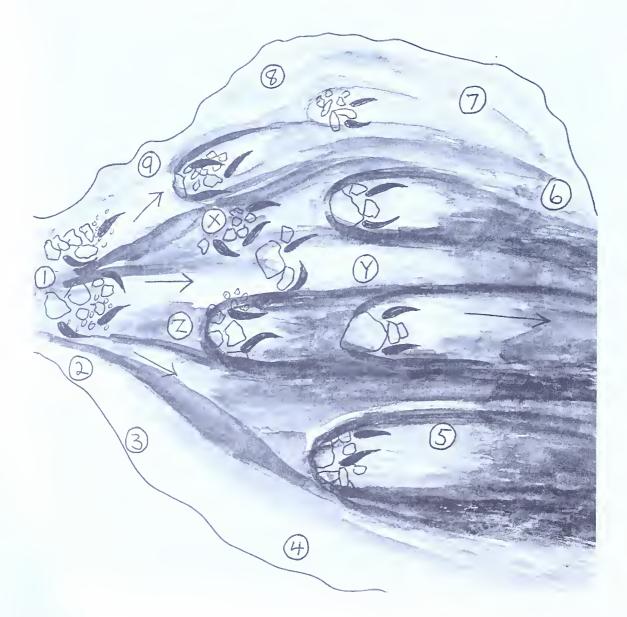
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FISHERMAN'S FAIRWAY

HEAD OF A POOL

This is a copy of a famous pool on the Esopus Pines in the Catskills. The ways to fish it are legion, as you will see from the basic possibilities outlined here. This is good rainbow trout water in early spring and both rainbows and browns are taken by thousands of fishermen each season. It is a good spinning hole as well as an excellent laboratory for learning the subtleties of fly fishing.

In the first months of the season it is quite high, fast and somewhat discolored. Later in the season the water falls and becomes clear. There is a hatch of flies each week from the beginning to the end of the season and many of the hatches overlap between caddis, mayfly and stone fly. Try entering it at (4) with the fly rod or light spinning rod and work toward the head rather than wading in front of the trout. Big trout lie up in there, but entering right on top of them will send them way below and out of practical reach. Work the near current toward (3) and (2) fishing wet flies, nymphs and, later in the season, dry flies. When I reach (2) I put on a big bucktail or a brace of small ones and work the center rocks (X), (Y) and (Z) with short casts, fast surface retrieves, letting the fly drift down and across from (5) to (4), swinging the bucktail in between (z) and the small side current. From position (2) I can only wade a little way down in high water, not quite to the first rocks. I like to use the



By RAY OVINGTON



light spinning rod here, so I switch to that and a small Colorado spinner and cast up to (1) in and around the big rocks and fast, furious falls, letting the lure swing toward me from (9) through (X) and (Z). If I can, I try and place lures so that they drift to my side of the four rocks between (X) and (Y), for this is the holding water for the big 20 inch rainbows. I'll also throw a couple of wild casts to (9) and (8) and let the line come back through (Y). Since I can't cross the stream I move to (3), (4) and then (5) with the spinning gear and cast upstream to all hot spots, pay particular attention to the quartette of center stream rocks.

Wi en the water is low I can sometimes reach over a bit from (5) toward the center and fish the dry fly into (Z), (Y) and, with my hard action fly rod, reach up to (X) for a long drift. After fishing the head this way, I go ashore, light a cigarette and watch for fish action. When a fly hatch is about to start, the little fish to the sides, at (3) and (9) will start to dimple the water. Most of the hatches come off right at the head of the pool and the fish are drawn there from the pool's entire belly. They come in as thick as salmon on a spawning run and it is not uncommon to be wading and have trout feeding right under your rod hand.

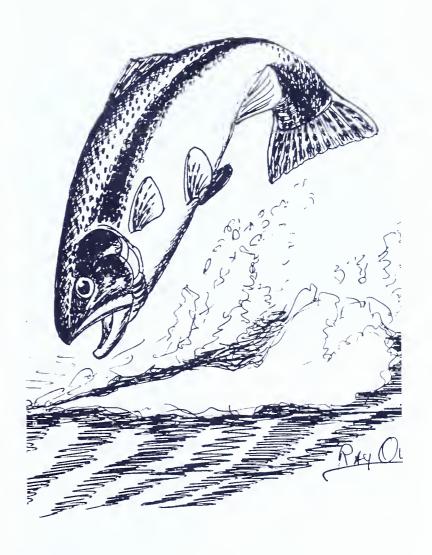
Across the stream I enter at (6) and work up the general manner as described. This is the better side in the evening as the side of (2), (3) and (4) is partially shaded, first. As the hatch progresses, cast across to the center from (6) or below as the flies are well scattered over the entire pool. At its widest part it is about 25 yards across. In extremely low water it is possible to wade right up to the (XYZ) rocks and work the water with everything in the book. The big fish come in from the deeper water and unless waded upon and frightened will stay right there and feed when the insects come out. A bucktail is good medicine if no flies show or a hatch is not imminent.

Thus far, we have not mentioned the potential group of fish that usually are found deep down in the center of such a pool, resting in the rocks and holes well out of sight during the bright time of day. If the pool is deep and the water fast, these trout are practically untouchable to the fly fisherman, since he may not reach them by casting from below if the deep section is long as it deepens from the tail of the pool, nor can he cast a fly out from (5) or (6) so that it will sink low enough in the water to arouse those bottom huggers.

His only hope is to pull one up with a skittered brace of wet flies, a fast jerked bucktail or, in the case of a very calm day, to employ a fanwing or spider in the hopes of arousing curiosity from below. Many times the bright winged Royal Coachman will do the trick in this instance and is preferred over the use of too flashy a looking spinning lure.

But when the twilight shadows lengthen, these resting trout will become active and will slowly rise up off the bottom in search of drifting nymphs in the act of working their way to the surface perparatory to hatching. If you are in luck, a hatch sequence up in the XYZ rocks will present drifting mayflies in the wash lanes from the rocks and the trout will congregate along these current marks. A dry fly cast from either (5) or (7) and followed by a mended loop for the longer drift will bring action over a long drift.

Next month we'll cover the lower end of this same pool and you will see how the trout move about and how important it is to not disturb them by wading in the wrong place and fishing where the chances are slim for a connection with all but little trout.



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DRIFTWOOD ART

By DON SHINER

Many a poor cast, resulting from a poor estimate of distance has sent my plug reeling shoreward to foul hook some grotesquely shaped stump or piece of driftwood. At those times I have rowed the boat into the shallows to unhook, retrieve the lure and resume fishing as quickly as possible. Never once did I pay attention to this catch-all debris.

But I do now!

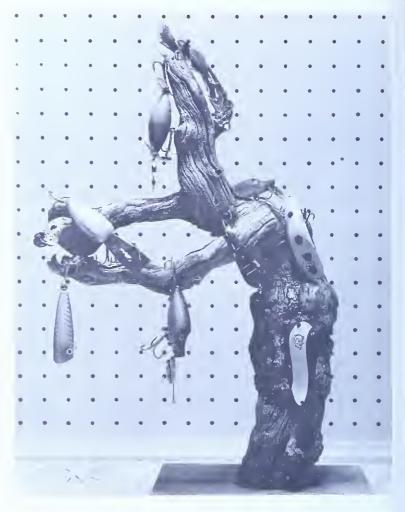
This change in attitude stemmed from a visit to a popular resort town. Taking in the area sights, I passed a gift shop window literally jammed with unusual—and quite handsome—pieces of decorative driftwood. The gnarled, twisted sun bleached, sand-blasted wood had an air of elegance, resembling modern, impressionistic art pieces. They were wonderful for decorating a fireplace mantel or coffee table.

I was tempted to purchase a suitable piece of driftwood had they not been so expensive. Then too, I remembered



FROM LAKESIDE to living room! Above is a tangle of driftwood from which an observant angler may find the piece on the right, which has been decorated with artificial holly.





LURES HANG from this piece of driftwood picked up along a fishing stream. Sawing it off square and attaching it to a heavy base plate with wood screws makes it a decoration which can be set anywhere. Pieces can also be hung on the wall.

the quantity of driftwood I had encountered along the lakes and streams. I remembered one such cove in Lake Wallenpaupack, for example, which was actually jammed full of all sorts of odd pieces of discarded wood. Perhaps I could find several odd, gnarled pieces of driftwood myself that would make handsome decorations.

So I had driftwood in mind some weeks later when I visited Big Fishing Creek, armed with a few choice streamers for trout. At streamside, I kept one eye peeled for trout, the other for driftwood art. Sure enough, at the side of one pool, I found a huge accumulation of wood—pieces of twisted cedar limbs, gnarled roots of old stumps. I kicked over the debris to find several contortive shapes.

At home I fixed suitable bases to several pieces, decorating the driftwood with a few sprigs of artificial holly, others with favorite fishing spoons and plugs. Clearly the driftwood pieces were eye-catching, entirely suitable for my desk, coffee table or mantel.

Driftwood is in vogue. Couple this to the fact that fishermen generally cast about seldom visited ponds and streams, and the combination of angling-driftwood hunting becomes an inseparable hobby. Anglers should look long and hard at the shoreline debris which ensnares their bass plugs and spoons.

Whether bass or driftwood, you may have hooked something of value.

CATISH

By ALBERT G. SHIMMEL

and HUSH PUPPIES

A great blue heron stroked slowly through the dawn mists. When it reached the driftwood snag, lodged in the off shore weed bed, it banked sharply. Suddenly the smooth grace of its flight changed to flapping awkwardness, as its groping feet fumbled for a secure perch on the weathered wood. With this accomplishment it settled with a vigorous shake and became as immobile as the wood itself.

With the strengthening of the light, a company of gulls with a Black Tern in attendance, began to circle the edges of the weedbed, dipping occasionally to investigate a bit of flotsam. The gulls kept well offshore but the graceful tern circled close. I tossed a dead minnow. The tern swooped and picked it neatly from the water then swept even closer, turning its head toward me as it passed. After the third minnow it drifted away.

My fishing jacket, padded by folded rain gear, softened the sloping rock of the causeway into a fairly comfortable seat. The monofilament that joined the rod tip to the floating bobber hung like a slack spider web when it is beaded with dew. A dragon fly stopped to rest on the rod, before resuming his hawking for mosquitoes. His wings shone with a delicate irridescence in the morning light. I could hear geese as they left the refuge. A pair came in sight over the willows and slanted down to a landing not far from the heron's snag. They murmured together confidentially for several minutes then began to call loudly. They were answered almost immediately by a second pair that flew in from one of the islands. They greeted the others in conversational tones then fled together across the weed beds.

It was a lazy morning. The decisions and responsibilities of the winter were behind and for a week I was free to follow inclination or whim. It was fun to relax beside the water. The lifting mists, the activity of the birds, the peace of the dawn wove for me a great contentment.

A few yards away, Spike was busy rigging his second rod. He bent to the task with all the concentration of his fourteen years. He had taken a wriggling minnow from the bucket and was about to bait up when the bobber of the first rod, nodded briefly then disappeared. In haste he laid down his hook. Somehow the minnow slipped from his hand and bounced down the rock and into the water. Spike turned, slipped on the slanting rock and almost joined the minnow. After that he moved more cautiously. He reached the rod, set the hook with a firm upward sweep and held on. The fish resisted lustily. It took considerable persuasion before it submitted to the net. Spike dipped deep and came up with a fine channel cat. He

held it up. We admired its smooth skin and the deeply forked tail with its scattered black beauty marks. I noticed that he lingered over the ritual of stringing the fish, testing the strength of the stub to which the chain was attached, several times before trusting his fish to the water. The grin that marked his success was something to contemplate.

By the time the sun had burned the mists from Pymatuning our fishing was finished for the day. One of the specimens that loaded the stringer weighed a full six pounds.

During a week of dawn expeditions we learned several facts that influenced our sport. When the carp wallowed on the weed beds fishing was poor. We suspected that their activity dislodged much food and that other species including the catfish took advantage of the easy pickings. This limited inshore activities. Channel cats accepted a variety of baits. We did not try Ivory Soap that one of my pals claims is very effective. Those in this spot showed a preference for those that were a bit "high". We finally settled on a "decidely dead" minnow of good size as the best of all. Occasionally when we dressed our catch we baited the water with the offal. Fishing was improved at the next session.

The channel catfish is considered the sportiest member of the huge catfish family. It is found from Manitoba and Quebec in Canada, south to Florida and the Gulf States. In some places it sneaks across the border into Mexico.

The color of the channel cat ranges from slate gray on the back, silver gray or faint olive sides to white on the belly. The Pymatuning specimens were all washed with pale olive along the sides. Those from clear flowing streams are so pale that they are known locally as silver catfish. Their smooth skins, the subtle blending of quaker colors tend to offset the grotesque heads and give them a distinctive if not handsome appearance.

An end product, CATFISH and HUSH PUPPIES is an American institution. The name is as unique as the product. Even the seasoned gourmet smacks his lips in anticipation. It is the enthusiastic opinion of lesser experts that the dish "eats well".

When the country folk of the south gathered for gastronomical socializing Hush Puppies were the piece-deresistance. They were followed by hosts of canine retainers. The resulting confusion would have shamed the incident at the TOWER of BABEL. To quell the tumult and at the same time test the recipe the cook would feed the dogs until their bellicose spirits sank under the weight of pure satisfiaction. Hence the name, "Hush Puppies!"

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CAMPING ...

The Fall Of A "MIGHTY" CAMPER

By BILL COCHRAN

As a bachelor, I never got to do much family camping. Oh, I've camped a lot in my time. I guess you might say I've been a camping enthusiast all my life. I've backpacked, roughed-it and he-man camped over a good, big hunk of this country.

But as a bachelor I never got to do much family camping, you know, with a woman and all. I've resented it. I've watched family camping grow and grow and blossom into a major pastime. Deep down, I've been envious of my married friends who could take their wives camping. I always had to go alone or with some other stubble-bearded character.

Then I got married. A lot of things happened. For one thing, I didn't get to do any more roughing-it camping. Fact is, I didn't get to do any family camping either, or camping of any other type, for that matter, for a long while. There just didn't seem to be time for anything else, I mean like camping and other things, during the first year.

Then summer came and stayed and began to wear thin and fall began to show through.

"We'll go camping," I told my wife. "We'll not let another season get by."

In fact, I was rather proud of myself. I took full com-

mand of the situation telling my wife we could rely on my storehouse of knowledge. After all, I'd done a lot of camping in my time, even if I didn't have the chance to put the word family in front of it. Camping is camping, I told myself.

"One thing we don't want to do," I strongly emphasized. "That's take a lot of unnecessary equipment with us. There's nothing that will mark you as a novice any quicker than having your car jam-packed full of camping gear and half a dozen things strapped to the roof. I've seen too many campers go down the highway with their car looking like a pack mule."

"What are you doing with that knife?" she asked.

"I'm cutting the handles off our tooth brushes," I said. "We're going to keep equipment down to the bare essentials. I'm also going to replace the cooking pot handles with wire to cut down on weight and mix the salt and pepper together to save carrying one container. An ounce of technique is worth 10 pounds of equipment." I'd read that somewhere.

"Well, there is no use being so 'Thoreau' about it," she said. "After all we're only going on an overnight trip, and we won't be out of sight of the car."

"O. K.," I gave in having learned that there are only

Camping continued _

two ways to handle a woman and I regretfully didn't know either one of them. "You pack what you think we'll need while I go down to the store and buy some camp food. I'll get some of that lightweight dehydrated stuff. We won't need much. We'll keep our meals simple, just like I used to in the wilds. Too many people are committing suicide with a fork nowadays anyway."

When I got back from the store with three large bags and two tall boxes full of groceries, my wife had nearly all the camping gear packed.

"Here," she said. "Help me tie some of these extra things to the car top."

"It's a good thing I've had experience packing mules," I said. "It looks like you got everything but the kitchen sink."

"It wouldn't part from the wall," she said.

Once on the way, we stopped by a neighbor's house and told him we'd be gone a couple days and to keep an eye on our house.

"You know," he said, looking out at our car and laughing loudly. "That thing looks like a pack mule."

"When it comes to helping a friend, that guy will stop at nothing," I said as we drove off.

"As long as we have him as a friend, we don't need any enemies," my wife added.

It was a good feeling, breezing down the highway, getting away from it all even though it looked as if we were taking most of it with us.

When we reached the public campground, I explained to my wife that there is considerable art and skill to the task of selecting a proper campsite.

"You look for three things essentially," I said, sounding important. "You look for good drainage so you won't be flooded in wet weather, you look for a source of water nearby for drinking and washing purposes and you look for an ample wood supply for the fire.

"See that little grassy spot over there," I said. "That looks like an ideal place. And look, there's a little creek down behind it where we can get water."

"What's the matter with that faucet over there," my wife asked.

"And there's an old, dead tree we can use for the cooking fire wood," I said.

"Why not just use the three burner camp stove we brought," my wife asked.

"I'll get to work cutting the tree while you set the tent up," I told her. Frankly, those new family camping tents frighten me with their yards and yards of canvas to fit over a nightmare of aluminum framework. It seemed like a job for a woman, or possibly two or three husky construction experts.

I hadn't made more than half-a-dozen chops with the ax before here came the campground ranger.

"Sir," he said. "What are you doing?"

"I'm setting up camp," I said.



"I thought maybe you were doing that," he answered "You can't camp here."

"It's a perfectly good spot, and besides, it's a public campground, isn't it," I said.

"Yes sir," he answered, "but you can only camp in designated spots and the trees, even the dead ones, are never to be cut. If you'll simply drive down that circular asphalt road you'll come to a series of numbered campsites. Back your car into one of them on the asphalt apron provided. Near by you'll find a tent pad, cleared and level. Also you'll find a concrete table and a grill with a stack of wood in case you want to build a cooking fire, but that's not likely since I see you have a three burner camp stove tied to the top of your car.

"Oh, yes," he continued. "You'll also find a water faucet like the one you have at home right behind the tent pad, and down the road 22½ steps is a rest room with hot showers and an electric clothes washer and dryer."

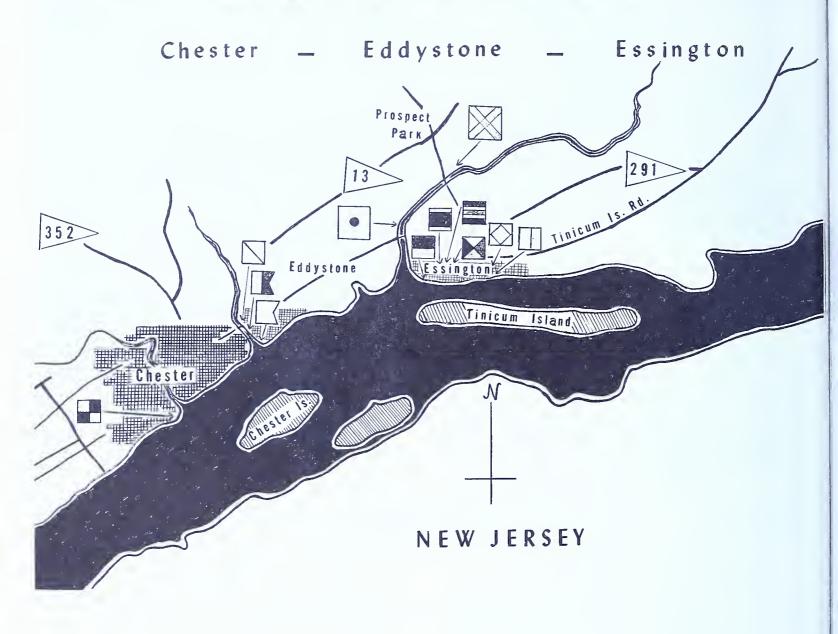
I thanked him and as he walked away I began to lament about how mechanization and modernization have invaded the fartherest places and ruined camping. "Camping has lost its old flavor," I said. "You might just as well stay home and open all your windows. There's no roughing it anymore."

As I drove to where the ranger had instructed me, I wouldn't admit that this family campground was spacious, clean and the people in it were kind and friendly. When I found a good site, I wouldn't admit that I really liked it.

"It used to be," I continued, "camping was solely a man's doings. The outdoors was exclusively his. He hunted in it, he fished in it, he went without shaving in it, he canoed in it, he went without bathing in it, and he camped in it.

"From the looks of all those diapers hanging up over in the next campsite," my wife observed, "it looks as if he's now baby sitting in it."

DELAWARE RIVER



Boating with Robert G. Miller

Not only does Pennsylvania offer some of the finest sheltered waters for small pleasure craft, there is also the tidewater area for much larger craft.

Included in this category is the Delaware River where, one must admit, tides do present something of a problem for marinas located along tributaries flowing into the river.

Also, in the Essington area, there is the silting problem

which marina operators have been fighting for years, apparently gaining little if any headway for their efforts.

From Chester to Essington, one will find facilities for small craft as well as boats up to at least 50 feet in length. Some offer only on water and winter storage, others provide repair service, gasoline and oil, and a full line of accessories.



Darbey Boat Co., John Fitzpatrick, at Jeffrey Street, in Chester. Inboard repairs available but facilities, such as gasoline and oil, belong to the West End Boat Club. Telephone: TR 4-0907.



Eddystone Marina, at the mouth of Ridley Creek. Has ramp for small craft, up to approximately 16 feet in length. Operated by Bill Maitland. Telephone TR 6-6375.



Shank's Dock, Eddystone. Owned and operated by H. C. Shank. On water and winter storage only. Can accommodate 15 to 20 craft on water, and about 25 for winter storage. Telephone: TR 6-4454.



Maitland's welding service, on Ridley Creek. Maurice "Bill" Maitland, owner and operator. Ramp for launching and on water storage. Telephone: TR 2-9460.



Gov. Printz Marina, north of the Gov. Printz Park, Armand Bosacco, owner. Has 45 slips and expects to provide an additional 20 next spring. Has travellift to handle up to 15 ton, and two railroad launching facilities handling up to 125 feet in length and up to 100 tons. Repairs, accessories and refreshments at adjoining Walber's (Tristate Yacht Club). Telephone: 521-0700.



Philadelphia Seaplane Base, Wanamaker Ave. and 2nd St., Essington, a combined marine-seaplane facility owned and operated by William and Bob Mills. Ramp and railway to handle craft up to 50 feet in length. Gasoline and oil. Telephone: LE 2-2611.



Rosse Boat Repair and Storage Yard, Front and LaGrange Ave., Essington. Melvin Jacobs. Has 20 floating docks, 15 moorings, three railways handling up to 30 tons, outside storage for about 100 boats and inside storage for about 17. Also boat sales, new and used, gasoline and oil. Telephone: 521-3155.



Tinicum Yacht Yard, Front and Saude Sts., Essington. William Henuber & Son. On water storage for 23 craft up to 40 feet in length. Outside winter storage for 60 boats, seven indoors. Railway, gasoline and oil, some supplies, light inboard motor repairs and some refinishing.



Fox Grove, at Saude Ave. and Front St., Essington. Miss Elizabeth Fox, owner. On water storage facilities only for about 20 craft. Winter storage for about 15.



Anchorage Marina, Front and Jansen Sts., Essington. George Lownes, operator; William P. Kachel, owner. Ramp, two railways and lift. On water facilities for about 50 craft, winter storage for about 110 (35 inside and 65 outside). Hardware, beverages, ice, gasoline and oil, boat sales.



Willowbrook Marina, S. Swathmore Ave. and Darby Creek, Ridley Twp. E. J. Shaner. Slips for 100 boats, concrete ramp, head and refreshment stand. Gasoline and oil. Outside storage for about 100 boats.



Prospect Park Marina, 812 Darby Crescent Road, Prospect Park. Gilbert Taylor, owner. Ramp, on water storage for about 120 boats, winter storage for about 300 up to 25 feet in length. Gasoline and oil, engine repairs, sales and service. Located off Rt. 420, north of Essington. \$1 fee for use of ramp. Telephone: LE 2-9868.

The FROM THE STREAMS

- I watched a youthful ice fisherman making good use of his recently acquired Christmas present one day on Whipple Dam. The youngster's father gave the order to check the holes to see if they were freezing. The youthful "Hans Brinker" quickly responded by putting on his brand new ice skates that Santa had brought and efficiently made the rounds checking each tip-up and skimming off the slush ice that had formed.—District Warden JAMES T. VALENTINE (Huntingdon-Fulton).
- A fly fishing group from Shippensburg was concerned over the pollution of our streams and the need to promote fishing and sportsmanship with the younger generation. They formed an organization with six members a year ago. When the charter was closed they had a membership of thirty-two. They had many projects during their first year and the most recent was instructing 14 young boys in the art of fly tying. Another project is for 100% of the members to subscribe to the "Pennsylvania Angler". A club with this kind of devotion by its members is sure to succeed in their efforts.—District Warden PERRY D. HEATH (Cumberland-Perry).
- The ice fishermen have been getting lots of action this year. Most of the fishermen that I have talked to have been getting pickerel and walleye of all sizes from eight to twenty-five inches, and the trout that I have seen have been between 15 and 24 inches.—District Warden JOSEPH E. BARTLEY (Pike).
- A young fellow who was attending a college near French Creek had heard quite a bit about the large muskies taken in the area each fall. One Saturday morning the new fisherman headed for a good spot with what he thought was all the necessary equipment—a bolt for a sinker, a huge hook and heavy twine for a line. There was no rod or reel included in his gear. He borrowed a chub from another fisherman and tossed the bolt-weighted bait into the Creek. Forty-five minutes later he left the area with a beautiful 46-inch muskie and two very badly cut hands.— District Warden THOMAS L. CLARK (Crawford).
- I assisted one of the Fish Commission biologists with an electro fishing check of the West Branch of the Clarion River to determine the holding capacity of trout in a stretch of the river, and to explore the possibility of a "fish for fun" area. Mr. "Mitch" Johnson of the Wilcox Indusstrial Development and members of the Wilcox Sportsmen's Club assisted with the survey. Mitch had told me prior to the survey that if we found one 20-inch trout he would buy a license. The first large hole that we came to

- produced a lunker brown trout measuring 20½ inches. To add frosting to the cake, we moved upstream about 200 yards, and once again took a 22½-inch brown trout from the deep. Mitch was a little surprised and the last time I saw him he was walking down the stream mumbling something about "would you believe two trout over 20 inches."—District Warden BERNARD AMBROSE (Elk).
- Many limits of trout, including some in the 20-inch class, were taken at Lyman Run Lake on the opening day of the winter trout fishing season.—District Warden KENNETH ALEY (Potter).
- This is a story about a young boy who, along with his family, was fishing at Lock No. 9 along the Allegheny River. Two fishermen fishing nearby noticed how badly this young fellow wanted to catch a fish and came up with a solution. They got the boy out of sight for a few minutes and put a 22-inch catfish on his hook. Then they called him to hurry back, he had a good bite on his rod. The memory of the catch and the thrill stayed with him until 17 years later when his father, Mr. Andy Scobel, finally told him the truth.—District Warden EUGENE SCOBEL (Butler).
- While patrolling the George B. Stevenson Dam during the winter fishing season, I observed one young man hook onto what I thought was a nice fish. After about a five minute battle with the thing, he pulled in the end of a line that had been lost by a fisherman. He then proceeded to hand over hand this line to recover it. Much to our disappointment, all he was able to recover was a spinner.—District Warden STANLEY G. HASTINGS (Cameron).
- On December 28th, a gentleman from Erie decided to try some early ice fishing. He started to work his way out to an ice shanty on the one inch of ice that covered Lake Pleasant and managed to get within reach of the ice shanty when he found himself in the icy water hanging to the floats. No one has to tell him that an inch of ice isn't safe—he's convinced.—District Warden NORMAN E. ELY (Erie).
- While on stream patrol one day last October, Deputy Game Protector Jack Kauffman watched two men fishing without their fishing licenses displayed. Jack checked the duo and learned they were residents of New Jersey. He asked to see their licenses, and the one man said, "Yes, I have several." He produced resident fishing licenses from four states, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Oklahoma and Illinois. This man had plenty of licenses, but not the right one. The second man had none at all.—District Warden MICHAEL BADNER (Bucks and Northampton).

- On December 13, 1966, the wife of Special Fish Warden Bob Fasching presented him with a 6 lb. 13 oz. daughter. Bob took plenty of ribbing in the following days about his inability to get a son and his favorite answer was, "How could I have a boy, she was born on the first day of doe season."—District Warden STANLEY PAULAKOVICH (Lehigh-Northampton).
- I would like to report Lycoming County's luckiest fisherman for 1966, who won a total of \$530. The lucky gentleman is George (Mac) McConnell of 2429 Lincoln Drive, Williamsport. He won \$500 in the Atlantic Refining Company's contest, and, in another contest sponsored by the Gateway Restaurant, he won \$5 for catching the largest fish in Loyalsock Creek for the week. The fish also cook top honors for being the largest caught in Loyalsock Creek for the season and won him \$15. The fish was a 23½-inch brown trout. He also won \$10 with this same fish n a contest sponsored by the Genessee Brewing Company.—District Worden JAMES H. LAUER (Lycoming).
- Night fishing for walleye is becoming a very important pasttime in this area. The best time is from about one hour before dark to two hours after. Penlite flashlights are attached to the tip-ups and when the flag goes up the metal flag staff completes the circuit and the light indicates a bite.—District Worden HARLAND F. REYNOLDS (Wayne).
- While on patrol the last week of December, I spyed a lone ice fisherman who was a fair way out on Newton Lake. The ice was new there, but it seemed safe enough. I walked out on the ice to check his license and we began to converse about the condition of the ice and the changeable weather. He said, "You know, this is my first try it ice fishing and I get a little leery when I hear the ice cracking." I looked at a piece of ice he had chopped out of the hole and it was a good 2 inches thick. I helped him gather up his gear and we both made tracks out of there. Appearances are deceiving, especially when it comes to ice.—District Worden CHARLES A. HERBSTER (Lackawanna-Susquehanna).

FASHIONS FOR FISHING

Clothes don't make the fisherman. Or, do they?

If, under identical conditions, two differently attired anglers—possessing equal skill and using similar techniques—end the day with vastly different scores, perhaps there is something to the idea that fishing apparel can be either a help or hindrance.

While no one's concerned about the "Beau Brummell" look, clothing does play a role in fishing success under certain conditions.

Comfort is the primary reason any angler dous his avorite apparel, despite its possible threadbare and faded appearance. This is the way it should be.

But in achieving this aim, one may overlook the attitude und reaction of the fish he seeks.

Water conditions play an important role in determining whether or not elothing affects fishing. When the water s shallow, fish are extremely wary and frightened by any

suspicious movement above the surface. Likewisc, the waters clarity, even at considerable depths, enables the quarry to see the world above its liquid environment.

"See-ability" of clothes, then, is the crucial issue. And certain colors are more visible than others.

The bright, light shades attract a great deal more attention than dark ones and should be avoided. Choose darker materials such as soft plaids that blend rather than contrast with the background. The question of hue comes up in other ways:

In some regions where mosquitos are a serious problem. it is believed these pests are attracted to blue clothing. Though the idea is without scientific basis, many outdoorsmen shun this color.

Clothes do make a difference.

CONTRAST vs COLOR

The color of a lure, as most fishermen know, has a great deal to do with its productiveness.

Often, a certain color is red hot one minute, and worthless the next, so that it seems the fish have suddenly gone blind.

Where the lure is concerned, perhaps the fish have lost their vision, say fishing experts.

Visibility of an object depends upon its contrast against a given background. "See-ability" is explained by two conditions. Against a dark background, visibility of a plug depends upon its ability to reflect light; against a light background, a silhouetting effect caused by lack of light reflection gives maximum contrast.

In achieving desirable contrast, consider the depth of water, clarity, sky conditions, which may change at any minute, bottom-type shoreline foliage colors, etc.

Surface lures are viewed by the fish from below. If the bottom is highly reflective, a light-colored plug will blend against a light sky and be difficult to see. But, if the bottom is dark, light reflection may be reduced so greatly that regardless of the lure's color it will appear as a silhouette.

Medium-running lures may attract the attention of fish from all angles. This makes it necessary to consider all factors involving visibility, and is probably one of the reasons why wobbling lures and spoons with bulk and highly reflective qualities are so effective.

For bottom-running lures, which are seen from above, maximum contrast may be difficult to determine in advance. Generally, if you can see a light bottom, use dark lures; for dark bottoms, select the brightly colored ones.

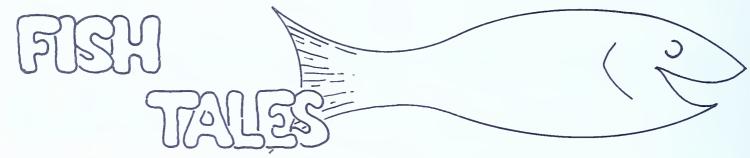
Sometimes fish are inclined to spook away from lures they can see too well. The recent emergence of green and blue shades in certain waters is testimony to this.

WANDERERS

Hunters and fishermen spent 709 million recreation days on their sports in 1965 and traveled 31 million passenger miles to do so.

CHECK THE SKIN

The use of the word "frog" and "toad" is often confusing. In general, frogs have smooth skins and toads warty skins.



A FISHING FEATURE FOR FISHERMEN ----- FROM FISHERMEN



VIRGIN RUN LAKE produced this lunker of a walleye in September for fisherman Henry Adznitsch of South Connellsville. Fishing from his boat he caught the 291/2 inch fish on an artificial lure.

Have you caught a BIG fish recently? Do you have a picture of yourself with it? Send it to FISH TALES, The Pennsylvania Angler, The Pennsylvania Fish Commission, Harrisburg, Pa.



THIS SMALLMOUTH BASS weighed four pounds and measured 20 inches—big enough to earn a citation for angler Joseph Fagan of Harrisburg who caught the fish in the Juniata River.

bass.



LUZERNE COUNTY'S Lily Lake produced this 23 inch largemouth bass. Orville Fine caught the 6 pound, 2 ounce citation winner on a nightcrawler.



THIS NICE CATCH of rainbows came from Harvey's lake. Larksville fisherman Stanley Griscavage caught the trio-171/2 inches, 20 inches, and 231/2 inches respectively.

> YORK FISHERMAN Francis Soyke took home this citation bass from a fishing trip to the Susquehanna River in York County last summer. It weighed 6 pounds, 9 ounces and measured 23 inches.



JEFF BAUGH, 15-year-old

Aspinwali fisherman, caught this 30 pound, 32 inch Carp in the Allegheny River at Blawnox while casting for



NAMED CHAIRMAN

Commander Edward R. Tharp, (U.S.C.G. Ret.) Assistant Executive Director in charge of Watercraft Safety of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission has been named chairman of the Model State Boat Act Committee of the National Association of State Boating Law Administrators.

The appointment was made at the association's recent meeting in Santa Fe, New Mexico. The committee was one of three created this year in addition to the six standing committees.

FORMER CHIEF DIES

A former chief fish culturist with the Pennsylvania Fish Commission has died.

Charles Ross Buller, 73, of Bellefonte died during December at the Centre County Hospital. He worked for the commission for 42 years before his retirement several years ago.

Funeral services were held at Bellefonte and interment was made in the Centre County Memorial Park.

BIG SPENDERS

Approximately 33 million sportsmen spent more than \$4 billion for hunting and fishing equipment, transportation, food and lodging, license fees, and other equipment and services in 1965.







By J. ALMUS RUSSELL

SALT SHAD

Wash the fish. Soak it overnight, skin-side up, to freshen it. In the morning, dry the fish, place on a wire broiler and grill flesh side down until a golden brown. Place fish on a heated platter, moisten with butter that has been rubbed together with an equal quantity of lemon juice, and serve.

GOURMET'S TROUT

l pound dressed trout

salt pepper frying oil

1 egg 4 cup flour

Dip trout in the beaten egg and seasonings. Drop into hot frying oil and remove when color is a golden brown.

BOILED CRAYFISH

2½ pounds crayfish

1 tablespoon salt

2 quarts boiling water

1 tablespoon minced onion

Drop live crayfish into the boiling water to which the salt and onion have been added. Boil a full five minutes, cool in the same liquid, drain, chill, and serve.



GIANT SNAPPER CAUGHT

This 48 pound snapping turtle was caught by 17-yearold Bill Phillips of Union City at the big Union City Reservoir.

He grabbed it by the tail and hauled it into his boat after spotting it nearby.

With neck extended it measured 40 inches. It was estimated to be at least 125 years old and possibly 200.



"I'll give you a couple of thumbtacks so you can mount it."



FOREST COUNTY CATCHES on Lud Haller's picture boord in Tionesta are graphic proof of the good fishing there. Haller, operator of a tackle shop and o Blue Book Agent for the Pennsylvania Fish Commission, soys fishermen spend a lot of time at the board and then go out in hopes of topping the big ones. Photo by Steve Szolewicz, Oil City Derrick.



CONSERVATION ORGANIZATION OF THE YEAR

DR. CHARLES F. LEWIS, President of the Western Pennsylvonia Conservancy, Pittsburgh, Po., is congratulated by Secretary of the Interior Stewart L. Udall (left) ond Secretary of Agriculture Orville L. Freemon (right) as he received a national award during the President's Conservotion Achievement Progrom in Washington, D. C. on Jon. 24. The Western Pennsylvania Conservoncy was named "National Conservotion Organization of the Year" in a nationwide progrom conducted by the National Wildlife Federation under a grant from the Seors-Roebuck Foundation to select and honor individuals and organizations for outstanding achievement in the conservation of natural resources during 1966. The award, consisting of a whooping crone statuette and a \$1,000 grant, was accepted by Dr. Lewis on behalf of his organization. The Conservancy was nominated for national recognition by the Pennsylvonia Federation of Sportsmen's Clubs.

TESTIMONIAL DINNER



A testimonial dinner was held at the V.F.W., Brookville, Pennsylvania, in honor of S. Carlyle Sheldon, who completed twenty-five years service to the Pennsylvania Fish Commission in the capacity of Fish Warden and Regional Warden Supervisor, Saturday, December 3. Mr. Sheldon is transferring to the Pennsylvania Department of Forests and Waters. He will remain in Pleasantville, Pennsylvania.

Guests were present from all divisions of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission, The Pennsylvania Federation of Sportsmens Clubs, the Pennsylvania Game Commission as well as close friends.

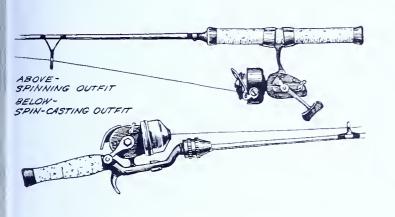
In the photo is Warden Norman Ely of Erie County, Chairman of the Program Committee, presenting to Mr. Sheldon a scroll containing the signatures of those participating. Warden James Donahue of Jefferson County acted as Master of Ceremonies.

The Pennsylvania Fish Commission recognized Mr. Sheldon as an employee who has a monumental knowledge of all facets of the operations of the Fish Commission and one who never objected to going the second mile.



NEW FLAG—Officers ond directors of the Pennsylvania Federation of Sportsmen's Clubs meeting in Harrisburg late in Jonuory saw this new official flag. Holding it here are Dwight Lettie, Jefferson County, Fritz, President of the northcentrol division, Jerry Krous, representing the Scouts winning Sears Roebuck Aword, and Marion Brooks, secretory of the northcentral division, where the flag was presented eorlier in January.





TO SPIN-OR TO SPIN-CAST?

In the past ten or fifteen years many fishermen have taken up spinning or spin-casting instead of fly fishing or bait casting. If you've wondered which of these new methods might be best for you, here's the dope on both:

Spinning is done with a rod that is usually whippier than a casting rod. The grip is long, and the guides are large. The spinning reel is attached to the underside of the grip. Its spool is stationary. The line peels off the end as the lure is cast, and on the retreive a wire bail picks up the line and winds it back on the spool. The only time the spool revolves is when a fish takes off line, and even then an adjustable brake, or drag, maintain pressure on the spool.

The best known advantage of spinning is its freedom from backlashes, although the monofilament line can tangle, particularly if it becomes twisted. What most anglers appreciate about spinning is that it enables them to cast very light lures long distances. In addition, it is easy to learn, it makes casting into the wind carefree, and it doesn't require much room for a back cast.

Spin-casting resembles a cross between bait casting and spinning. The rods used are practically identical to modern bait casting rods, with the reel mounted on top of the off-set reel seat. Like the spinning reel, the spin-casting reel has a stationary spool, but it is enclosed in a metal housing with a hole in the center for the monofilament to pass through. A thumb lever controls the flow of line on the cast, and an adjustable drag takes over when a fish is hooked.

Spin casting is the easiest method of all to learn. It will cast fairly light lures, but not the tiny trout-size lures

that the light spinning outfits handle so well. It is better suited to bass, walleye, pickerel, and small pike lures. Like spinning, it is free from backlashes, although a twisted line can result in a tangle. Both are excellent for live bait fishing.

Regardless of which method you prefer, the spool should be filled just right. Too much line on the spool can spill off the end, resulting in a nasty snarl. Too little will make long casts difficult. Another practice that produces longer, easier casts and fewer tangles is to use the lightest line that is practical for your type of fishing. To avoid line twist, always use a small, free-turning swivel, avoid turning the crank when a fish is taking off line, and do not retreive spoons and similar lures so rapidly that they revolve in the water.



THE MARVELOUS MARIBOU

Few trout flies are as effective as the white maribou streamer, particularly early in the season. It is named for the maribou stork that provides the fluffy feathers for the wings, although white turkeys have feathers that are just as good.

To tie it wrap the shank of a number 8 or 10 streamer hook with flat silver tinsel and rib it with oval silver tinsel. Tie in plenty of maribou, because it mats together when wet. A good way to remove these fluffy fibers from the feather shaft is to snip the shaft into short pieces without cutting the fluff. Stack up the short sections and hold them together by the shafts, stroking the fluffy fibers out of the way. Reversing your grip, hold the fibers together and cut off the unwanted shafts. Now tie in the bunch of fibers.

Top the wings with 4 or 5 strands of peacock herl, and tie in red throat hackle. Jungle cock eyes can be added, but merely painting eyes on the black head will suffice. Some fly tiers weight the body with a wrapping of strip lead before applying the tinsel.

MARCH—1967



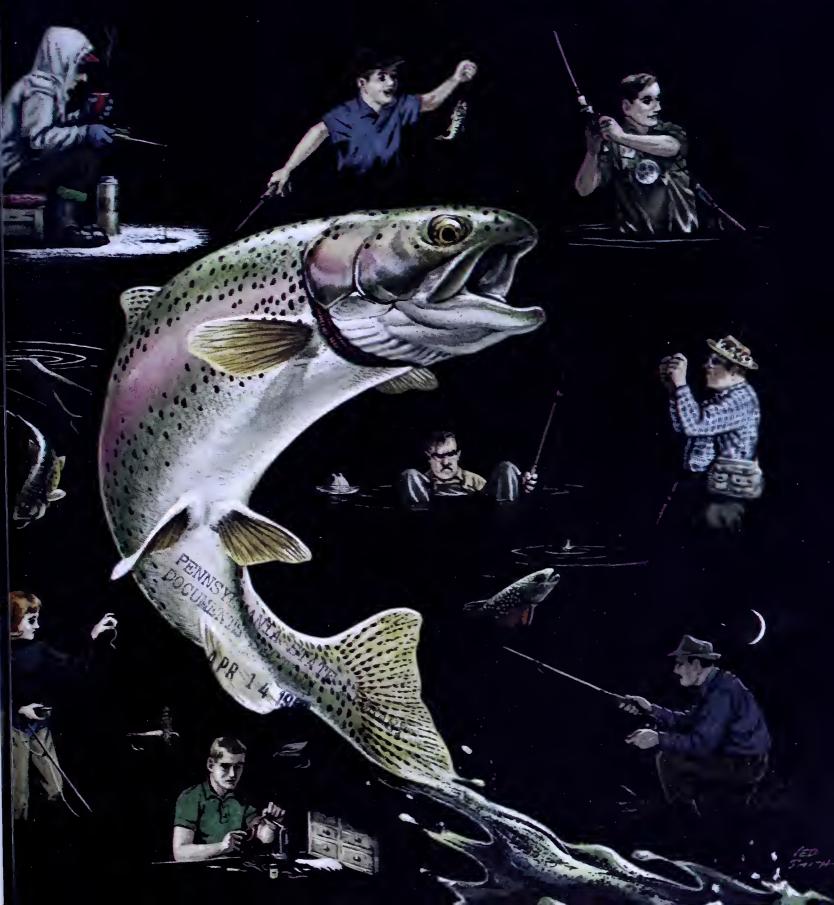
STOCKING

Stocking Pennsylvania's waters and raising the fish for them is a year around job for the Pennsylvania Fish Commission but this is the time of year when most anglers seem to be watching for the familiar tank trucks and the fish they carry.

Here Fish Warden Dick Roberts
dumps a net full of BIG trout in
a lake in Susquehanna County.
Not all fish stocked are this large
—in fact most aren't—but some
are and many of the smaller ones
grow this large or larger before
some happy fisherman hauls one
out.

Have Fun
This YearFISH!

Pennsylvania Jerus 1967 Angler



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Pennsylvania Angler

Published Monthly by the PENNSYLVANIA FISH COMMISSION COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA

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APRIL, 1967



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POSTMASTER: All 3579 forms to be returned to Dunlap Printing Co., Inc., Cherry and Juniper Sts., Philadelphia, Pa. 19107.

The PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER is published monthly by the Pennsylvania Fish Commission, South Office Building, Harrisburg, Pa. Subscription: One year—\$2.00; three years—\$5.00; 25 cents per single copy. Send check or money order payable to Pennsylvania Fish Commission. DO NOT SEND STAMPS. Individuals sending cash do so at their own risk. Change of address should reach us promptly. Furnish both old and new addresses. Second Class Postage paid at Harrisburg, Pa. Neither Publisher nor Editor will assume responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts or illustrations while in their possession or in transit. Permission to reprint will be given provided we receive marked copies and credit is given material or illustrations. Communications pertaining to manuscripts, material or illustrations should be addressed to the Pennsylvania Fish Commission, Harrisburg, Pa. NOTICE: Subscriptions received and processed the 10th of each month will begin with the second month following.

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SHOW VISITORS find The Pennsylvania Fish Commission's live fish and reptile exhibit interesting and informative.

PICTURES

SHOWE

by TOM EGGLER
STAFF WRITER—PHOTOGRAPHER

Each year thousands of sportsmen and sporting goods companies spend millions of dollars to see and show what's going on in the world of outdoor recreation.

According to a survey conducted in 1965 by the Bureau of Outdoor Recreation "50 million people 12 years old and over went fishing, hunting, or both. About 45 million fished; many of these also hunted. About 18 million hunted; most of them also fished."

The survey showed increases over 1960 of some three million sportsmen, 50 million recreation days, and four billion passenger miles.

All this boils down to one thing—a lot of people spend a lot of time and money on outdoor recreation.

Part of this annual activity appears during "Show Time" each year. Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Allentown—most major cities throughout the state and across the country—hold sportsmen's shows.

Outdoor recreation equipment manufacturers erect exhibits of their products. And sportsmen and their families come to look.

(CONTINUED NEXT TWO PAGES)

SHOW TIME (Continued)







SOME SCENES from a show. A portable pool complete with fish and fishing provides plenty of entertainment for a young visitor and his dad (above left, left, and left below).

FLY TYING proves interesting to many show visitors who watch as an expert ties a variety of patterns (right above).

A PAUSE to look at an insect exhibit erected by the Department of Forests and Waters (right).









Pennsylvania sportsmen visiting shows in the state will find a display erected and maintained by The Pennsylvania Fish Commission showing fish, reptiles, and amphibians commonly found in the state. Officers at the booth stand ready to answer questions about fish and fishing in Pennsylvania as well as about boating.

The pictures on these pages were taken in Harrisburg at the Harrisburg Sportsmen's Show in February.



EVERYTHING from cances to cruisers may be included in a show as well as fishing tackle, hunting and camping equipment. Here a cance gets the "once over" (above).

BUYING A SUBSCRIPTION to The Pennsylvania Angler, a visitor chats for a moment with commission officers (upper right).

EXPLAINING the various publications available from the commission is part of the job carried out at the shows by commission personnel.

MISS SPORTSMEN'S SHOW gets royal treatment from the Watercraft Safety Division of The Pennsylvania Fish Commission as she stops to look over the display of equipment used and required for use in the state by the division.



APRIL—1967

EARLY SEASON WETS

Now that the snow and ice of the winter have melted and the streams are once again flowing fast and full, the first major outdoor activity of the new year is about to start. Beginning in the middle of April, thousands of eager fishermen who have prepared all winter for this day take their equipment and head for local trout streams.

On first day the many dollars and long hours spent in preparation for trout season prove their usefulness—or uselessness. Like many others you may have spent much time and effort procuring new rods, waders, clothes, and all the numerous other items a fisherman must have—but what are you going to fish with? What are you going to use for a bait or lure?

If you're a bait fisherman, the choice is fairly simple and if you use spinning gear, the choice is easier yet. But what if you use flies to catch your trout on opening day? What fly patterns should you use early in the season?

Choosing flies to use early in season is not a difficult task. With three simple patterns an average fisherman can catch enough trout to satisfy himself and have a wonderful time doing it. The three flies mentioned in the next paragraph have been used successfully countless opening days. Perhaps the reason for their extensive use is the fact that they may all be fished on the same leader with the use of droppers.

But more likely the reason for their use is the simple fact that when properly used these flies will catch fish.

Early in the season the average trout stream is slightly high and often muddy or discolored. Thus it would seem logical to assume the trout will be feeding under the surface rather than on top. Under the surface this water should be full of dead insects and materials on which trout feed. The best type of fly in this circumstance would be a wet fly and the gold-ribbed hare's ear, the alter, and the white winged coachman are among the best. These flies are not meant to represent any particular species of insect but they represent a variety of insect forms that may be found in streams throughout the state. They are not difficult to tie and if you plan to do some early fly fishing you should have a number of each pattern with you.

The coachman, oldest of the three, is also the easiest to tie. This fly has a few dark reddish-brown barbs from a large hackle for a tail, a plump body of peacock herl

ribbed with gold wire for strength, white wings, and a beard consisting of the same material as the tail.

The gold-ribbed hare's ear is also a very effective pattern and is easy to tie. A tail of grizzly hackle fibers, a body of rabbit fur with the guard hairs left in, gold ribbing, a throat of the same material as the tail, and wings of slate mallard or hen turkey comprise this fly.

Last, but not least is the alter. Consisting of a dark ginger tail and throat, a peacock herl body ribbed with gold wire for strength, and wings of hen turkey, the alter is a most successful fly early in the season.

Tie a collection of these flies on hooks ranging in size from number fours down to number sixteens and early season fly fishing will become a game for you. As mentioned before, all these flies may be fished on the same leader at the same time, thus giving the angler three chances to catch a trout with each cast. Since the water is usually discolored, you do not have to be overly concerned with the leader you use.

I remember one spring day when I used a two pound leader with three wets, but there have been many more times when I used a six or eight pound leader. More often than not a heavy leader is used while fishing three wets. This heavier leader gives the angler a little more freedom with the fish he hooks. It can take the added strain if you hook more than one trout on a single cast, and most important of all this heavy leader keeps the three flies from twisting around the leader as you cast.

Although the heavy leader will help to keep the flies from twisting around the leader, the knot used to tie the droppers onto the main leader will also help by keeping the droppers at right angles to the main portion of the leader.

The simplest leader to use while fishing wets is a level leader of the desired length. Attach this to a heavier piece of nylon to use as a butt and fasten them both to your fly line. Beginning at the tippet end of your leader, cut off a section about 24 inches in length and then another section about 24 inches long. Now your original leader is divided into three sections. The next step is to tie these sections back together with a dropper at each knot that holds the new leader together. A blood knot is used to tie these pieces of material back together once more. As this knot is tied one of the scrap ends is left

at a length of about three inches to form the dropper. The length of the dropper may be the angler's choice, but three inches seems to be a good length.

When properly tied these knots will cause the droppers to stick out from the main leader at an angle of about 90 degrees and thus keep the flies from becoming tangled with one another as you fish.

Tie a fly onto the end of each dropper and one onto the end of the tippet and you are ready to begin fishing!

Make your casts across stream, at about a 45 degree angle upstream. Retrieve the cast with the hand-overhand method as the line floats downstream. Many trout will pick your flies up on this drift so be alert for any unnatural stopping or pausing of the line as it floats downstream. As the flies finish their drift and the east straightens out in the current many strikes will take place.

Often a trout will follow the flies down the stream and as the cast straightens out and the line picks up speed it will savagely strike the flies. If no strike has occurred at the end of the cast, allow the flies to hang freely in the current. As the flies swing in the current trout will often take them. If this fails, the hand-overhand method is again used to bring the flies closer to the fisherman and the next cast is made in the same manner as the first. Fish every foot of water in this manner and there is no reason why you should not catch a trout . . . unless there just isn't a trout around.

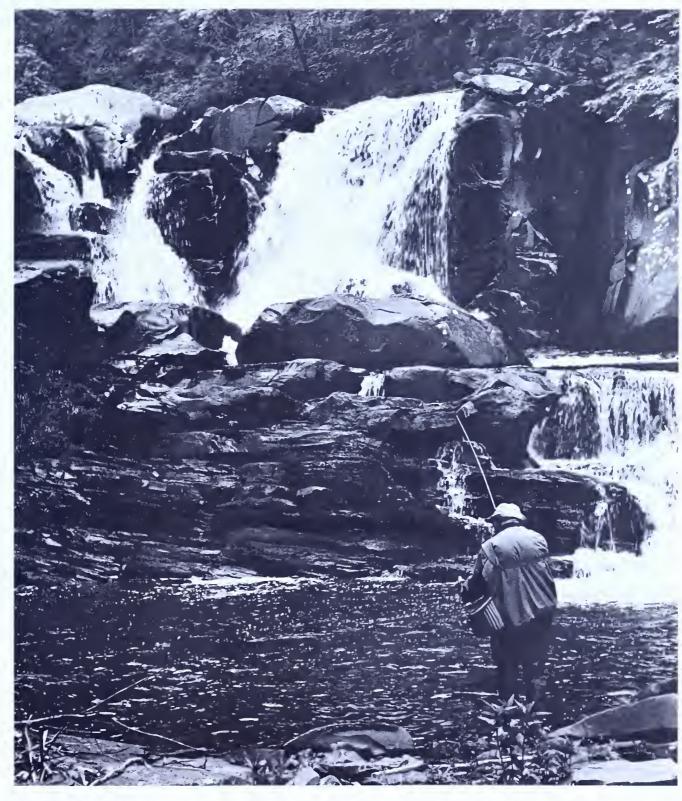


Photo by DON SHINER

IDEA!

BABY WHERE'S YOUR PIN?

This common little household piece of equipment might be just the thing to help turn a bad day into a good one.

Most popular among the crib crowd it may well have a place in the fisherman's tackle box.

by DON SHINER



A two-cent item, stowed in my suitcase-size fishing box, looms far greater in importance than many expensive articles. It's a safety pin.

Not of the small, dainty, feminine size, but rather a big, almost horse-blanket size, this pin comes to my aid on more occasions while fishing than any other piece of gear in the box. It's an all-purpose tool that helps out in all sorts of jobs from untangling birdnests in the monofilament to clearing eyes in tiny trout flies. This "safety" has proven so beneficial that I pack not just one in my box, but a card carrying a whole dozen!

Take boat fishing for example. Several peculiar lures that generally catch bass for me, have revolving blades. These spinners put deplorable tangles in my line. When this temper-rattling incident occurs, out comes a "safety" from storage. The sharp stiletto-point helps unravel the ratsnest and I resume fishing with only a few minutes delay.

Sometimes the bejabber lure gets hopelessly snagged in a rock pile and the line breaks. No need to rummage through compartments in the box to uncover a spare snapswivel. Replacements are safety pinned to my vest, within finger tip reach.

Invariably flies, received fresh from the local tier, have eyes clogged with varnish. Trying to poke a small tippet through a shut eye is exasperating. Not so when a safety pin is at the angler's disposal. One jab with this sharp pointed pin cleans the eye slick-as-a-whistle.

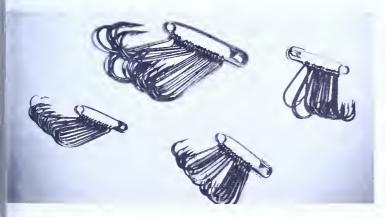


Suppose disaster strikes. A vital line guide is somehow ost from the rod. The bottom loop of a safety pin makes good emergency guide that will carry you through until better replacement is had.

Ever experiment by splicing lines in an attempt to improve or improvise a bass bug taper? When you do, there s nothing better than the pointed safety pin shaft to fray ands of each line diameter, to accomplish a neat splice.

I could continue to write at great length on the merits of this old fashioned pin. You get the general idea. This sewing basket item should be a part of every fisherman's gear.

One last remark about this boudoir accessory. The safety pin is one of the best wire bases that you can find o practice your experiments with fly tying. You could eatch fish too on a safety pin fly, if the chips were down and survival depended upon it. But more than this, a safety pin dolled with feathers is a handsome brooch for your spouse. I keep several safety pin flies pinned to my fishing hat, simply for looks. I don't ordinarily stick barbed flies in the hat band, because they are extremely difficult to remove. But the safety-pin flies give the same decorative effect and reveals to everyone that I'm hep on fly fishing.



SPARE HOOKS, sorted in sizes, can be kept tangle-free by threading on safety pins.

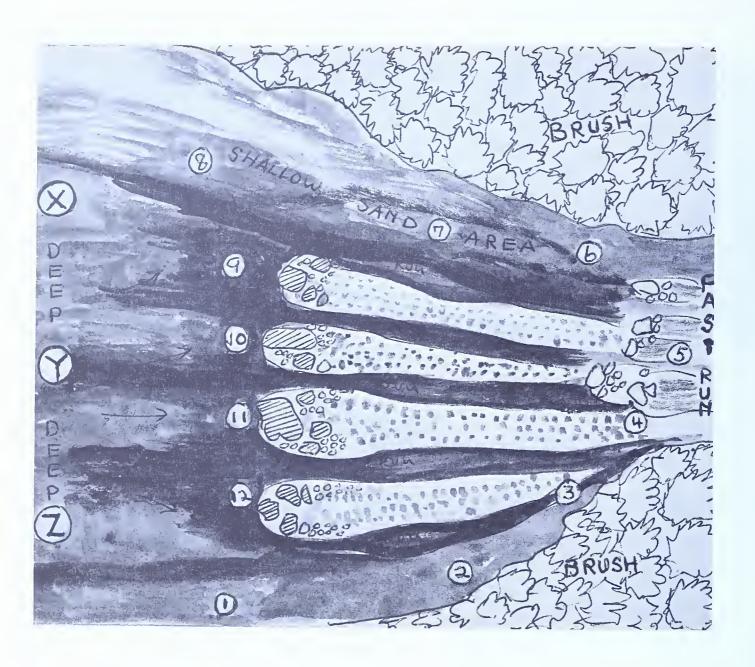
THE POINT of the safety will apen traut fly eyes that are clogged with varnish.



ABOVE—HERE'S haw to tie flies on safety pins. Tie floss, wool or tinsel material to the shaft of the safety pin.

BELOW—THE SAFETY pin will handle many problems that confront the fisherman. It will assist you in splicing lines. Then add a small bundle of hair ar feathers near the clasp.





FISHERMAN'S

FAIRWAY

TAIL of the POOL

by RAY OVINGTON

Good big pools on any trout stream are usually well populated with anglers who believe that more trout can be caught from them easier than the other, less defined areas of the water. To some extent this belief has merit, since trout do congregate in the quieter water, especially those freshly stocked fish.

Of all the areas of the pool, most fishing is done at or near the head in the belief that the fish will head upstream and lie in the current waiting for food to come down from above.

The tail of the pool, below the deeper center water, where the river flattens out into runs and shallows, appears to the angler as being the least productive. This is not so. There are good fish below, but it also takes a good fisherman to catch them. Since the water is bound to be shallow and the areas of fishing open and exposed, the casual wader will immediately scare the trout into deep



water, or send them scampering for a hideout under any available rocks that may be found. When the water is low and clear, a very careful approach is needed with a minimum of rod waving and sloppy line work. Trout are as scary as the most itchy bonefish, so success here demands the careful approach and lure presentation.

If it had not been because of the confinement of gas rationing during World War II days, the author would have never learned the valuable lessons of properly fishing available water. I remember spending many full days working a very short stretch of river simply because it was too much labor to walk in waders to pools and runs up or down stream from the main pool in the vicinity of the lodge. When anglers were clustered at the head of my pool, I chose to work the lower water and wait for them to go home. In so doing, I learned quite a bit about this kind of fishing.

Seasonally this supposedly "second choice position" yielded trout much to the surprise of the gentry upstream, but even so, they did not come down to crowd me.

In early spring when the water is high and roily, the runs behind the rocks almost always hold fish. The big rainbows that had been gradually drifting down current from their spawning run would take positions in the slack waters and could be caught quite easily with a bucktail or a spinning spoon. When the stream was crowded with anglers, the fish were quite often driven downstream into these runs and pockets and were subject to well drifted wet flies and nymphs. Again, the tail waters payed off when a hatch of early Quill Gordons was on the water. The anglers were missing strikes or the trout were hitting only the naturals upwater, but as the flies drifted down to the lower flats, the trout seemed to be less selective and would fall for my artificials.

In mid-season, with the water somewhat lower and clearer, I found the very light spinning lures quite effective on brown trout and at least once a day I'd connect with a good sized fish. Once in a while I'd see a monster brown trout roll during its bottom feeding and usually in the late afternoon I'd watch the trout flashing underwater as they were feeding on caddis larvae on the bottom.

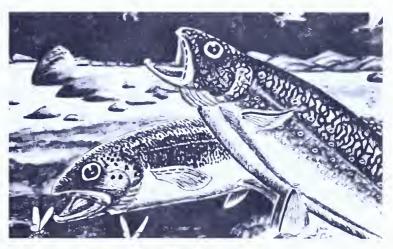
Twilight would produce some smashing rises to the dry fly that would be quite a relicf from actionless casts near the headwaters of the pool.

Evening, during the late summer would be looked forward to when I ventured forth with a long rod and the brace of small bucktails or large wet flies that seemed to bring action from the fish nursing the rocks and deeper runs. Quite often, just for variety, I'd switch to a Royal Coachman simply because the large white wings were more visible and I can recall many good trout taken on that pattern.

To fish it, then, calls for a routine which I have developed over many seasons. Remembering that the center of the pool is very deep and fast even at low water, I start at (1). When using spinning gear, I work the center of the pool in the (XYZ) area, letting very light lures sink deep as they are carried down by the current. Quite often trout will come down from the deep and take up their positions in the four basic stream runs as shown. Spot cast into those runs from (2), (3) and (4). Change to the fly rod, take up a position (5) and fish wets and drys upstream to the left and right sides of each run, throwing a bend in the leader so the line floats over the shallows and the lure drifts in the deep runs. Then, proceed to (6) and (7) employing the same technique. At (8) make casts upstream of the (8-11) positions and drift the flies until they are unmanageable in the current. Now, cross from (8) to (1) and fish straight down as in (5) spending about fifteen minutes in each run. When you return to (12) you've had a full evening of fishing. Save this last area until the shadows have fallen.

From (10) you can take big trout at position (5) and above with bucktails, fished very slowly and drifted or mend cast to (6) or (3).

While this pool diagram presents just about every type of situation, most pools will be somewhat similar. As usual, the tale of success will be written upon the basics of observation BEFORE you wade and LONG BEFORE you make the first cast in a fresh position.



Pennsylvania Angler Citation Awards

(Continued From Last Month)

1966



A total of 156 awards were made in 1966, the highest number since the program began in 1965. Many more awards for big fish went unreported. The Pennsylvania Fish Commission is proud of the people who caught Citation fish and wish every fisherman in Pennsylvania could come up with an award in 1967. GO FISHIN!

George A. Wagner, Clarendon—37-inch, 20-lb. carp, Allegheny River, Warren Co.

William H. Sunday, Lemoyne—46¾-inch, 26¾-lb. muskellunge, York Haven, York Co.

Robert E. Hager, Cochranton—30-inch, 10½-lb. walleye, French Creek, Crawford Co.

Samuel Skomra, Nanty-Glo—26-inch, 7-lb. chain pickerel, Duman Lake, Cambria Co.

Michael C. Balog, Conneaut Lake—48-inch, 34-lb. muskellunge, Conneaut Lake, Crawford Co.

Robert E. Ludwig, Selinsgrove—21-inch, 4-lb., 11-oz. smallmouth bass, Susquehanna River, Northumberland Co.

Robert E. Ludwig, Selinsgrove—21½-inch, 5-lb., 5-oz. smallmouth bass, Susquehanna River, Northumberland Co.

Robert Jones, York—20-inch, 3-lb., 8-oz. smallmouth bass, Susquehanna River, York Co.

Ross W. Sechrist, Red Lion—37-inch, 25-lb. carp, Susquehanna River, York Co.

Jerry Jackson, Littlestown—11-inch, 1½-lb. rock bass, Silver Lake, York Co.

Dr. Philip F. Ehrig, East Stroudsburg—27¼-inch, 5-lb., 11-oz. chain pickerel, Forest Lake, Pike Co.

Thomas Hill, Bangor—28¼-inch, 6-lb., 5-oz. chain pickerel, Fairview Lake, Pike Co.

Larry Ensminger, Huntingdon—16%-inch, 1%-lb. crappie, Jim's Anchorage, Huntingdon Co.

Joe Davis, Erie—14-inch, 1-lb., 5-oz. yellow perch, Presque Isle Bay, Erie Co.

Frank H. Ziegler, Jermyn—21-inch, 5¾-lb. smallmouth bass, Duck Harbor Lake, Wayne Co.

Bobby E. Michaels, Shippensburg—31¼-inch, 14½-lb. brown trout, Big Spring, Cumberland Co.

Kenneth D. Asper, Shippensburg—17-inch, 2-lb., 2-oz. brook trout, Yellow Breeches, Cumberland Co.

Fred M. Miller, Felton—21-inch, 4-lb., 8-oz. smallmouth bass, Conowingo, York Co.

George Saylor, Easton—18¾-inch, 3½-lb. bullhead, Delaware River, Northampton Co.

George Saylor, Easton—21-inch, 5-lb., 3½-oz. smallmouth bass, Delaware River, Northampton Co.

Charley Stefancin, Easton—22-inch, 6-lb., 2-oz. smallmouth bass, Delaware River, Northampton Co.

Ralph Starr, Littlestown—32-inch, 7½-lb. channel catfish, Wolfe Lake, Franklin Co.

Scott R. Schiffert, Allentown—41-inch, 30-lb. carp, Albert's Rod & Gun Club Minehole, Lehigh Co.

Richard Crist, Fairfield—38-inch, 24-lb. carp, Susquehanna River, York Co.

Edward Lubecki, Erie—14¾-inch, 1-lb., 4-oz. yellow perch, Presque Isle Bay, Erie Co.
Francis Keen, Wilkes-Barre—34½-inch, 16-lb. lake trout, Harveys Lake,

Luzerne Co. Mrs. Pauline R. Leach, Clarks Summit—15½-inch, 1-lb., 8-oz. yellow

perch, Walker Lake, Pike Co.

David C. Smith, Jr., Harrisburg—11½-inch, 1-lb. rock bass, Susquehanna River, Dauphin Co.

Albert Baginski, Easton—16¼-inch, 2¼-lb. bullhead, Delaware River, Northampton Co.

Albert Baginski, Easton—17¾-inch, 3½-lb. bullhead, Delaware River, Northampton Co.

Albert Baginski, Easton—16-inch, 2-lb. bullhead, Delaware River,
Northampton Co.

Joe Lee, Farrell—21-inch, 5-lb., 71/4-oz. smallmouth bass, Pymatuning Dam, Crawford Co.

Dominic Romania, Danville—26-inch, 5-lb. chain pickerel, Narrows
Pond, Columbia Co.

Albert Kosmisky, Mahanoy City—17½-inch, 2½-lb. brook trout, No. 6 Dam, Schuylkill Co.

Beth Ann Riker, Athens—22-inch, 4-lb., 4-oz. brook trout, Swago Lake,
Wayne Co.

Larry Schartiger, Listenburg—15-inch yellow perch, Shawnee Lake, Bedford Co.

Pennsylvania Angler Citation Awards — 1966 Cont.

ames H. Clause, Bethlehem—11½-inch, ¾-lb. rock bass, Delawore River, Northampton Co.

oul D. Black, Polk—181/4-inch, 23/4-lb. brook trout, Wolf Creek, Mercer Co.

enneth C. Backo, Olyphant—14½-inch, 1-lb., 2-oz. yellow perch, Independent Lake, Wayne Co.

ilodys E. Smith, Bangor—30-inch, 12-lb. walleye, Delaware River, Northampton Co.

Villiam R. Larison, Easton—21½-inch, 4-lb., 13-oz. smallmouth boss, Delaware River, Northampton Co.

Norjorie E. Bennett, Altoona—31-inch, 9½-lb. walleye, Raystown Dam, Huntingdon Co.

(enneth D. Asper, Shippensburg—28-inch, 10½-lb. brown trout, Letterkenny Reservoir, Franklin Co.

url B. McVicker, Confluence—20-inch, 3-lb., 13-oz. smallmouth bass, Youghiogheny Reservoir, Somerset Co.

George E. Price, Johnstown—37-inch, 14-lb. northern pike, Raystown Branch of Juniata River, Bedford Co.

Nrs. Dorothy Lewis, Allentown—30¼-inch, 9-lb., 12-oz. walleye, Lake Wallenpaupack, Pike Co.

Nrs. Lena Urbasik, Johnstown—13-inch, 1½-lb. rock bass, Raystown Branch Juniata River, Bedford Co.

lohn H. Rhodes, Hershey—15-inch, 3-lb. rock bass, Swatara Creek, Dauphin Co.

rank Corcione, Bethlehem—23-inch, 7-lb., 1-oz. smallmouth bass, Deloware River, Northampton Co.

Garry Vadella, Selinsgrove—11½-inch, 1-lb., 1-oz. rock bass, Susquehanna River, Northumberland Co.

Kenneth D. Asper, Shippensburg—28-inch, 9½-lb. brown trout, Yellow Breeches, Cumberland Co.

Kenneth D. Asper, Shippensburg—23-inch, 6-lb., 4-oz. largemouth bass,

Letterkenny Reservoir, Franklin Co. Francis J. Soyke, York—23-inch, 6-lb., 9-oz. largemouth bass, Susque-

honna River, York Co. Andre Eaton, Allentown—29-inch, 8-lb., 10-oz. brown trout, Lehigh

River, Lehigh Co.
Albert A. Price, Pittsburgh—27-inch, 6½-lb. bullhead, Allegheny River

Lock No. 3, Allegheny Co.

Poul Kalenevitch, Hummelstown—20½-inch, 4-lb., 2-oz. smollmouth bass, Susquehanna River, Dauphin Co.

Jack Barkley, Punxsutawney—22-inch, 4-lb., 13-oz. smallmouth bass, Cloe Dam, Jefferson Co.

Bruce Eshbach, Boyerstown—15-5/16-inch, 1¾-lb. crappie, Boyertown Water Dom, Berks Co.

Charles Leeper, Acme—21-inch, 4-lb., 4-oz. smallmouth bass, Allegheny River, Forest Co.

Horold S. Faust, Carlisle—22-inch, 5-lb. smallmouth bass, Susquehanna River, York Co.

John A. Fultz, Lewistown—11¼-inch, 1½-lb. rock boss, Juniota River, Mifflin Co.

Jess V. Sounders, West Mifflin—37-inch, 27-lb. carp, Tionesta River, Forest Co.

Horry L. McDowell, Brookville—20½-inch, 4-lb. smallmouth bass, Tionesta River, Forest Co.

William F. Weiss, Pittsburgh—45-inch, 20-lb., 6-oz. muskellunge, Edinboro Lake, Erie Co.

Ronald L. Foster, Mechanicsburg—18%-inch, 2-lb., 7-oz. fallfish, Yellow Breeches, York Co.

Martin Stubbs, Cornwells—18-inch, 2-lb. bullhead, Neshaminy Creek, Bucks Co.

Tom Holbert, Sayre—37½-inch, 25-lb., 3-oz. carp, Susquehanna River, Bradford Co.

Edgar G. Moran, Canfield—21-inch, 3¾-lb. smallmouth bass, Pymatuning, Crawford Co.

James Stella, Wilkes-Barre—32¼-inch, 13-lb., 8-oz. walleye, Lake Wallenpaupack, Wayne Co.

Harry W. Jabo, Warren—30-inch, 10-lb., 12-oz. brown trout, Kinzua Dam, Warren Co.

Victor L. Koroush, York—39½-inch, 12¾-lb. northern pike, Pinchot State Park, York Co.

Robert F. Anderson, Franklin—211/8-inch, 4-lb., 6-oz. smallmouth bass, Tionesta Reservoir, Forest Co.

Albert C. Stahlman, N. Tonawanda, N. Y.—201/e-inch, 4-lb. smallmouth boss, Dam, Forest Co.

Poul M. Solley, Spring Mills—17½-inch, 2-lb., 4-oz. brook trout, Logan Bronch, Centre Co.

Ardie Plattner, Cochranton—53½-inch, 35-lb. muskellunge, Sugar Lake, Crawford Co.

W. R. Cory, Bangor—21½-inch, 4½-lb. smallmouth bass, Delaware River, Northampton Co.

Paul J. Sukel, Belle Vernon—15¼-inch, 1½-lb. yellow perch, Yough Dam, Somerset Co.

Peter T. Fox, Jr., Middletown—36¼-inch, 25-lb. carp, Susquehanna River, Dauphin Co.

Elmer S. Andres, McKeesport—361/4-inch, 9-lb., 2-oz. northern pike, Allegheny River, Venango Co.

Andrew Misko, Eynon—11-inch 1-lb. 3-oz. bluegill Lake Wallenpaupack, Pike Co.

Orville H. Fine, Quakertown—23-inch, 6-lb., 2-oz. largemouth bass, Lily Lake, Luzerne Co.

Steve English, Oil City—20-inch, 4½-lb. smallmouth bass, Allegheny River, Venango Co.

Donald Shively, Tyrone—16-inch, 2-lb. bullhead, Yocum's Dock Raystown Dam, Huntingdon Co.

Kenneth D. Asper, Shippensburg—32-inch, 171/4-lb. brown trout, Big Springs, Cumberland Co.

John Moore, Jr., Pittsburgh—28½-inch, 11½-lb. bullhead, Allegheny River, Warren Co.

Arthur W. Black, Jr., Campbell, Ohio—21-inch, 5-lb. smallmouth bass, Allegheny River, Tionesta Co.

Chip Benson, Beaver Falls—30-inch, 8¾-lb. walleye, Island Park, Forest

Co.
Gregory Novak, Johnstown—11-inch rock bass, Dunning Creek, Bedford Co.

Joseph H. Shortz, Wilkes-Barre—241/8-inch, 8-lb., 6-oz. largemouth bass, Stillwater Lake, Monroe Co.

Homer K. Zweizig, Reading—21-inch, 5-lb., 8-oz. smallmouth bass, Green Lane Lake, Montgomery Co.

Lester J. Lowery, Harrisburg—21¾-inch, 4-lb. smallmouth bass, Conodoguinet Creek, Cumberland Co.

Lester J. Lowery, Harrisburg—201/4-inch, 41/4-lb. smallmouth bass, Conodoguinet Creek, Cumberland Co.

Kenneth Yoder, Holsopple—20¾-inch, 4-lb., 2-oz. smallmouth bass, Tionesta River, Forest Co.

Edward R. Friedline, York Springs—20½-inch, 4½-lb. smallmouth bass, Juniata River, Perry Co.

Joseph R. Lewis, Allentown—31-inch, 9-lb., 8-oz. walleye, Lake Wallenpaupack, Pike Co.

James J. Petrusella, Carbondale—31¼-inch, 9¼-lb. walleye, Delaware River, Wayne Co.

Arthur Walk, Revloc—36-inch, 11½-lb. northern pike, Glen Dale, Cambria Co.

Donald C. Shearer, Lock Haven—28-inch, 5-lb. brown trout, Big Fishing Creek, Clinton Co.

Margaret F. Legge, Pittsburgh—15½-inch, 1-lb. yellow perch, Pymatuning, Crawford Co.

Edward Kosko, Scranton—23½-inch, 7-lb., 5-oz. largemouth bass, Lake Henry, Wayne Co.

Harry Fenstermacher, Milford—26%-inch, 8-lb., 3-oz. American shad, Delaware River, Pike Co.

Harry Fenstermacher, Milford—23-inch, 5-lb., 2-oz. smallmouth bass, Delaware River, Pike Co.

Dean E. Halbritter, Tyrone—20-inch, 4-lb., 1-oz. smallmouth bass, Newtown Hamilton Juniata River, Mifflin Co.

Joseph P. Fagan, Harrisburg—20-inch, 4-lb. smallmouth bass, Juniata River, Dauphin County

Richard Walker, Bethlehem—301/8-inch, 8-lb., 4-oz. walleye Delaware River, Monroe Co.

Richard Scheidegger, Jr., Cortland, Ohio—49-inch, 2634-lb. muskellunge, Shenango River, Mercer Co.

Bruce Lee Noonkester, Stewartstown—28½-inch, 4¾-lb. brown trout, Muddy Creek, York Co.

Herman C. Roles, Johnstown—11-inch, 10½-oz. rock bass, Juniata River, Bedford Co.

Glenn E. Shaffer, Jr., Selinsgrove—21-inch, 4-lb., 4-oz. smallmouth, Penns Creek, Snyder Co.

Robert Ludwig, Selinsgrove—21¾-inch, 3-lb., 15-oz. smallmouth bass, Susquehanna River, Northumberland Co.

William T. Palko, Carteret, N. J.—20½-inch, 4½-lb. smallmouth bass, Tobyhanna (State Game Lands), Monroe Co.

Charles Miller, Oil City—211/8-inch, 41/4-lb. smallmouth bass, Eagle Rock, Venango Co.

Pennsylvania Angler Citation Awards — 1966 Cont.

Ronald A. Cziraky, Bethlehem—217/8-inch, 4-lb., 12-oz. smallmouth bass, Delaware River, Northampton Co.

Samuel Stuccio, Pittston—30-inch, 8-lb., 10-oz. walleye, Lake Wallen-paupack, Pike Co.

William L. Shearer, Kittanning—20½-inch, 4-lb., 2-oz. smallmouth bass, Allegheny River, Armstrong Co.

Peter Sabot, Jr., New Kensington—20¼-inch smallmouth bass, Tionesta Reservoir, Forest Co.

William B. St. Clair, Bolivar—20¾-inch smallmouth bass, Island Park, Venango Co.

Lois St. Clair, Bolivar—2014-inch, 4-lb., 3-oz. smallmouth bass, Hunter Station, Venango Co.

Ed Moran, Canfield, Ohio—21½-inch, 5½-lb. smallmouth bass, Pymatuning, Crawford Co.

Frank Sabot, Barking—46-inch, 26-lb. muskellunge, Tionesta Reservoir, Forest Co.

Frank Sabot, Barking—46-inch, 273/4-lb. muskellunge, Tionesta Reservoir, Forest Co.

Robert Scheetz, Quakertown—16-inch, 2-lb. black crappie, Lake Wallenpaupack, Pike Co.

Richard J. Sage, Harrisburg—22%-inch, 4¾-lb. smallmouth bass, Susquehanna River, Cumberland Co.

Rick Robb, Elizabeth—21½-inch, 4½-lb. smallmouth bass, Shawnee, Bedford Co.

Bruce Middlekauff, Camp Hill—20½-inch, 4-lb., 2-oz. smallmouth bass, Susquehanna River, Cumberland Co.

Philip W. O'Neill, Ivyland—24-inch, 6¾-lb. largemouth bass, Church-ville Reservoir, Bucks Co.

Dr. Charles S. Hertz, Allentown—24-inch, 7-lb., 10-oz. largemouth bass, Pocono Lake, Monroe Co.

Robert G. Lenig, Paxtang—20-inch, 4-lb., 7-oz. smallmouth bass, Susquehanna River, York Co.

John Belack, Martins Creek—21-inch, 5-lb., 5-oz. smallmouth bass,

Delaware River, Northampton Co.
Guy B. Bolton, Sunbury—21½-inch, 4-lb., 12-oz. smallmouth bass,

Penns Creek.

Henry L. Gross, Harrisburg—22-inch, 5½-lb. smallmouth bass, Juniata River, Perry Co.

Henry L. Gross, Harrisburg—11½-inch, ¾-lb. rock bass, Juniata River, Perry Co.

Albert L. McCartney, Cambridge Springs—50-inch, 37-lb. muskellunge French Creek, Crawford Co.

George Rose, Philadelphia—47¾-inch, 30-lb., 10-oz. muskellunge, Green Lane, Montgomery Co.

James Kelonsky, Scranton-141/2-inch, 3-lb. perch, White Oak.

Edward Schepner, Jr., Cambridge Springs—32-inch, 11½-lb. walleye, French Creek, Crawford Co.

Vernon Albaugh, Natrona Heights—20%-inch, 4-lb., 14-oz. smallmouth bass, Tionesta Dam, Forest Co.

William D. Letrick, Clarksville—201/4-inch, 4-lb., 8-oz. smallmouth bass, Allegheny River, Forest Co.

Albert Baginski, Easton—20¼-inch, 4½-lb. smallmouth bass, Delaware River, Northampton Co.

Nancy J. Broadhurst, Union City—30½-inch, 8-lb., 13-oz. walleye, French Creek, Erie Co.

Rev. Wm. F. Wunder, East Stroudsburg—23½-inch, 6-lb., 3-oz. large-mouth bass, Plattenburg's Pond, Monroe Co.

Paul J. Ravnikar, Forest City—21-inch, 6-lb. bullhead, Crystal Lake, Lackawanna Co.

Claude Proffitt, Milmont Park—25-inch, 71/4-lb. largemouth bass, Springton Reservoir, Delaware Co.

Clifford D. Cole, Hammersley Fork—45-inch, 25³/₄-lb. muskellunge,

Hills Creek Lake, Tioga Co.
Henry L. Gross, Harrisburg—21½-inch, 5-lb. smallmouth bass, Juniato

River, Perry Co.

Herman W. Young, Venango—47-inch, 26-lb. muskellunge, French

Creek, Crawford Co.

Pierce Tomlin, Shenandoah—23½-inch, 6-lb., 2-oz. largemouth bass, Bachler's Idlewild, Pike Co.

Rev. Wm. F. Wunder, East Stroudsburg—25%-inch 3-lb., 8-oz., chain pickerel, Plattenburg's Pond, Monroe Co.

Fred Bazzoli, Washington—23-inch, 7-lb., 1-oz. largemouth bass, No. 3
Dam Citizen Water Company, Washington Co.

Henry L. Gross, Harrisburg—20-inch, 4½-lb. smallmouth bass, Juniata River, Perry Co.

Mike Kosar, Philadelphia—25½-inch, 5-lb. largemouth bass, Manor Lake, Bucks Co.

Mike Kosar, Philadelphia—32½-inch, 8-lb., 3-oz. walleye, Van Sciver Lake, Bucks Co.



DO I GET A NEW HAT?



LIFE RETURNS TO

ONCE STRAIGHT and quiet this stretch of the Little Sandy now swirls from side to side, directed by heavy Gabions. Pools formed provide nice spots for trout.

THE LITTLE SANDY

Little Sandy Creek drains the watershed north of the Borough of Polk in Venango County.

Nearly eight years ago this fine trout stream flooded the borough when debris floating downstream lodged against piers of an old wooden bridge. To eliminate this threat the stream was straightened out and leveled. This destroyed places where trout could find cover and feed so another fine trout stream had been practically ruined.

Within the next few years a new bridge replaced the old wooden structure and there were no longer piers in the water. However, no one worried about the creek until the Penn Woods West Chapter of Trout Unlimited suggested the restoration of this stream to the Franklin Isack Walton League which has its club house just a short distance away.

The "Ikes" liked the idea so with the two organizations sharing the cost they set to work. Boy Scouts and Pennsylvania Fish Commission personnel helped. Work started last fall.

Strategic sites were selected and then local man power had to be secured for the actual work of placing the wire Gabion dams in place and filling them with stones.

These Gabion dams were placed to direct the current toward a small portion of the creek, either in the center or at one side. Purpose is to speed up the water current which then digs a deeper pool. Silt is also washed downstream to the next dam and in time these silt in and natural vegetation begins to grow.

The basic part of the Gabions are heavy wire boxes which will come in six, nine, or thirteen foot lengths. The dams are twenty inches high and three feet long. The cages are placed in the desired position and then filled

with sandstones five to twelve inches in diameter gathered from the creek bottom. These hold the structures in place without any difficulty. They weigh approximately 2,350 pounds per cubic yard.

Fifteen dams are planned for this area though only nine were completed before winter. Work will continue this summer.

This portion of the stream has been a fly fishing area for many years and this work is expected to turn it into a real paradise. Rules for the area say anglers can use only conventional fly tackle and flies made from natural hair or a similar material. Lengths and limits are nine inches and six fish per day respectively. Fishing hours run from 5:00 A. M. to 9:00 P.M.





COMMENT

THE EARLY BIRD

by TOM EGGLER



photo from our files



photo from our files



"The early bird catches the worm" so the saying goes.

"Early to bed, early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise" goes another.

The implication seems to be that getting an early start and success are directly related.

And a trip along any of Pennsylvania's good trout streams early April 15 might uphold this—at least if every fisherman had his limit—or even half of it.

Sometime during that predawn darkness on opening day thousands of Pennsylvania fishermen roll out of warm beds, don fishing clothing and step into the beginning of what is often a cold, damp day.

Despite the often bad weather—and the early hour—they assemble gear and hurry for a favorite stream. Before daybreak hooks and lines will be in the water.

But does it pay off?

Some fishermen would probably swear on a stack of bibles a yard high that it does.

And a good many others would use the same stack of bibles to swear that it doesn't.

Maybe the real point is that fishing's a fun sport—and the guy who hits the stream at dawn is just a fisherman in a hurry to have fun.



Photo by Don Shiner





WISSAHICKON CREEK—

VALLEY GREEN dam at the opening of trout season.

TOWN TROUT

MICHAEL A. SKURECKI

At one time, throughout the state there were many secluded streams hidden between spacious green valleys which produced trout never seen by man. Nature had kept her watchful eyes on these waters and their trout tenants existing day by day in a balanced state.

But of course, many of these streams gave up their seclusion with the advancing tide of man's population and expansion which disturbed the balance of nature and in some cases destroyed it altogether. One of the streams that forfeited her seclusion and majestic surroundings for the pleasure of man was the Wissahickon Creek.

The Wissahickon is not located in some far off mountain region, but rather flows within the boundaries of the fourth largest city of the country, namely Philadelphia the City of Brotherly Love. The creek is approximately 15 miles long, flowing graeefully from its source near Ambler, to its exit at the Sehuylkill River. On its course to the river, it flows through the beautiful surroundings of Fairmount Park which borders both sides of her, reflecting the grandeur of nature with its large oak and maple trees, aromatic flowers, and huge green shrubs. In the park, a bridle path runs parallel to the Wissahiekon. This path is constantly being used by horsemen who either own their horses or rent them from nearby riding academies. It is also used by many hikers and sightseers who find the path easy to walk on, rather than tramp along the rock covered trails that divide the park's hillside. Throughout the park there are many special sights of interest, but one particular area on the stream which has attracted many a visitor is known as Valley Green.

Valley Green is a beautiful landscape setting located on the banks of the Wissahickon between the Shawmont Ave. and Canoe Club dams. It has a very tranquill atmosphere with the only interruption being that of horses pounding on the bridle path and the quacking of ducks. The flock of ducks that has gathered there is quite an attraction. These ducks stay at Valley Green all year because they find refuge from the rifle sights of hunters as well as abundant food. People who eome to see this menagerie of ducks bring along scraps of dried bread, old cookies and other leftovers. Grain is also supplied as food for the ducks by the proprietor of the Valley Green Inn, a fine restaurant located nearby.

Many of those who come to see and feed the dueks fail to notice what happens to the small particles of food that have not been devoured by the ducks. If an individual walked a short distance below where the dueks were feeding, he would see the small particles being nibbled at by minnows who are in turn gorged upon by the trout in the stream.

The Wissahickon has long ago given up her ability to self produce trout but the Pennsylvania Fish Commission's program of regularly stocking trout in the stream has given many a fisherman an enjoyable day's outing.

An example of this is the large response of people that gather each year for the opening of trout season. Opening morning fishermen can be seen at almost every rapid and dam, standing shoulder to shoulder while those who desire bank fishing are stabbing the predawn darkness with flashlights in search of the stream's bank.

With the arrival of 5 o'clock, the anxious fishermen begin to cast and dip their lines and bait into the stream, all hoping for a quick response. Although these people come from all walks of life they commonly share the excitement, the intrigue and also the delight with each fish caught. The trout they catch are usually either browns or rainbows, and range from 6 to 14 inches with an occasional lucky angler catching one up to 22 inches.

MODERN CAMPING

By DEL and LOIS KERR

President Johnson said in a recent address, "We do not need to apologize that the numbers of campers and boaters and travelers are soaring—for this is good news to those of us who have worked to help build this kind of America."

But that opinion may not be shared by campers greeted with a "No Vacancy" sign at their destination. It is a growing problem in many Pennsylvania state parks. For some reason, people continue to converge on the same few campgrounds.

This is especially true of parks along well-traveled highways. Such an area is convenient for cross-country or overnight transit campers. But the person wishing to spend any length of time enjoying the outdoors is usually defeating his own goal in a canvas city. Fortunately, uncrowded parks in Pennsylvania are not hard to find.

Ironically, many spots which offer the most in the way of soul-satisfying outdoor enjoyment are overlooked by vacation-bound campers. One of our favorites is the 10-site Cherry Springs State Park, high in the scenic mountains of Potter County. Clean, crystal-clear trout streams surge through the forests; deer and wild turkey are frequently seen. Sizerville State Park, on the Cameron-Potter border, is used so seldom that the campground is being reduced from 30 to 20 sites.

A report from Blue Knob State Park in Bedford County, indicates that only half of the 200-site campground is occupied through the week. Finding a good campsite is no problem even on prime weekends, yet good trout fishing is found nearby. To make matters even better, another 150 sites will be constructed within the next few years.

The new 97-site campground at Laurel Hill State Park has not been discovered by most campers. Boating is permitted at this Somerset County park, and the lake is stocked with rainbow and brown trout. An additional 200 sites will be constructed, hopefully in a wooded area.

Kettle Creek State Park in Clinton County commands only 30% campground use through the week. Again, the lake is stocked with rainbow, brown and brook trout, smallmouth bass and other fish. Of Tioga County parks, Hills Creek and Leonard Harrison are used only 30% mid-week, Colton Point overlooking the Grand Canyon of Pennsylvania, just 50%. Little Pine in Lycoming County has a good crowd on prime weekends but only half of the fifty campsites are occupied through the week. Excellent fishing is found in the lake.

Campers are frequently turned away from Cook Forest State Park located on the edge of the Allegheny National Forest. Even mid-week 85% of the 100 sites are taken. But beautiful Clear Creek State Park is just a short distance away and also on the Clarion River. Less than half of the 53 sites are used throughout the week. There are many state parks, federal parks, reservoirs and private campgrounds from border to border where you may camp midweek almost alone.

As stated before, a number of parks do fill up quickly and turn campers away. A questionnaire to all state park supervisors revealed that the following parks draw capacity crowds during June, July and August: Caledonia, Chapman Dam, Colonel Denning, Cook Forest, Cowans Gap, Hickory Run, Keystone, Lyman Run, Pine Grove Furnace, R. B. Winter, Shawnee and Worlds End. A few others—French Creek, Promised Land, Ricketts Glen and Tobyhanna—turn campers away only occasionally.

Now there is even more hope of relieving pressure on overcrowded camping facilities. Additional campsites and entirely new camping areas are under development in many places. Caledonia State Park near popular Gettysburg will receive a new campground with 187 sites. Under construction now are 50 sites at Ryerson Station State Park in Green County.

Gifford Pinchot near Harrisburg had no camping in the past. A 350-site campground is underway. Cowans Gap, near Fort Littleton, will total 420 campsites, more than doubling the present capacity. Campsites at Promised Land State Park will be increased from 316 to 646. Campers at the new Prince Gallitzin State Park will have choice of 750 campsites!

A new 150-site campground will be constructed at Elk State Park near Kane. Also, in that section of the state, campgrounds in Parket Dam, Kettle Creek, Hills Creek and Ole Bull will each receive an additional 50 sites. Funds have already been approved for a total of 1,000 new campsites throughout Pennsylvania.

That's not all. Director Conrad Lickel, Bureau of State Parks, advises that funds for 1,077 more campsites have been requested in the Capital Budget for 1967-69. A few of the parks where additions to existing campgrounds are being planned include: Black Moshannon, 50 sites; Chapman Dam 50; Cook Forest, 100; Hickory Run, 100; Keystone, 100; Ricketts Glen, 100; and Locust Lake, 50 sites.

The intensified campground development program in state parks, plus the hundreds of private areas throughout the state should provide plenty of room for everyone. At least, it's a step in the right direction.

BOOKLETS AVAILABLE

The Pennsylvania State University's College of Agriculture Cooperative Extension Service has announced the publication of two new leaflets which should be of interest to outdoorsmen.

A part of the Pennsylvania Wildlife Resources series published by the department, the two new leaflets are titled "Muskrats" and "Animal Tracks".

As the names imply one deals with muskrats, their appearance and characteristics; while the other explains how to identify prints made by common Pennsylvania animals and game birds.

Persons interested in the leaflets should contact the Cooperative Extension Service, The College of Agriculture, The Pennsylvania State University, University Park, Pa. 16802

Boating with Robert G. Miller

From Essington to Tacony on the Delaware River, and from Norristown south along the Schuylkill River, there are a few, but far apart, public access areas for the local and transient pleasure boat owner.

As described in a previous issue of the Pennsylvania Angler, Essington has seven marinas along the Delaware, the majority of which are adequately equipped to handle most any size pleasure craft.

For example: Gov. Printz Marina, Philadelphia Seaplane Base, Rosse Boat Repair and Storage Yard, Tinicum Yacht Yard and the Anchorage Marina. Also there is Fox Grove and Lynch's which offer only on water and winter storage.



Next to Essington, a little farther east, is Sandy Beach, located at the south end of the Philadelphia International Airport. Owned by the city of Philadelphia, this offers no other facilities except a beach type ramp.



The Charles Weidman Boat Yard, located immediately south of the Tacony-Palmyra Bridge, at the foot of Levick Street. Weidman charges \$2.50 for launching and loading pleasure craft up to 16 feet in length and anything over that, which requires use of a double lift, the fee is 25 cents per foot. He also offers on water storage, a full line of accessories, boat and engine repairs, refreshments. Telephone MA 4-3100.

SCHUYLKILL RIVER



City of Norristown facilities, at the foot of Haws Avenue. Two double ramps, each large enough to launch two craft at a time, fee \$1; refreshment stand, plenty of parking space and picnic tables. Also a paddlewheel boat for excursions on the river. Area offers about a four mile stretch of water, when conditions are normal, up to Betzwood at the Valley Forge State Park.



The E. Stotesbury Marina, at 10 River Road, between Manayunk and Miquon. Offers about two miles of boating water, from Simpson Island to the Flat Rock Dam.

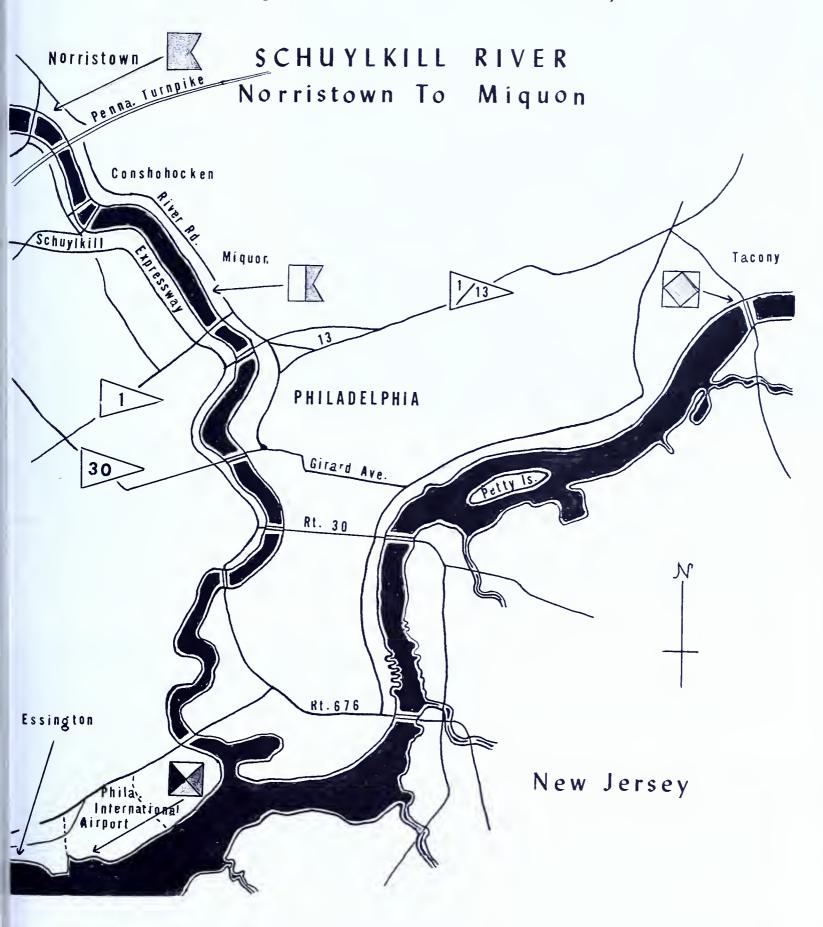
Just north of Norristown is Port Indian, and the Port Indian Ski Club, the site of an annual regatta. However this area is not open to the general public; and to the south, but on the opposite side of the river, is a ramp maintained by the Gladwyn Post 6956, VFW, for members only. This is located off Waverly Road.

Below the VFW Post is the Neptune Ski Club and a bit farther south is a large tract of land which is to be developed into a park area by Lower Merion Twp. and, it is understood, for residents of the township only.

Fairmount Park has the Strawberry Mansion Bridge Canoe House out of which is done a lot of sailing, canoeing and rowing but little, if any, outboarding possibly because it would interfere with the rowing events. This area, off East River Drive, is north of the Water Works Dam.

DELAWARE RIVER

Essington To Tacony





LEARN TO FISH

THAD BUKOWSKI

You can hardly kill a kid with a fishing pole. More often it is used to good purpose for teaching youngsters the angling sport as well as a bit about making the right kind of future sportsman.

Not long ago I watched Paul Antolosky, Pennsylvania Fish Warden, tutor nearly 35 youngsters at a Junior Conservation Camp. He demonstrated the use of tackle, letting the youngsters try it. At the same time he wove thoughts of conservation and fishing improvement into the program.

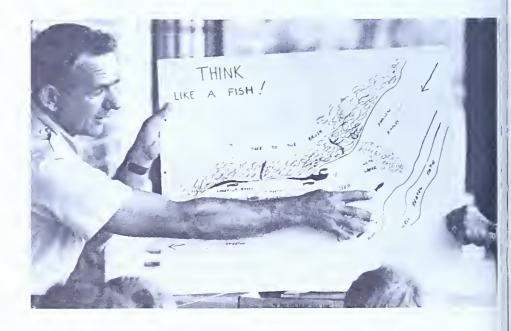
During the course of his lecture Antolosky explained not only the needs of the fisherman but also the needs of the fish.

Many of our streams might benefit from improvement projects which would provide more oxygen, hiding places, or deeper water, he explained.

Such schools are conducted each year throughout the state by the Commission.

ABOVE—Taking a youngster under hand, Antolosky shows how to apply proper wrist action with the traut rad and haw to play out line.

RIGHT—Befare praceeding taa far, Warden Antalasky gets ta a mast important factar in fishing—try ta autsmart them by thinking like a fish. He describes a stream's caurse and potential areas where fish are likely ta hang out. The ecology af the stream is explained; i.e. what is included in the total life af the stream, both fish and all life that depends an each other.





MERIT BADGES

■ Interest in the fishing schools conducted by the Commission is very high. A number of people have traveled as much as 40 miles to make up a class that was missed at a previous school. In some cases Boy Scouts have earned merit badges by attending all three classes, and in every instance we have received requests to hold similar schools next year.—District Worden ROBERT J. PERRY (Columbia, Montour, Northumberland).

SOMETHING'S FISHY

Assistant Postmaster Russell Seiler of Hawley, went to the night mail box near the Hawley Post Office while it was still dark. He reached into the bin, took out some mail, reached back in, felt something cold and damp and pulled out a legal pickerel. Whoever mailed it forgot stamps and address.—District Worden HARLAND F. REYNOLDS (Wayne).

LEGAL CATCH?

A husband and wife were discussing the Pennsylvania Fish Commission's mounted plastic fish display on exhibit in a Honesdale Bank. The lady was overheard to ask her husband if he thought one person caught all the fish in the display.—District Worden HARLAND F. REYNOLDS (Wayne).

TRADING STAMPS?

While assisting Game Protector Miller, an out-of-state gentleman was picked up for a violation and wanted to settle on a field acknowledgement of guilt. When checking he found he was 20 cents short and wanted to know if Mr. Miller would accept postage stamps for the balance but he finally found the rest of the money which he had counted wrong at first.—District Worden CLOYD W. HOLLEN (Blair).

HOW MANY GOT AWAY?

The final record of legal muskellunge taken in Bedford County for 1966 was twenty-one, ten from Gordon Lake and eleven from Shawnee Lake. It is believed that a number were caught that the Commission has no record of.—District Warden WILLIAM E. McILNAY (Bedford and Fulton).

THEY'VE GROWN UP!

■ A gentleman recently presented me a mounted musky head for my office wall. Although this fish, taken in the Raystown Branch, Huntingdon County, was a relatively small muskie (34 inches), it has a great deal of sentiment attached to it. There is no doubt that I personally stocked

this musky as a fingerling or fry. The many people who come into the office are truly amazed as I relate to them the story of this particular mount and tell them of the fabulous success we are having with the musky. Now, having made plants of the musky in the Juniata River in Mifflin and Juniata Counties, I am looking forward to a couple of legal head mounts from this area in the next two or three years.—District Worden RICHARD OWENS (Mifflin-Juniata).

A HARDY BREED

Reviewing the previous year, I am still pondering over fish fertility in the Allegheny River. During one pollution, approximately one million fish died in the Pittsburgh area, yet this same area recovered sufficiently to produce nice catches of largemouth bass, walleye and northern pike. The bass spawn was tremendous. I saw fingerling bass by the thousands in nearly every inlet and eddy. For some unknown reason, these little bass survived the big kill.—District Worden PAUL R. SOWERS (Allegheny)

FISHING FEVER

■ A very successful fishing contest was held on Lake Wallenpaupack on the weekend of January 21-22 by the Honesdale Chamber of Commerce. It was the largest turnout of fishermen and women I have seen on the lake in a long time. In checking with issuing agents, I found they had sold a large number of licenses just so the people could fish in this contest. Upon checking the bait stores I found they had one of the best weekends for business ever. Restaurants in the area reported very good business due to fishermen and their families.

Tagged trout were stocked in the lake not long before the contest and some were stocked near the check points, however, during the contest not one was reported caught. Seems that they didn't stick to the same area very long.— District Worden JOSEPH E. BARTLEY (Pike).

SINKING SHANTIES

■ One of the most unusual winters, temperature-wise at least, that can be recalled, has left our hardy fishermen here in the Northeast a bit flustered. Harvey's Lake—famous for its smelt population—is soon dotted with icc-shanties when the ice reaches a scant three or four inches. These provide the fisherman with almost "all the comforts of home" as the biting winds outside send the less prepared anglers home for the night.

The untimely thaw of late January turned Harvey's ice cover into a treacherous, rubbery walkway. Many anglers, at the first sign of the thaw, made vain attempts

STREAM NOTES Cont.

to retrieve their sheds, some the results of many hours of planning and substantial investment, only to be turned back by the unsupporting ice. As the thaw continued, the sheds gently settled in the water until only their roofs were visible.

Most fortunate were those who had their sheds in an area that melted completely, allowing them to launch boats and tow them back to shore. Others merely settled to the roof to become locked in for the season as the ice began to harden again. Anyone for Scuba?—District Warden JAMES F. YODER (Luzerne).

MORE TO LEARN

■ The Pennsylvania Fish Commission's Basic Fundamental Fishing Course has been well received in Bedford County. This year—1967—the course has been requested by the Bedford Elks. It has also been requested by a School District in the County, to be worked through the Boy Scouts of Hopewell Township. Hopewell Township is blessed with good fishing, and exceptionally good bass fishing. Most all the boys, some girls and most of the elder people fish, but these people tell me, they would appreciate having a fishing school. There are things to be known about fish and fishing that we have never had the opportunity to learn.—District Warden WILLIAM McILNAY (Bedford and Fulton).

A FOR EFFORT

One day last fall on the Delaware River, I watched an angler fishing in rather an odd way. He was using two spinning rods. On one line he had a CP Swing, and on the other line he was using a Daredevil Spoon. This man would cast the lures out, then set the rods on a crutch. With the lures lying on the river's bed he would wait for a bite. After watching him for about 20 minutes I felt he needed a talking to. After our conversation I learned he was just a rookie at fishing, and he thanked me overwhelmingly for the advise I had given him. Needless to say, the Pennsylvania Fish Commission's Basic Fundamental Fishing School is a great help to rookie fishermen.—District Warden MICHAEL BADNER (Bucks-Northampton).

DUSTING THEM OFF-

While working the Pennsylvania Fish Commission's live fish exhibit at the Farm Show in Harrisburg, I happened to be passing the time of day with an elderly gentleman, who related the following story to me. It seems he was bass fishing in the Susquehanna River just south of Harrisburg, late last summer. He stated that the river was very low, but he had no problem whatsoever in catching fish. His problem, so he told me, was the river was so low, everytime he caught a bass, he had to dust it off before putting it on the stringer . . . "Phew."—District Warden SAMUEL W. HALL (Lancaster-Lebanon).

WILLING TROUT

■ Mrs. Louis Baker of West Pike was fishing Lyman Run Lake for trout through the ice. Mrs. Baker took two trout in short order, on her third trout the fourth trout followed the third trout and flopped out on the ice. She immediately put the trout back before she got arrested for exceeding the creel limit.—District Warden KENNETH ALEY (Potter).

COLD MISTAKE

On Saturday, January 28, three fishermen from Kittanning made the long trip to Potter County for a day's fishing on the ice. They asked me about conditions of the ice and I told them that it was good, but to be careful along the shoreline as the rain and warm weather had rotted the ice along the shore. Without taking my advice and without checking with ice chisel the first man stepped on the ice and went into his hips. It spoiled their whole day as they started right back for Kittanning. It was funny, but it could have been serious.—District Warden KENNETH ALEY (Potter).

HOLY ICE FISHING!

■ Special Fish Warden Russ Kratz made a visit to a lake on Saturday, January 21, 1967. He asked about ice conditions. I told him to be careful along the shoreline. To show him the ice was all right I led the way and showed him the area in which to fish. Russ got set up and was about to drill his first hole with his power drill when he stepped in an over sized hole and went in up to his hip. This accident spoiled Russ' day at the lake after making a trip from Montgomery County. It could have also cost him a broken leg. —District Warden KENNETH ALEY (Potter).

PROOF!

Mr. Stan Forbes of Ridgway called me to his house recently, as he had something to show me. When I arrived he went to his freezer and brought out a five-pound, 20½-inch smallmouth bass. Of course it was a Citation bass since it measured twenty inches or better. While I was there Stan showed me how he keeps a record of the large fish his boy and he catches. He lays the fish on a large sheet of white paper and then traces the outline of the fish on the paper. After this he does a bit of artist work, to fill in the remaining features of the fish such as fins and markings. At the taxidermist going rate of \$1 per inch for trophy mounting, this is a very economical system for showing off your big ones.—District Warden BERNARD D. AMBROSE (Elk).

EXPERIENCE BEST TEACHER

While checking the catches of ice fishermen on Glade Run Lake, I stopped to talk with three young fishermen. I suggested to the boys that they should make the holes smaller and told them of the danger in making the holes large. Continuing around the lake and starting to head in I noticed one of the boys pulling himself out of his ice fishing hole. Without saying a word I walked on past the boys, glad the incident didn't turn out to be serious and quite sure the boys will make the holes smaller next time.—District Warden EUGENE SCOBEL (Butler).

by JOSEPH D. BATES, JR.



(PART I)

Floating a fly down current and watching a trout rise up and slurp it in undoubtedly is the crowning delight of angling. But fish rise to dry flies only occasionally. Twitching a drifting nymph and feeling that light touch that tells you you've connected is almost equally fascinating—but that method doesn't work all the time, either.

We agree there is no sure fire method and we hope there never is because such would spoil the element of chance and the fun of experimentation in fly fishing. Perhaps the nearest thing we have to a sure fire method is to use streamers and bucktails. These long little wets imitate bait-fish—and game fish usually eat bait-fish wherever and whenever they can find them. Big fish are especially

partial to these bait-fish imitators because they look more like a square meal. After all, when you hanker for a thick steak, you don't settle for a diet of peanuts! Where the big old busters are concerned, dry flics and nymphs are peanuts, even if they do look tasty occasionally. But a streamer or bucktail that resembles a bait-fish and that is made to act like one falls into their steak category, if you want to take a fish-eye view of the thing. Work it in the right place with a seductive wiggle or a tantalizing twitch—and you'll get your share of strikes!

Streamer and bucktail buffs will admit there are tricks in the trade. One is to know why fish take streamers, and to act accordingly. The other is to know how to select them to suit current conditions. Let's delve into the first of the two tricks right now, and explore the other in a later issue.

Assuming that fish are hungry, and therefore using a fly that imitates the prevalent type of bait-fish, is only part of the story—but it's the best assumption to start with. If you have no luck, don't give up and go home skunked, because there are three other reasons why fish take streamers. They take them because they are angry, or are curious, or are playful. We select one of these reasons to experiment with, and we use tactics to suit it.

The anger theory often works when fish won't take streamers because they are not hungry. We could relate dozens of instances of it, but let's take one—a true one, incidentally.

A big brown trout lived under a tree stump that had fallen into the stream. We saw him there often and, although rumor had it that he had been hooked once or twice, he seemed to regard all usual fly fishing methods with complete contempt.

"Let's annoy him into striking", an angler said one evening.

The fisherman put on a "Ballou Special", which basically is a silver bodied marabou streamer with some peacock on top. Wading out well above the stump and stripping off line as he went, he laid out a downstream cast above the stump. He carefully worked the fly down into the current to where he thought the trout was, and then began to jerk it with constant slow, gentle twitches. He lighted a cigarette while he fished. We sat on the bank, watching and expectantly waiting. Nothing happened.

"This 'anger' stuff is strictly for the birds!", someone said, drowsily reclining against a rock.

The angler just stood there, patiently twitching his rod tip. The cigarette burned down and he flipped it into the current. As he did so, the water boiled under the stump and he was fast to his fish. Minutes later he worked him into his net; let us estimate his weight at between four and five pounds, and let him go.

I saw it happen, and I've used the tactic quite successfully several times since then.

"How do you figure it?", someone asked.

"Well", the angler said, "evidently he wouldn't hit from hunger, so the trick seemed to be to try to make him mad. He lay there, watching the marabou fluffing in his face, and he tried to ignore it. But the marabou didn't go away. It just kept on annoying him. Finally he decided to remove it from his domain, so he hit it to get it out of the way."

This trick works best on bass, particularly when a big one has a favorite territory staked out. His belly may be bulging and, if he hits from hunger, he is very selective and wants something more like what he's used to on his menu. But he won't allow anything—even an artificial fly—to intrude into his area. Passers by, maybe, but not something lively that stays there. After seconds of mild toleration, his anger gradually increases and he tries to remove it from his territory.

Curiosity is just as prevalent among fish as it is among women. It is with bass, especially. There are times in

fishing for bass when everything else fails. That's the time to try the curiosity theory. It doesn't always work, either, but it works often enough to be well worth trying.

In the realm of streamers, my favorite curiosity arouse is an unkempt streamer someone gave me who must have been in his cups when he tied it, or possibly temporarily afflicted with hallucinations. It is a mess of about a dozen red, green, blue, yellow and white long, floppy neck hackles tied on a silver tinseled hook. Presumably I kept it because I liked the guy, or as a prime example of what not to do in fly tying. One day I used it in desperation, casting it out and letting it lie, octopus-like, on the surface. Finally, my rod tip gave it a glimmer of life. As I began to twitch it under, a big bass took it. We were sure the bass weren't hungry right then, and this thing, quietly sitting there, couldn't have aroused anger. Maybe the bass wasn't curious, either, but it's as good an answer as any!

When trout are bored with everything else, they can become as playful as kittens. Once I sat on a bank and watched a man upstream release an undersized trout. The trout was hurt, and he floated downstream, occasionally turning right side up and feebly moving. As it drifted by, three trout, one at a time, flashed lazily up and nipped at it. Why? Hunger? No, obviously. Anger? Of course not. Curiosity? That's out, too. Playfulness? How else would you figure it?

The man upstream fished down through as I watched him. He fished well, with a long, fine leader and a dry fly I couldn't identify because of distance. He didn't get a strike.

I've heard it said before that trout can be playful when they evidently are well fed and satisfied, but taking the theory seriously seemed rather silly. On impulse I put on a "Brook Trout" streamer which Lew Oatman had given me many years ago, and I fished it down the run where the three trout were. I fished it drifting slowly with only an occasional twitch—a method far from orthodox, but an attempt to imitate the action of the wounded fish. Two trout rose to it. I felt one, but didn't hook him. I did hook the other.

From there on, playfulness was in my bag of tricks, even though it is used only as a last resort. But it pays off occasionally—enough to be worth-while.

Years ago, Herbie Welch, one of the truly great among American anglers, told me about these four reasons why fish take streamers. He believed them and, now, so do I. So do many other people, too. So, if fish aren't hungry, don't give up, because that's only half the battle! No statistics are available on the relative success of these four methods, but the hunger method rates at least fifty per cent. Anger may chalk up twenty-five per cent, with curiosity fifteen and playfulness about ten. That's pretty rough figuring, but it seems to be reasonable odds.

Maybe we should pause to realize that fish are a lot more like people than people might think. They want to be near a food supply, and they want protection, such as from fast currents and from danger.

(PART II NEXT MONTH)

RETIRES

Theodore "Ted" Dingle has retired from the Pennsylvania Fish Commission after nearly 47 years full time employment. He started work on a full time basis June 22, 1920 after several summers of part time employment. In 1922 he was transferred to the Corry Hatchery and then in 1932 to Hunsdale when it was first opened where he served as superintendent.





Photo Courtesy Jimmy Jordon, Pittsburgh Post Gazette.

ICE FISHING CLINIC

Allegheny County Fish Warden Paul Sowers demonstrates ice fishing techniques to fishermen of all ages at an ice fishing clinic he conducted on North Park Lake late in January. The clinic was one of several held by Warden Sowers. Similar clinics were held throughout the state by other wardens during the winter fishing season.

PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER GOES IN THE SERVICE

Members of the Nesquehoning Sportsmen's Association of Carbon County who are now serving in the armed forces may have to give up Pennsylvania fishing for awhile but they're not going to have to give up reading about it.

District warden "Fritz" Ohlsen reports that members of the club have voted to subscribe to the Angler for their members who are now in the service.

Warden Ohlsen sends a subscription along with note and the comment "several more as soon as addresses are received." 1320 Tunis Richland, Washington

Dear Sir:

I have enjoyed reading the Pennsylvania Angler for many years. Since I came out here from Pittsburgh in 1950 I have been a subscriber.

Your article on sturgeon fishing was interesting to me since I live on the Columbia River in Richland. Also do a bit of sturgeon fishing. The article says a lunker sturgeon, 5 ft. 6 in. was caught and released. I'm sure no fisherman would release one that size as it is a legal fish. The size limit on sturgeon in this state is from 3 to 6 ft. Anything above or below has to be returned to the river.

Two years ago three of us fishing below McNary Dam—which is upstream from Bonneville Dam—caught eight sturgeon over 3 ft. and two under in one day. The fish were 6'-10", 6'-6", 5'-8", 4'-2", 4'-2½", 3'-9", 3'-4", and 3'-1". All the fish were taken on nightcrawlers and eels. The two largest fish were released. I never have seen them take the lures out as mentioned in the article by Robert Bielo. We used a boat to take the lures out to deep water. A boat is better for fighting the large sturgeon, too.

Sincerely,

Edward Naughton

Latrobe, Pa.

Dear Sir:

I would like to pass along a good ice fishing tip for those who get cold feet.

From an old foam-type ice cooler cut two pieces larger than the sole of your shoes and stand on them instead of the ice. You will be surprised how comfortable it can be. The pieces are very light and are easily carried in your pocket.

Also, for those who don't like that fish odor on their hands—carry a plastic squeeze lemon in your tackle box and squirt some on your hands. Rub them together and the odor will vanish and leave a clean, fresh smell.

Sincerely, Howard F. Sherlock

U. S. Forces-Republic of Vietnam

Dear Mr. Adams:

I would love to renew my subscription, but at the present time I am in the jungle and I guess I don't have the time or the money.

We don't get much spare time so I will wait until January, 1968 and then I will be out of the Army for good and I'll get a complete subscription for three years.

I really enjoy reading it. See, I live in Allentown, Pennsylvania, and I am very proud of Pennsylvania and I also get the "Game News" and I was born in Pennsylvania, and if God is willing, that's where I will live the rest of my life.

So please understand and wait for January, and I'll be a steady reader again.

Thank you.

Pfc. David R. Beidler



A FISHING FEATURE FOR FISHERMEN ----

- FROM FISHERMEN



RECORD SETTER—Allen Roen, Pottstown, hooked this black crappie while fishing Ontelaunee Lake in Berks County. It turned out to be a citation fish and the largest of its species on record in the state. Weighing 3½ pounds, it was 18½ inches long.

FRYING PAN FULL—Wesley "Sharkey" Kyzer, Hawley, displays 40 perch he took one day this winter from Pike County's Pecks Pond. They ranged from nine to 14 inches.



FISHING CITATION—Art Walk (right) of Revloc is seen holding his Pennsylvania Fish Commission citation and a trophy awarded by Churella Marine, with Cambria County Fish Warden Thomas Qualters holding Mr. Walk's 36-inch trophy northern pike, during a presentation at Churella Marine at Prince Gallitzin State Park, Patton R. D. The citation came from the Commission for large size. He took the fish this past season at the park's Glendale Lake. The trophy came for his first place in the first annual "Big Fish Contest" sponsored by Churella Marine and the State Fish Commission at the State Park

HARVEY'S LAKE gave up these nice rainbows to angler Matt Jamerich last year. Jim Yoder, the district fish warden who took the photo, said they measured 16 and 18 inches.



BIG FISH— —NICE CATCHES

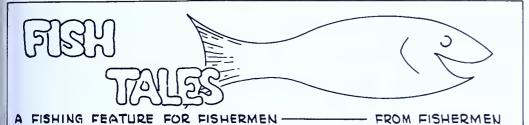
Nailed a nice one lately? Had a good day's catch? Send a picture of yourself with your catch to FISH TALES! Include your name, mailing address; species, size, and weight of fish caught, when caught, and lure used.



CITATION fallfish was caught by Mechanicsburg angler Ronald Foster. Caught on bread from York County's Yellow Breeches Creek, it measured 18% inches.



GEORGE POPP, Belle Vernon, caught this 5 pound large-mouth bass in Virgin Run Lake last summer. It covered nearly 22 inches on the yardstick.



CONCESSION STAND aperatar Ralph Springer taok this string af 9½ ta 19½ inchers fram Virgin Run Lake.



THE DELAWARE RIVER was the home af this 4¼ paund, 20¼ inch smallmauth bass until fisherman Albert Baginski, Eastan, came along with his spinning outfit.





NEW JERSEY fisherman William T. Palka caught this 4½ paund, 20½ inch smallmauth bass late last summer in the Tobyhanna in Manroe County. The fish went for a nightwalker.



LADY LANDS WINNER IN HONESDALE CONTEST

A lady angler, Janet Sacks, carried two trophies and a 24½ inch walleye home from a fishing contest held late in January on Lake Wallenpaupack. She took first place for catching the biggest fish during the two-day contest as well as another first place in the ladies division.

Other winners in the contest, sponsored by the Honesdale Chamber of Commerce, were: Francis J. Lemon Sr., 23 inch trout; Robert Kovaheski, 22½ inch pickerel; Steve Joseph, 14½ inch perch; Jack Davis, 17½ inch largemouth bass, and Willard Slack—the youngest fisherman—caught a 20% inch trout.

Many other fish, just short of the winners, were reported.

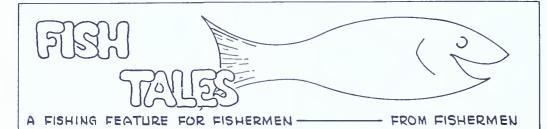
RIGHT—Carbardale fisherman James J. Petruzella pulled this citatian winning walleye fram the upper Delaware in Wayne County last summer. It weighed 9¼ pounds and stretched 31¼ inches an the yardstick.





LEFT—The Susquehanna River gave up 23 channel cats ta fisherman Lewis Geyer, Harrisburg. One nine paunder and two eight paunders each measured 24 inches. The rest were all alsa "large".

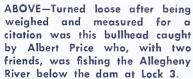
"IT WAS A GREAT THRILL catching a fish this size" says Dr. Charles S. Hertz af Allentown who caught this citation winning 7 pound 10 aunce, 24 inch largemauth bass while fishing Manroe Caunty's Pocana Lake.



YELLOW BREECHES Creek in Cumberland County produced this outstanding 9½ pound, 28 inch Brown Trout for fisherman Kenneth Asper. He caught the citation winner on a night crawler early last summer.







JOHN BELACK, Martin's Creek, caught this 21 inch, 5 pound 5 ounce smallmouth bass in the Delaware in Northampton County. He used a crayfish for bait.



POTTSTOWN fisherman Matt Plevyak caught this 16 inch brook trout at Scotts Run Lake, Berks County during winter trout season a year ago, special fish warden T. Ciesinski reports.

PITTSBURGH angler John Moore Jr. caught this 11½ pound, 28½ inch bullhead in the Allegheny River in Warren County last summer. He was using soft shell crabs when he nailed the citation winner.

WARREN CLUB HOLDS CONTEST AT CHAPMAN DAM

Ice fishing spearheaded a weekend of events at Chapman Dam in Warren County during the winter.

The Warren Field and Stream Club sponsored the event which may be turned into an annual affair. An estimated crowd of a thousand turned out at the park to take part in various activities.

At one time some 224 fishermen were counted by fish warden Ken Corey.

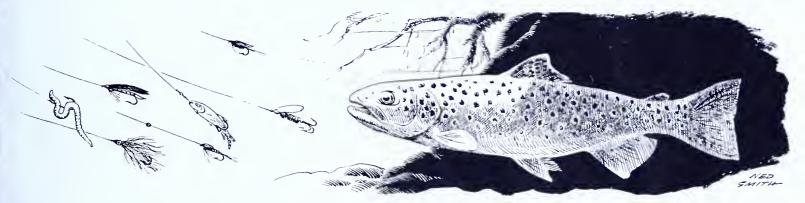
Winners in the fishing contest were: Mark Weidmaier, largest trout, rainbow 14% inches; Jack Swanson, first limit caught; and Tom Cunningham, most fish caught. Prizes donated by local shops were given to the winners.



YORK COUNTY'S famous Musky "Hot Spot" at York Haven turned out this 46¾ inch, 26¾ pounder to Lemoyne angler William Sunday early last winter. One week this winter 18 of the big fish were reported caught.



OPENING DAY



Because streams and lakes all over Pennsylvania have been stocked with thousands of trout that have never before seen an angler or a fish hook, many folks have the idea that opening day is a push-over. Sometimes it is, but more often than not, catching a mess of trout still takes some knowledge of fish and fishing.

Such a thing as choosing the right place to fish can make a lot of difference. When the weather has been very cold, with snow remaining in the mountains, you'll usually be better off fishing warmer streams that flow mainly through low country, rather than the cold, mountain streams. If the water is high and muddy remember that small streams usually clear off faster than the larger ones. Don't forget about lakes—oftentimes they provide great fishing when the creeks are over their banks.

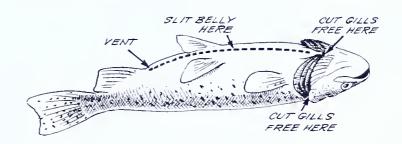
Where do the trout hang out? Well, under normal conditions the deep pools are good bets, but if the water is high and discolored fish carefully beneath overhanging banks, logs, and tree roots, and around submerged brush. Fish deep. The riffles are usually better when the water clears and warms up a bit.

What bait or lures to use? That depends partly upon your equipment. With a spinning outfit you can fish with minnows, worms, weighted spinners, spoons, and weighted streamers. Spin casting will handle worms with a bit of lead, minnows, and the heavier trout lures.

With a fly rod you can fish worms, minnows, and live nymphs, plus such early season artificials as streamers, bucktails, wet flies, nymphs, and fly rod spinners. Black or yellow feather streamers or maribous are popular for discolored water. Dark colored nymphs and wet flies in small or medium sizes are often good, but dry flies are rarely effective on opening day except on southern Pennsylvania streams.

It's hard to predict what time of the day will be best, for the dependable evening feeding periods of May and June just don't occur in mid-April. I've seen trout hit like

crazy for an hour very early in the morning, then quit for the rest of the day. Other opening days have been great around 10 a.m. or 1 p.m. The solution is to start early and fish all day; when they go on a hitting spree you'll be ready and waiting.



GOOD EATING

The fish you release carefully will live to fight another day. Nevertheless, it does no harm to keep a few for an occasional meal.

When you catch a trout you want to keep, kill him by whacking him on the back of the head and clean him soon—right away if the weather is warm. This is done by first cutting the gills free at the throat and under the backbone. Slit the fish's belly from vent to a point just ahead of the pectoral fins (the ones behind the gills.) Insert your finger in the gills and pull them out, bringing the entrails with them. The only thing remaining is the kidney, the dark streak along the backbone, which can be scraped out with the thumbnail.

It's hard to beat a willow creel for keeping trout in good condition, but a well-ventilated canvas creel will suffice. Use dry grass or fine twigs to keep the fish from touching one another—especially important in warm weather.

29

APRIL—1967

REMEMBER-

"YOUR

PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER



Citation Fish Comes First!'

MINIMUM CITATION SIZÉS:

RULES:

Species of Fish	Minimum Length in Inches	•	imum Length in Inches	Species of Min	nimum Length in Inches
American Sh Bluegill Brook Trout Brown Trout Bullhead Carp Chain Picker	11 in. 17 ln. 28 in. 15 ln. 36 in.	Catfish Crappies (includes and white) Eel Fallfish Lake Trout Largemouth Bass Muskellunge	30 in. black 15 in. 40 in. 18 in. 30 in. 23 in. 45 in.	Northern Pike Rainbow Trout Rock Bass Sheepshead Smallmouth Bass Walleye Yellow Perch	36 in. 27 in. 11 in. 25 in. 20 in. 30 in. 14 In.

APPLICATION FOR PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER FISHING CITATION

The Editar—Pennsylvania Angler Pennsylvania Fish Commissian, Harrisburg, Pa. Date

Please send me the Pennsylvania Angler Magazine's Fishing Citation with the inscribed data listed below:

Name (please print)

City------State------

SpeciesWeightWeight

Type of Tackle

Date CaughtCatch Witnessed by

Measured and Weighed by

punty

Fish must be caught in Pennsylvania public waters by legal methods during seasons open for the taking of the species involved.

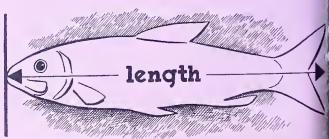
Fish must be measured, weighed and recorded by fishing license issuing agent or tackle store within the state by the owner, manager, or an authorized agent of the respective establishment.

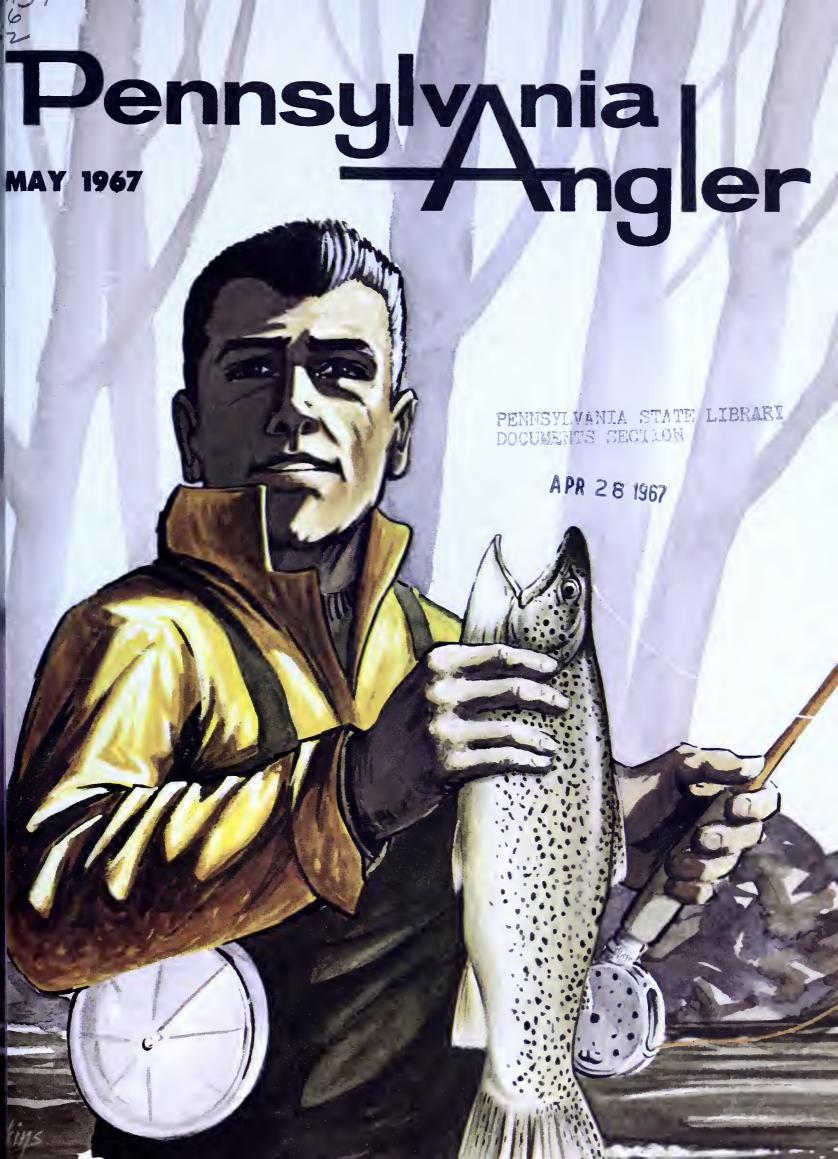
Photographs are desirable as further proof of catch but are not required.

Non-residents as well as residents are eligible for citations if fish are caught under the above conditions.

Only fishing citation applications received within 90 days from date of catch will be honored.

HOW TO MEASURE:







IF YOU'RE INTERESTED . . .

in fish and fishing in Pennsylvania then why not read Pennsylvania's number one fishing magazine, The Pennsylvania Angler. Or, if you have a fishing friend who doesn't read it, then why not make a gift of a year's subscription. Two bucks buys twelve months worth of fun. Five dollars gets thirty-six months worth. Address mail to:

The Pennsylvania Angler, The Pennsylvania Fish Commission Harrisburg, Pa. 17120

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Pennsylvania Angler

Published Monthly by the PENNSYLVANIA FISH COMMISSION COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA

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MAY, 1967



VOL. 36, NO. 5

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POSTMASTER: All 3579 forms to be returned to Dunlap Printing Co., Inc., Cherry and Juniper Sts., Philadelphia, Pa. 19107.

The PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER is published monthly by the Pennsylvania Fish Commission, South Office Building, Harrisburg, Pa. Subscription: One year—\$2.00; three years—\$5.00; 25 cents per single copy. Send check or money order payable to Pennsylvania Fish Commission. DO NOT SEND STAMPS. Individuals sending cash do so at their own risk. Change of address should reach us promptly. Furnish both old and new addresses. Second Class Postage paid at Harrisburg, Pa. Neither Publisher nor Editor will assume responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts or illustrations while in their possession or in transit. Permission to reprint will be given provided we receive marked copies and credit is given material or illustrations. Communications pertaining to manuscripts, material or illustrations should be addressed to the Pennsylvania Fish Commission, Harrisburg, Pa. NOTICE: Subscriptions received and processed the 10th of each month will begin with the second month following.

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TIONESTA-Albert Carll, foreman

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REYNOLDSDALE-Warren Hammer, acting fore-

JOIN THE CLUB!

WHAT CLUB?

PENNSYLVANIA'S NEW

HUSKY MUSKY CLUB

Catch a legal musky and join the ranks of Pennsylvania's newest club!

Beginning this month fishermen who hook and land a muskellunge 40 inches or over will be eligible for regular membership in Pennsylvania's new Husky Musky Club, just now being formed.

Fishermen catching a 30 to 40 incher (the legal minimum is 30 inches) will qualify for honorary membership.

THE PICTURES on these two pages are of a couple of Pennsylvania Musky fishermen with their magnificent catches. Below is George Keller of Harrisburg who caught this nice 43 incher near the Pennsylvania Fish Commission's Falmouth Access Area south of Harrisburg on the Susquehanna during the 1965-66 season. On the opposite page is Mike Lis of Hopewell Township in Beaver County who took his 40 inch musky from the Allegheny River near Kennerdell. In the future any musky measuring 40 inches or over will qualify the fisherman catching it for regular membership in Pennsylvania's new Husky Musky Club.



The club, sponsored by the Pennsylvania Fish Commission, is being formed to give musky fishermen a chance to "get to know each other," as well as "to provide information about musky catches so we can continue to improve our program" according to the Commission's Assistant Executive Director, Gordon Trembley, who is in charge of organizing the club.

The club, an outgrowth of increasing interest in musky fishing in the state, is patterned after a similar club organized in Ohio a few years ago. The Ohio club was the first in the country set up on a state-wide basis. Representatives of the Ohio Wildlife and Conservation Department report their club has helped them learn more about muskellunge catches and characteristics than any other source of information.

It is hoped that Pennsylvania, second to organize a club, will also be able to benefit from the club through member's reports of catches and experiences.

The "musky" is the largest sport fish in Pennsylvania's waters and until recently has been a fish anglers might travel hundreds of miles to catch. However, muskellunge stockings have been increased throughout the state in the past few years, both in numbers released and locations stocked. It is now estimated that fishing for this savage fighter is only a couple hours away from any Pennsylvania angler.

Problems of hatching and raising have been improved until now the survival rate of eggs hatched has reached 82 percent—from what was once only 5 percent!

At the same time the survival of fry to fingerlings of 2 to 8 inches has skyrocketed to 90 percent as the result of research experiments carried out through the research and propagation divisions of the Commission.

This, coupled with the stockings in a number of new water areas, means fishermen don't have to travel all day to fish for them.

But catching one is another matter!

From information already compiled it appears as if it takes somewhere around 75 hours of fishing to catch one. And fishermen who have fished that long to nail one say it's worth it!

Charter members of the group will be fishermen who have been awarded Pennsylvania Angler Fishing Citations for catching one. Since the fishing citation award program was organized in 1964 some 28 muskies have been reported for citations. A good many others are believed to have gone unrecorded.

Up to now citations have been given for those measuring 45 inches or better.

Members of the club will receive patches which can be attached to their favorite fishing jacket as well as a citation stating they are members of the club.

Fishermen catching a qualifying musky must either take it to a license issuing agent or a local fish warden for verification for membership.

Photographs of the angler with the catch are also requested for use in a Husky Musky newsletter which will be circulated to members, as well as for use in the Pennsylvania Angler.

Additional information about the club will be published in a later issue of the Pennsylvania Angler.



Photo Courtesy Beaver County Times



A VETERAN of over 300 musky catches, the author is pictured here with his nephew F. W. Sheldon. The fish they hold measured 40 and 45 inches.

Did any of you "old timers" ever have the feeling you had fished so many years, under such variable conditions, in so many different lakes and streams and at every season of the year that you had learned just about every trick in fishing for walleye and muskies?

Had you tried literally hundreds of different artificial lures, always been a sucker for every new gadget that arrived in a tackle store until you had not one, but three, well filled tackle boxes that were literally bursting with what you thought was the "works"? Then you found that all your know how and ego, as a fisherman, had gone up in smoke, over one little lure that has no action, very little flash or color, and makes you wonder on every cast just why the walleye and muskies have suddenly become so unintelligent or just plain ignorant. This was my experience when I met up with the jig.

Being a resident of Crawford County for more than half a century, catching my first musky at the tender age of thirteen, and more than three hundred since, in Conneaut Creek, Conneaut Lake, French Creek, Cussewago Creek, Edinboro Lake, LeBoeuf Lake and others, I felt certain the Allegheny River, in Warren, Forest and Venango Counties would present no problem, and in fact, would be a real challenge in showing those "natives" just how it should be done.

Moving to a new assignment in mid-June, I soon got acquainted with a group of the fishermen and proceeded to listen to their conversations. Every time the crowd gathered the conversation went like this—"What color

the JIG is UP

Catching muskies isn't always easy but long time muskie fisherman S. Carlyle Sheldon, former warden supervisor in the Pennsylvania Fish Commission's northwest region, has caught a lot of them. Here's what happened to him when he was introduced to the jig method by some other long timers.

by S. CARLYLE SHELDON

do you think is best?" "Do you use nylon or deer hair?" "Do you use one-half or three-quarter ounce leads?" This was all Greek to me, but let me assure you, I was fascinated.

I first met Garland Archer of Pleasantville, who had a reputation for being a good walleye and musky fisherman. Then I met John Holtz and Howard Levy (the man who wrote that great masterpiece "Man Against Musky") and they too seemed to be talking about "jigs" on most every occasion. By then my curiosity was getting the best of me. One night when Archer and Levy stopped at the house, I casually asked to see one of these so called "killer lures" that they called a jig. Archer promptly pulled one out of a metal box.

My first impression was a miniature shaving brush, similar to the one which my grandfather used to apply lather before shaving. Boy, what a monstrosity. A lead head, painted red, a hank of white deer hair and a single hook made up the "works". I'm sure a smile crossed my face as I thought of the hours and days I had spent



THE ALLEGHENY flows quietly in the early morning mist near some of the state's "hottest" fishing in Warren County.

making plugs, carefully selecting certain types of wood, blending paints, attaching just the right size burr hooks and then spending hours bending nose pieces to make sure the plug wobbled just right. Going along with what I supposed was a great joke, I casually asked how to fish a jig and was promptly informed that you cast it out in the river, as far as possible, and then bounce it along the bottom, in short jerks. Jigs and jerks ruled the conversation that night and I made up my mind that these boys had enjoyed the evening kidding this "jerk".

Summer went by and in the rush of business I didn't have time to fish any lures, including the jig, but as November frosts hit the river and the mountains began to take up their glory, I could resist no longer.

Accepting an invitation from Holtz and Archer, we went to a hot spot on the river, north of Tidioute. I rigged up with one of my favorite plugs and promptly set out to show these novices just how it was donenothing happened.

Garland and John both broke out spinning rods, fifteen-pound monafilament line and promptly tied on—you guessed it—a jig. I thought to myself that these characters sure went a long way with a joke, until on the third or fourth cast, Archer sang out "fish on" and sure enough, a walleye of about seventeen inches was brought in, only to be released, with the casual remark, "too small". Twenty minutes later John Holtz let out the war cry and this time a 27-inch musky was brought in and promptly released. My ego was rapidly diminishing, but I still had the feeling that with those little jigs, only the small and ignorant

"little fellas" would be interested, but that too was shortlived. Archer gave a yell and with one glance you could see that this was something different. His rod was bent almost double and the slipclutch on his spinning reel was screaming. Boy! What a battle on light tackle.

Twenty minutes later a forty-five and one-half inch musky was in the landing net and although it was below freezing, there were beads of perspiration on Archer's forehead.

Within the next three weeks I saw fourteen legal muskies and more than 30 walleye taken on the "shaving brush," not by these two men alone, but by men like Cy Sutton, Russ Reynolds, Gordon Fogle, Cecil Toombs, Bob Parlaman, Stan Forbes and several others I didn't know.

Guess by this time you know I too had discarded the old trustys for an assortment of jigs, but then the next surprise cropped up.

Just because you put a jig on a monafilament line, use a spinning rod and cast it a mile out in the river, doesn't necessarily mean you are going to catch a limit of fish in an hour. I have cast for many hours during the past season and only after two months caught my first walleye, and a little one at that.

But everytime we go out we catch something. Maybe only a sucker, carp, or waterdog, but these darn lures seem to be the answer when one learns how to fish them. I haven't learned by a long shot, but perhaps if the river doesn't get too much ice and the season runs out, I won't be forced to admit that "the jig is up."





SPORTSMEN ATTENDING a spring meeting for cooperative nurseries listen to Pennsylvania Fish Commission personnel explain new programs and procedures while below a visitor to the meeting looks over a display of fish food pellets and some basic gear needed in operating a nursery.

TROUT FOR PENNSYLVANIA FISHERMEN!

COOPERATIVE NURSERIES

Pennsylvania fishermen like good fishing!

And a lot of them are doing something to make it even better.

Throughout the state sportsmen's clubs are helping the Pennsylvania Fish Commission grow fish under the Commission's Cooperative Nursery Program.

by TOM EGGLER
STAFF WRITER, PHOTOGRAPHER



CERTIFICATES OF RECOGNITION are awarded to clubs participating in the program (pictured above and far right) while a tria af fishermen attending the meeting take time during a caffee break ta laak aver same flies.

Right now 62 active cooperative nurseries are working to help the Commission raise fish for Pennsylvania streams. Last year this meant some 292,000 trout stocked from July 1, 1965 through June 30, 1966. Some clubs raised only a few thousand while others turned out several thousand but it all adds up to better fishing for Pennsylvania anglers. Even more are anticipated this year.

The present program dates back to October of 1965 when the Commission established the position of Cooperative Nursery Coordinator, a job that puts one man to work on the program full time.

Previous programs date back as far as 1932 but, according to office records, no one ever worked on the program on a full time basis. Early records indicate a varying degree of success. Many clubs were given fish only to have them die when conditions became unfavorable. The present program is geared to foresee potential problems before they arise and to prevent unnecessary losses.

At the moment some 11 new cooperative nursery sites are under observation and, according to Robert H. Brown, who heads the program as coordinator, probably at least six of these will be developed during 1967.

"We feel cooperative nurseries are doing and can do a lot more to improve fishing in Pennsylvania," Brown says in explaining the program. He stresses the need for complete cooperation between the clubs and the Commission in order to maintain a high percentage of success.

Along these lines Brown keeps a tight schedule traveling throughout the state visiting nurseries operating under the program as well as looking at possible new sites. Potential problem sources such as water supply or fish diseases are watched closely.

Also each year the Commission sponsors a series of meetings at which new programs, problems and plans are explained. Representatives attend from all cooperating clubs in the region in which the meeting is held.

Clubs maintaining required standards are awarded a certificate of recognition for their efforts. But the biggest reward comes in the form of better fishing for Pennsylvania anglers!







BRIGHT BUCKTAILS or streamers fished deep is a secret of early spring fishing in high or discolored water.



Pennsylvania Department of Commerce Photo

WHY
FISH
TAKE
STREAMERS

(PART II - NOTES ON SELECTION)

by JOSEPH D. BATES, JR.

Ever since school days, I've been a streamer schemer and a bucktail buff. Not that I don't enjoy fishing with dry flies and nymphs, because I do. But I'm convinced streamers and bucktails—the "flies" that imitate baitfish—catch more and bigger gamefish more consistently than anything else.

So, in younger years, I tied 'em, cadged 'em, bought 'em and swapped 'em until I had a big fly box bulging with them. I proudly showed this to a lady one day and she quickly set me back on my pins a bit. "They are very pretty", she admitted, "but how do you know which one to use?"

The fact was that I didn't. But it was a fair question, and I devoted many years to finding the answers. Eventually, I found them, and I wrote a book about it. Two, in fact. Some folks say these books help a lot with their fishing, and I'm glad if they do. We can't condense the whole thing into this article, but here's the gist of it:

Some streamers and bucktails are made to imitate certain kinds of bait-fish as closely as possible in coloration, as well as in form, flash, size and action. Others are so bright and gaudy that they don't imitate anything, even though their form, flash, size and action may be similar. So we quickly divide them all into two classes—the "imitators" and the "attractors".

Unless we have reason to the contrary, we start with the imitators. Attractors come in handy when imitators don't work. Among other conditions, this can be when waters are high or discolored, or on dark and gloomy days.

This, I think, cuts selection squarely in two.

Now, let's deal with the imitators, of which there are many-flies like Keith Fulsher's "Thunder Creek" series; Sam Slaymaker's "Trout" series, and some of Lew Oatman's patterns, among many others.

Chances are almost sure-fire that gamefish are feeding on bait-fish most of the time, wherever you're fishing. What kind of bait-fish? There's your clue. There are many kinds, some with black backs and white bellies; others with brown backs and yellow bellies; with median lines or without them, or with barred sides, and so on. Find out what kind of bait-fish is most prevalent and imitate it.

Now, what size are the bait-fish? Sometimes this isn't overly important, but often it is. I've seen times when gamefish wouldn't touch a small streamer, but would take a much bigger one of the same pattern avidly. In northern lakes we've even had to troll streamers five inches long to get results.

With this done, you've probably narrowed down your choice to half a dozen patterns, all of which are quite similar. Of these, what do you select? Are the bait-fish very slim? Use a sparsely dressed fly. Are they sort of chunky? Use one more fully dressed. If in doubt, use the sparser one, because most streamers and bucktails are overdressed anyway.

Now, wet the fly, and see how it looks and acts in the water. Does it look and act like the prevalent type of bait-fish when you fish it right? If not, try one of the others.

The choice of the right fly also depends on water conditions, and the kind of a day it is. If waters are low and clear, and especially if the day is sunny, select a fly with minimum flash; less tinsel and fewer brighter colors, that is. Under such conditions, if there's a choice between two sizes, use the smaller one.

On the other hand, if waters are high and discolored, and especially if it's cloudy, you'll need a brighter fly and possibly a bit bigger one, so the fish can see it easier. Under such conditions a fly with a lot of flash usually pays off. In fact, if imitators of this description don't work, use one of the more colorful attractor patterns.

Now, let's consider water conditions. If there's little or no current, as in pools or lakes, a low-winged fly should be better. This is a fly whose wing clings naturally to the fly's body. If the current is fast, a high-winged fly will provide better action because the current will pull the wing down and make it pulsate more. In the east we habitually use low-winged streamers and bucktails but, in the fast steelhead and salmon streams of the northwest, most of the favorites are high-winged patterns for this reason.

One more thing: it is the way the fly looks to the fish that counts; not the way it looks to you! In discolored water, a fly with a white belly may appear to the fish to have a yellow one. This isn't a major point, because under such conditions the bait-fish look a bit darker, too. But it's worth thinking about because in discolored water it might be better to select a white bellied fly when you think you should choose a yellow bellied one.

So far, we've given short shrift to the so-called attractor patterns—the "Sanborn", "Colonel Bates", "Royal Coachman" (streamer or bucktail), and so on. In Pennsylvania streams, these usually should take second place to the imitator patterns. If the appropriate selections of imitators don't do well, try a few attractors—especially under conditions of high or cloudy water and on sunless days.

BAIT-FISH IMITATOR patterns excellent for Pennsylvania streams- (Top to battam: First column): "Emerald Minnow", "Little Broak Trout", "Jesse Waad", "Grizzly "Harnberg", "Leech", Prince". "Miracle Blueback Shiner". (Secand Calumn) "Spat-tailed Minnaw", "Little Brawn Trout", "Marabau Perch", "Palar Chub". (Third Column) "Silver Minnaw", "Little Rainbaw Traut", "Black Nased Dace", "Muddler Minnow", "Silver Minnow", "Miracle Marabou", "Langnose Dace". Patterns in first raw are from Keith Fulsher's "Thunder Creek Series". Secand raw is Sam Slaymaker's three "Traut" patterns. (Phota repraduced fram ane af the 8 calar plates in "Streamer Fly Tying & Fishing".)

We now come to a point where you're lucky if you are a good fly dresser, or if you know someone who is who will tie flies for you. Most commercial flies (especially streamers and bucktails) are not tied true to pattern—and may be dressed very badly, to boot. This state of affairs is a characteristic even of some of the best of emporiums. When you buy a "Gray Ghost", for example, you want a real "Gray Ghost", and not a bastard variety which is passed off on you because the store or its fly dresser didn't know the exact formula for the pattern.

There are only two ways to be sure you get the exact pattern you ask for. One is to have the originator tie it for you. Usually this is impossible. In that case, find a sample of the fly which the originator himself tied if you can, and have it copied accurately. If you can't find an "original" you may have to go to a reference book which describes in complete detail the exact formula, as the originator tied it. A color photograph of the original helps a great deal.

So, if the lady I mentioned earlier ever happens around again and asks me how I know which streamer or bucktail to select for the job at hand, I think I'll be able to tell her. And even though this has to be a "once over lightly" on the subject, probably you have a better idea of it now, too. I hope so, because I'm sure it will be a big help to sensible fly selection.



SOME DOGS CHASE RABBITS, SOME DOGS CHASE DEER, AND SOME EVEN
RETRIEVE STICKS AND STONES BUT TINKER IS JUST A

Dog 'Gone



FISHERMAN!

WADING AND WAITING—"Tinker" stands immobile—and belly deep—waiting for a fish to swim by. It's all part of an exciting game for a fish minded dog. Repeated misses, while dampening the dog, don't seem to dampen his enthusiasm.

Only the dog knows for sure, but anyone watching him might think it's as much the challenge of the chase as the catching that inspires a Clarion County pet to try fishing.

The pet is owned by George Alexander, a Clarion businessman, State Representative, and—like his dog—an enthusiastic fisherman.

According to Rep. Alexander, "Tinker" first developed an interest in fish and fishing at an early age. Raised from puphood at a hatchery it was "only natural for Tinker to develop an interest in fish," Alexander says. "He'll spend hours standing immobile along a race waiting for the right moment."

Alexander adds that Tinker "seldom gets the limit."

PROBLEMS

As summer fishing seasons gets into high gear a lot of fishermen will be heading for a day's fun—some loaded with equipment; others with as little as possible. What to take and what to leave at home sometimes gets to be a problem.

Here's what happened to fisherman and outdoor writer Edwin Atts of Frank-

lin one day last summer.

NO NET NEEDED?



by EDWIN L. ATTS

Three times I had the big brownie within arm's reach but each time I got my hand close to his throat he would shoot off for the deep water and I had no choice but to let him run or the four pound test line would surely snap.

In my jeep, which I could just barely see through the newly sprouting foliage, lay my landing net which I had failed to bring along but it might just as well be a thousand miles away for the fish wouldn't lay still until I could go get it and there didn't seem to be any other anglers nearby.

The fourth time I brought the brownie into the shallows I knew I had to make my try good for I could see the gold spinner had torn part of his mouth where the hooks were imbedded and I knew it couldn't hold fast for long. Being as careful as possible I did my best to get the fish positioned perfectly before making my try, for it isn't every day that I hook a trout the size this particular brownie appeared to be!

I don't think I had more than brushed his throat with my fingers when he threw his head sideways violently. I saw the spinner shoot back over my shoulder and land in the brush along shore as the fish shot for his lair at the bottom of the root filled pool.

Shakily I staggered toward shore where I could set down on the bank and regain my composure. For nearly a month I had been working on this fish and several times I had him pick up a crab only to drop it after a short run, another time he had made a pass at a small jitterbug just at dark only to miss in the savagenous of his strike, and then finally to fool him on a small golden spinner. With a landing net he would have been easily mine.

Before that unfortunate day I carried a landing net many times but it seemed inconvenient for all the more it was needed. During those times I had tied into and landed a good many large fish but it really never seemed necessary to use the net so I began leaving it behind.

Undoubtedly many anglers have had a similar experience to the one I mentioned in the opening paragraphs and there are other anglers who will have them this season and in seasons to come. One thing for sure is that someday a net will be needed. Badly needed! Will you have yours?

From out of the past comes comment by one of the "fathers" of dry fly fishing. Author Charles Fox, a former Pennsylvania Angler editor, has compiled the following quotations while preparing a book about the famous fisherman.

THEODORE GORDON-

FAMOUS FLY FISHERMAN

(BOOK RIGHTS RESERVED)

Legendary Theodore Gordon was more than the father of dry fly fishing in America; he was a masterful angler and also a craftsman par excellence at the fly tying table. Born in Pittsburgh, Penna., in 1854, he moved to the banks of New York's Neversink River to devote his life to outdoor pursuits, mainly fly fishing for trout.

When the frail little man died, a victim of TB, at the age of 60, the fly-fishing fraternity lost one of its all-time greats. Ironically, with his passing was the passing of the treasure of treasures, the lamentation being that there was a book manuscript, only to remain unpublished, then to disappear. His friend, George LaBranche, unsuccessfully attempted to secure the typewritten pages for publication. Unfortunately too, there seems to be but one lone picture of Gordon.

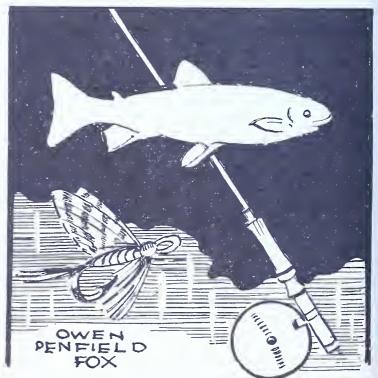
In the wake of the diminutive man of great dexterity are "Little Talks on Fly Fishing" published with regularity for over twenty years in the now absorbed Forest and Stream magazine and "Occasional Notes" written for the Fishing Gazette of England in his capacity of American correspondent. John McDonald of Fortune magazine assembled for posterity these writings, along with a collection of the cherished letters from Gordon to three fishing friends, G. E. M. Skues, Roy Steenrod, and Guy Jenkins, under the title of Complete Fly Fisherman. The pages of this book demonstrate that Gordon, in addition to being the master angler, was a pleasing and sincere writer. The loss of the manuscript prepared by this respected reporter, voluminous letter writer and consultant who devoted his

life to fly fishing for trout is tragedy personified. From this point to the concluding paragraph of this reporting the words are those of the greatly admired Gordon.

"I have fished the dry fly for more than twenty years, at first only to trout that I saw rising at natural flies. If one can fish for large trout in sight, sport becomes most exciting, and the next best is a rise which one knows must be a big fish. The greatest good for the largest number is conserved by fly-fishing only, as one can follow many fly-fishers and still have sport. The angler's chances are reduced to a minimum when he is compelled to follow a minnow fisher, who scares the trout and puts them down. Worms are not so injurious and grasshoppers do not interfere much if they are fished by a decent man who has some regard for those who follow him. In a large body of flowing water the trout are less easily alarmed and come on the feed again sooner than in small streams."

"Where artificial fly only has been used, one may fish after many anglers and lose little or nothing by it, or if desirable one may fish over the same water several times. When living on the stream and able to fish at will, one should rest satisfied with a small kill. It is only the larger trout, after all, that are exciting and make history, and we must remember the enormous numbers of anglers whose opportunities are limited."

"I am no purist or ultra purist, and fish wet when I feel inclined that way, but the more one fishes the greater his enjoyment when problems of this kind present themselves. The *perlidae*, caddis flies, etc., flutter and buzz,



by CHARLES FOX

but the *ephemerida* usually sail down serenely after coming out of the nymphal stage. Nowadays they are not so plentiful as they were ten years ago (dateline June 21, 1913—Forest and Stream), but we had good rises nearly every day during that nasty weather in May.

"I have been ill and am even more stupid in expressing myself than usual. I am willing to admit that conditions vary greatly in different waters, but given the flies in the water and trout feeding upon them, I feel confident that the perservering dry-fly man will succeed not only in taking fish, but some of the very largest, provided that they are rising steadily. No doubt there is a very great deal in the manner in which the artificial fly is presented. The best of our artificials are far from perfect, but if one can get the effect of the natural fly in the water, he usually has sport. One gets a pretty good pattern occasionally at first attempt, but more frequently improvements are required. I have fussed with a bug for two seasons before I felt satisfied that I could do no better."

"There is one fly which puzzles me when it is used as a floater. This is the Royal Coachman, which I have always considered one of the "lures." There is no use talking about it—trout do not see things just as we do. To see a Royal Coachman floating on quiet water is quite remarkable. It is so frightfully conspicuous that it should scare the fish, yet one frequently hears of success with it.

"Have seen so many Whirling Duns that I made a little collection from a number of dressers. All were presumed to be the same. We all know the old dressing in Ronald's, but now we have a fine assortment of Whirling Duns to choose from, and I think I have seen four different dressings from the same shop. Wickham is always with us, yet even this varies a bit, and I fancy that one dressing of this fly, when I can get just the feathers for it, is more killing than any other. The fact is that a man who dresses his own flies will always have more faith in them than they perhaps deserve."

"Nature is a great colorist and the tones in insects are fine and harmonious, but for the most part subdued. I never tried a dun-colored (grey) fly that pleased me that did not prove useful, and I like to have several shades in the box, from very pale to a dark iron or purplish blue. It is easy to use flies too large, yet a big trout will sometimes rise at a large fly when he would ignore a little one. One could easily fill a book with talk about insects, natural and artificial, so it may be well to call a halt."

"In fancy patterns, lures and salmon flies, one must follow the best formulas procurable, but in imitations of insects we should have the natural fly before us. Illustrations and formulas are not of much value in rendering of colours, and an imitation of an imitation will not satisfy the man who collects flies on many waters.

"We wish to reproduce as nearly as possible the effect of the insect as it floats upon the stream, to deceive trout that have had enough experience of flies and of fishermen to make them a bit shy and crafty. When the fish take freely, without discriminating, the amateur flydresser is not satisfied. Something has been lost, and he will be happier with half a dozen good trout which yielded only to the attractions of a special fly, dressed after some study of naturals that are or have been upon the water."

"In dyeing feathers and other materials a little information from an artist on the mixing of colors may not come amiss. For instance, I am informed that to dye bluish grey one should mix yellow and blue until green is produced, then add red carefully, until one gets the dun tint required. Alum or soda is used in removing grease, and vinegar or acid to set the color.

"The hackles on a favorite fly of mine were imitated in this way. Some very successful patterns are not exact in detail, but in combination the materials give the effect desired when the fly is on the water. The numerous legs used on a floating fly have an effect upon the color of the body.

"Fly fishing is more interesting when insects are plentiful than when they are scarce, particularly when the attention of the trout seems to be centered upon a particular fly. One cannot make positive assertions or dogmatise in regard to these matters, but I have known sport to fail at the time of the take, when the trout were rising everywhere, for want of a good imitation. Upon supplying this, one would succeed in at least moving the majority of the feeding fish."

"When trout are feeding freely and have their attention concentrated on *one* species of insect, all of the same color and size, they may fail to recognize an imperfect imitation as a fly. Again, they will accept any one of a number of patterns, and possibly quite unlike the natural fly that is on the water. There is no rule, and this makes the game of fishing all the more interesting."

CONTINUED NEXT MONTH



"WOW! WHAT A BAIT!"



ABOVE—EXPERIMENTAL UNIT NO. 1 of the Consolidated Sportsmen of Lycoming County set up on Pine Run near English Center is the club's first attempt to help "clean up" streams in their area. Here Bill Corson, a member of the committee, looks into the interior of the unit shown below.

BELOW—THE INSIDE of the device drops lime into the water (shown at the bottom of the picture) in amounts necessary to raise the stream p^H to a point livable for fish. The bin holds about 400 pounds of lime.



REVIVAL OF PINE RUN

Pine Run is a pretty little stream.

It isn't very large, in fact in some places it probably isn't over a yard wide, but it flows all year and its water is cold. It looks as if it should be full of native brook trout.

But it isn't.

It's one of the many streams, both large and small, throughout the state that flows sterile. An old mine pollutes it and several miles of downstream water.

Located in Lycoming County in the mountains near English Center, Pine Run is a tributary to English Run which, in turn, is a tributary to Little Pine Creek. Sometime before the water reaches Little Pine Creek it dilutes with English Run enough so aquatic life can survive.

But there's hope for the little stream.

The Consolidated Sportsmen of Lycoming County, a 3,000 member organization, has gone to work to restore life to Pine Run.

by TOM EGGLER
STAFF WRITER — PHOTOGRAPHER

PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER







A committee was appointed about a year and a half ago to see what the club could do.

After investigating methods of treating pollutions of similar circumstances the group decided to set up and maintain a small automatic limer.

Initial cost of the device was \$1,250. Club members pitched in to help ready the location for the limer. A small dike had to be built upstream, pipe laid to bring water into the device, a settling pond built below, and a shelter built in which to store bagged lime once operation begins.

Operation of the device was started last October.

"We didn't—and still don't—know for sure that this is going to solve the problem, but we're very optimistic" says Paul Corson, former president of the club and a member of the Mine Pollution Abatement Committee which has charge of the project.

A similar device used on nearby Buckeye Run by the Fisher Coal Company has been successfully operated for about 5 years.

The limer works automatically from a stream of water fed into it through a three inch pipe from a holding pool above. Water pressure periodically trips the limer which releases a shot of lime into the water. It may be adjusted to trip faster or slower depending on the requirements of the water.

The set up on Pine Run requires about forty cents worth of lime a day. The only possibility for failure is that something might happen to the limer, to keep it from tripping or from releasing the lime. A member of the club has been checking the device each day to see that it's operating. So far it has failed to fail.

Still needed at the site is a second holding pond. According to Corson it is hoped this can be built this summer.

The project is the first undertaken by the club but already plans are being made for additional similar units on other watersheds.

PHOTOS ABOVE—The limer is placed into position above the flow of water coming from the mine while Fish Commission pathologist Art Bradford and fish warden Jim Lauer check the pH of the stream.

RIGHT—SOURCE OF THE PROBLEM comes from abandoned mine from which a steady flow of water testing at only p^H 3.5 flows. Pictured here are Lycoming County fish warden Jim Lauer, and Paul and Bill Corson, father and son who have worked on the project as part of the Mine Pollution Abatement Committee.





When the winter-weary angler watches the last tattered remnants of snow disappear from the north slopes he walks abroad and tunes his ear to the harmony of sounds that the season brings. He may catch a glimpse of a robin or hear the marching chant of the wild geese but when he hears the first questioning note of the peeper's chorus he knows the frost is out of the ground and spring is truly on its way.

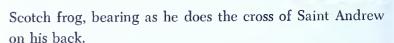
The chorus swells until every woodland pond, temporary though it be, has its quota.

It is a fact that thousands of peepers are heard to every one seen. An angler leaving his favorite stream in the spring twilight is overwhelmed by the volume of sound. Yet no matter how carefully he walks the chorus will cease until he has passed by.

To observe the singers you have only to approach the pond and be perfectly still until you are an accepted part of the landscape. A camp stool will make your wait more comfortable. In a few minutes you will hear a piping inquiry, then another and another until your eye is drawn to the source of the sound.

The first thing to catch the eye is the inflated chin pouch of the male. Once one is located the eye fairly jumps to another until we wonder why we did not see them immediately. They are everywhere, in the water, among the brown leaves at the pond's edge and even perched in a fallen branch that protrudes above the water.

When the piping is resumed we speculate as to how so small a creature could produce such a volume of sound. When he inflates his chin pouch we are reminded of a Scotchman preparing to play the pipes. He must be a



by ALBERT G. SHIMMEL

His scientific name Hyla crucifer is taken from the Greek, Hyla meaning wood or forest and crucifer from the Latin, cross bearer. Literally we have a wood frog that is marked by a cross.

Spring peepers usually begin to call during March and sometimes continue to call until early June. They are seldom seen except during breeding season.

Peepers are small, ranging in size from three fourths to one and one fourth inches. They have the ability to vary their color to match surroundings within a reasonable degree. It is an interesting experiment to confine several individuals against backgrounds of various colors. One of the specimens with which I was working was accidentally placed on a black note book cover. It turned the most beautiful ebony black imaginable. A specimen placed on a dry oak leaf matched the brown leaf perfectly. Many other natural backgrounds were imitated to such perfection that it was apparent why they were seldom observed except during the vocal stage of mating.

The peeper belongs to the family of tree frogs. One of the characteristics of this group is the toe disks with which they cling to vegetation. They are somewhat aboreal but do not climb to great heights and are content to limit themselves to grasses, weeds and small bushes.

A pair of peepers will remain content in captivity if they are kept in a well planted woodland terrarium supplied with flying insects and small worms. They will prove entertaining if they are supplied with a small branch on which to perform. Children are delighted to watch these friendly little pipers of the woods.

MODERN CAMPING

CAMPVENTION '67

Prince Gallitzin State Park in Cambria County will be one of the most crowded parks in the history of Pennsylvania this July—and for good reason. It will be the scene of the 1967 National Campers and Hikers "Campvention".

The affair, slated for July 9 through July 15, is under the joint sponsorship of the Maryland and Pennsylvania N.C.H.A. State Associations. Last year, the "campvention" at Kanapolis, Kansas drew nearly 10,000 campers who came from as many as 38 state.

It is quite a job to plan such a huge event and involves the cooperation of many people. In 1966, extras not usually found at state parks included everything from supermarkets to 24-hour, on-site service by ambulances and fire trucks. Entire operations were coordinated through an elaborate communications network, set up and operated by Civil Defense and 125 CB volunteers. And everything ran smoothly.

The 1967 Campvention at Prince Gallitzin will undoubtedly surpass all others. Sites for 2,125 families at Kansas amounted to well over 9,000 campers. Early reports reveal that sites at Prince Gallitzen will permit approximately 6,000 families!

Plans are progressing nicely. The General State Authority has awarded contracts to construct a water tower near the main "get-together". Campsites, streets and water lines have been laid out. One hundred twenty showers have been erected.

An N.C.H.A. parade complete with floats, tentatively set for July 13, will be held in Altoona, some 20 miles southeast of the park. Even the "no pets" ban, strictly enforced in all Pennsylvania parks, will be temporarily lifted for the week-long festivities. All in all, visitors should remember the 1967 campvention as one of the best.

Although the park will not be entirely completed for a year, visitors in the future will have a different reason to remember Prince Gallitzin. If all plans are pushed to reality, it could be one of the most elaborate state parks in the Eastern United States. After the convention is over, the park is scheduled to contain a normal 750-site campground. Beautiful Glendale Lake, covering over 1600 acres already offers fishing, boating and swimming.

When completed, the Park's most outstanding feature will be a 1,500-acre Conservation Area to be known as NATUREALM. Within a few hours a visitor can learn about present and past "uses and abuses of soils, waters, forests and wildlife." Also, according to a booklet called Naturealm, he can receive a basic introduction to the more important accomplishments and problems in resource management.

Present plans place Naturealm itself on a large peninsula of Glendale Lake, just about 200 feet above the water. Four state agencies—the Fish Commission, Game Commission, Soil Conservation Commission and the Department of

Forests and Waters—are preparing exhibits which show how the work of each department complements the work of the others.

An Auditorium-Museum Building is visualized to offer displays and slides of the park's conservation program. Special conservation lectures will be presented. Plans call for an aviary, trapper's cabin, water-powered mill, bird feeding station and snake display located nearby.

Outdoor exhibits can be reached by marked hiking trails. Those visitors who do not wish to walk may ride in small carts or rubber-tired trains. Even a Student Center complete with dormitories is planned to offer outdoor study programs for children ages 7 to 15.

Also in the works is a Natural Science Center, consisting of two buildings. A Pennsylvania Conservation Building is slated for the first structure. In addition to their outdoor exhibits, the four state agencies will each have a wing in the Conservation Building with indoor displays illustrating conservation principles.

For those interested in investigating further the part Earth plays in the Universe, the second building houses an Earth and Space Science Center. Plans for the Science Building include an observatory with an 18-foot dome with seats for 60 people, plus a planetarium with a 30-foot dome and seating 100.

Away from the day-use area, authorities visualize bait, salt licks and other lures to attract wildlife at the Nature Preserve. To benefit nature study students and wildlife photographers, underground tunnels will lead to observation posts with one-way glass. Nocturnal animals may be viewed by infra-red telescopes and special night lighting.

Among many plans of the Fish Commission, an Aquarium Building will give the visitor the impression of walking under water with fish swimming beside and above him. Tour boats with special glass holes and powerful lights will permit study of aquatic life above and below the surface of Glendale Lake.

There is no doubt that Prince Gallitzin will be crowded during the NCHA convention. But when the conservation aspects of this unique park are finished, it is destined to be one of the most heavily-visited state parks in the country—convention or not!



HEADS & TAILS

by DON SHINER

Here's something for the fisherman who would rather spend rainy days tinkering around the shop than on the stream.

If done right the end result may look good enough to leave you with the impression that some of your favorite literature was swallowed by a fish with a taste for something different.

A little patience and a few tools are all that's required, along with a good life-size photograph of your favorite fish.



The fish head and tail bookends present a novel way of holding your collection of Anglers and other fishing books.

First step is to laminate a photograph, magazine illustration or poster picture of a fish to a soft pine board.

When the glue is thoroughly dry, use a jig saw to cut along the head and tail outline.

Blocks of suitable size are cut for the base and upright support.

Assemble these with glue and wood screws. Carve holes into the base and fill with molten lead. Cover the underside of the base with felt.

Lastly, fasten the fish head and tail securely to the upright support. You'll like the finished bookends!



Want a nice set of book ends to hold your collection of ANGLER issues or books? Think a fishing buddy would like a set for his den?

Whatever the case, bookends, using a fish "head and tail" make novel and useful desk decorations.

The trout, used to decorate the book ends shown here, was made from a photograph. The husky brownie had been caught early in the summer and photographed against a white paper background. The sharp negative permitted the picture to be enlarged to nearly life size. However, in the absence of a clear cut photo of a trout or bass which you may have caught, thumb through back issues of the ANGLER or other publications for a good picture of a fish. Perhaps a poster with a nice trout painting decorating a card of spinning lures is available at the local sports shop. Whatever is used—photograph, magazine illustration, or poster—paste the picture to a soft pine block of wood. Wait until the glue cures thoroughly and make certain the edges are bonded securely. Then use a jig saw to cut along the outline of the fish's head and tail.

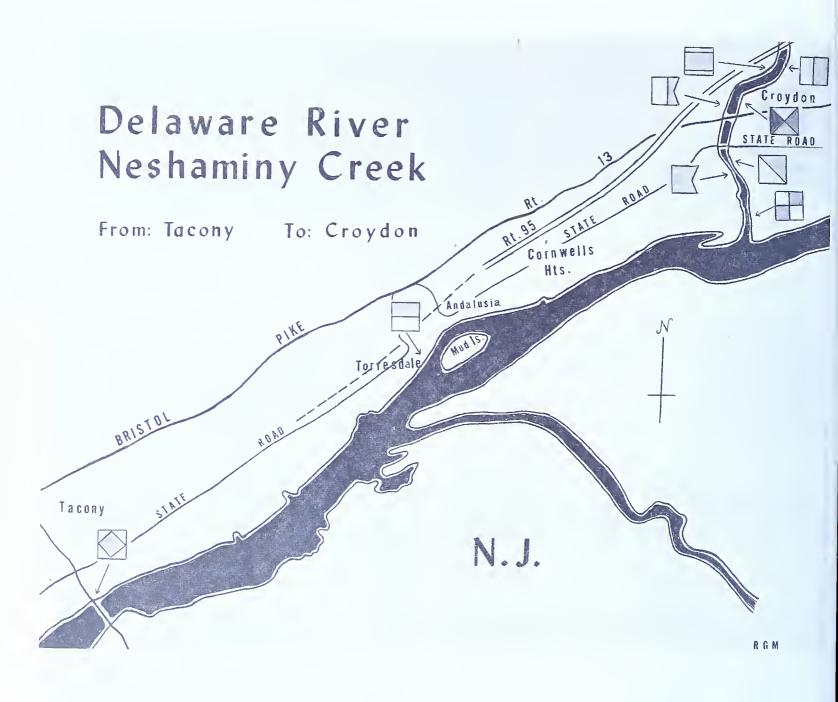
The laminated head and tail are next fastened permanently to a four by five-inch board to form the upright book support. Later a base, of the same size, is attached to this upright board. This base, however, should be weighted. Do this by cutting deep grooves or holes into the wood. Then fill with molten lead. When the lead cools, cover the under side with felt or similar material.

Finish the book ends to your taste. That is, use some appropriate color of enamel for the base and back support. Varnish for a natural appearance. This is especially attractive if the wood has numerous solid knots or an unusually striking or picturesque grain structure.

These "head and tail" book ends are fine conversational pieces. They will demand discussions among friends about past fishing experiences. The bookends become especially meaningful when the fish is an actual photograph of a fish you caught. It is a method of preserving the fish, without having it mounted on a walnut plaque.







BOATING

DIRECTORY OF
PENNSYLVANIA MARINAS
ACCESS AREAS
AND
BOAT RENTAL FACILITIES

with ROBERT G. MILLER

This month's sketch concerns that section of the Delaware River, from the Tacony-Palmyra bridge on up past Mud Island to the mouth of the Neshaminy Creek on which can be found several marinas and boat yards.

There is, as the name implies, a difference between a marina and a boat yard. Actually the latter is usually a storage area, either on water or on land, which provides no other services and has no equipment for launching or hauling pleasure craft. Facilities available in this area include the following:



The Charles Weidman marina, immediately adjacent to the Tacony-Palmyra bridge, at the foot of Levick Street. Fee \$2.50 for launching and hauling pleasure craft up to 16 feet in

length and anything over, which requires a double lift, the fee is 25 cents per foot. Also on water storage, boating accessories, boat and engine repairs, refreshments. Telephone MA 4-3100.



Philadelphia municipal ramp at Linden Avenue and 9100 N. Delaware Ave. Concrete ramp, large enough to accommodate five boats and trailers at one time, with adjacent

parking lot. No charge.

Note: The following Neshaminy Creek facilities in the Bridgewater, Croydon Park, Croydon Heights and Croydon areas, can be readily reached via State Road.



Lane's Landing, located off Bridgewater Road, south of Rt. 13. Provides space for a few boats on mooring.



Sunnyside boat yard, west side of the Neshaminy, north of Rt. 13 off Bridgewater Road.



Bridgewater yard, north of Sunnyside, near Rt. 95. On water storage available.



Bradley Boat Basin, near the mouth of the Neshaminy, owned and operated by Francis Bradley. Water and land storage for craft up to 30 feet. Ramp and crane, gasoline and oil,

refreshments, accessories and repairs. No boat rental nor livebait. Telephone: ST 8-8665.



Seyfert & Wright boat yard, T. Montgomery, Jr., owner and operator, and perhaps the oldest marina in the area dating back to about 1905. Has railway capable of handling craft up to

55 feet, gasoline and oil, boat sales, accessories and repairs. Located just south of State Road. Telephone ST 8-2951.



Snug Harbor, Walter Thomas, owner and operator, above Rt. 13. Has ramp, cranes and railway capable of handling up to 30 to 40 foot craft. Also provides gasoline and oil.

Can handle about 150 boats with on water and winter storage. Snack bar. Telephone: ST 8-3579.



Delaware Valley Marina Inc., off Neshaminy Road, operated by Frank Malone. Located north of Rt. 13, it has land and on water storage, slips, cranes, boat and motor sales,

along with gasoline and oil. Telephone ST 8-8081.



FITTING DEDICATION-

Senator Albert Pechan was the main speaker at dedication ceremonies at the Pennsylvania Fish Commission's Kyle Lake on February 18th. The dedication took place after the annual Ice Fishing Rodeo sponsored by the Jefferson County Federation of Sportsmen's Clubs.

—District Worden JAMES F. DONAHUE (Jefferson).

LUCKY PAIR-

■ Ice conditions can vary greatly, even on the same body of water that has been covered for some time. The 900acre Conneaut Lake located in Crawford County boasts some of the finest bluegill fishing through the ice. This lake had been covered for over two weeks and fishing had been going on at the north end when the warm spell began with temperatures in the 60's and warm rains. The fisherman count at the north end was sixty-plus and the catch fair to good when two lads decided to take a trip down the lake to another area. Some distance away they both went through the ice but fortunately got out. The north end still had six inches of ice at the time, but it had also frozen over a week before the rest of the lake. Use caution and rely on good information to keep your winter fishing safe,—District Worden THOMAS L. CLARK (Crawford).

CITATION WINNERS?

■ During January in the Allegheny River some great catches of muskellunge and walleye were taken. One week there were ten 'lunge taken in one area, the largest a 25 lb., 44 in. one. And during this same week a 27 in. walleye was taken that tipped the scales at 7½ lbs. At the same time several northern pike were taken in the 20-inch class. Jigs and minnows seem to be the most popular bait.—District Warden KENNETH G. COREY (Warren).

MORE TROUT!

■ Clifford Sidelinger, a Deputy Game Protector and ardent fisherman, returned from Wyoming with an antelope and a mule deer this past fall. On January 19th, a game dinner was served for 130 persons at the Polish Sharpshooters Club. Cliff's father was the head chef and mother the assistant to the chef, along with Cliff and his two brothers Bill and Ed as head waiters, backed up by the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Erie County Sportsmen's League. Robert Hetz, treasurer for the 3 CU Cooperative Nursery, received a check for \$167.00 which was the

profit from this meal. This money will be well used to construct two additional rainbow trout nurseries on feeder streams to Lake Erie to augment the nursery that was established last summer on a feeder stream to Trout Run.—District Warden NORMAN E. ELY (Erie).

COMBINED EFFORT

While conducting a survey of nonresident fishermen recently, it was very encouraging to talk with an officer from a Sportsmen's Club in New York. While discussing Pennsylvania fishing and other Fish Commission programs, this sportsman offered his help on a stream improvement project that is planned for the county. He mentioned that members of his club would be interested in this type project, also he would like to invite me to one of their meetings. I'm sure that with the help of Pennsylvania sportsmen and New York sportsmen our project will be a success this summer.—District Warden RICHARD R. ROBERTS (Susquehanna).

PRETTY GOOD FISHING!

They were catching some lunker largemouth bass and pickerel in my district as the extended winter season on



"And here's this matter of the four foot pike that was only two feet . . ."

STREAM NOTES Cont.

these species drew to a close. I checked and measured a 24-inch pickerel on Nigger Pond. They were catching pickerel in this same class from Stevens Lake also. I had a report of two men who each took their creel limit of largemouth bass from Chamberlain Pond. One man had a total of thirteen pounds of bass. The other had a total of sixteen pounds. This, I would say, is pretty good fishing.—District Warden STEPHEN A. SHABBICK (Wyoming).

EARLY BIRD

■ While driving up Medix Run after stocking trout, Warden Stanley Hastings and myself observed a robin. This was February 25th, the temperature was 5° above zero with winds blowing about 25 MPH.—District Warden BERNARD D. AMBROSE (Elk).

NATURE'S BALANCE

■ While patrolling a lake in Pike County that has been producing a lot of exceptionally nice largemouth bass and pickerel this ice fishing season, I observed another fisherman attempting to help keep the lake in balance, it was an otter and I watched him catch and eat two perch and a large shiner. The human fisherman that I see fishing this lake just keep the bass and pickerel and throw the perch back in. Maybe they should take a lesson from the otter.—District Warden JOSEPH E. BARTLEY (Pike).

GETTING STARTED

■ The Tobyhanna Conservation Association, with 15 members, has built two cooperative trout nurseries and they are to receive their first fingerling trout this year. This organization with its small membership should set an example for many clubs to follow. Hats off to the Tobyhanna Club.—District Worden WALTER J. BURKHART (Monroe).

UNEXPECTED CATCH

■ While patrolling Keen Pond one Sunday in February, two men from the Waymart area caught a large eel fishing through a hole in the ice using a tip-up baited with a minnow. It measured 34 inches.—District Warden HARLAND REYNOLDS (Wayne).

ALLEGHENY ACTION

The past winter was one of the most successful seasons I have ever witnessed with many citation fish being caught. The largest muskellunge was a 44-incher. A walleye 31½-inches was taken from the Allegheny River also, plus many others in the big fish class. The number of fishermen has doubled in the last few years and even when the weather was down to zero a few hardy souls could be found.—District Warden KENNETH G. COREY (Warren).

OF COURSE

■ When the Pennsylvania Fish Commission purchased the Umbower farm and springs at Royer in Blair County, television and newspaper personnel were on hand. During an interview with Executive Director Bielo, one asked if there was a spring on the farm? Mr. Bielo quickly answered that there had better be or someone was in trouble as this was the only reason the Commission would be interested in buying a farm.—District Worden CLOYD W. HOLLEN (Blair).

SUCCESSFUL METHOD

■ If you're planning on fishing for trout in any of the larger streams in the Commonwealth early in the season and prefer flies try this method. For the fly, a large grey hackle, peacock body weighted with fuse wire to get it to the bottom. Use a weighted line to further the depth, fish it slow and drifting through the deeper holes and strike lightly at the slightest resistance. Many of the fly fishermen in this area use this method the first few weeks and have had outstanding success.—District Warden THOMAS L. CLARK (Crawford).

A TURN FOR THE BETTER

■ On February 24, 1952, four boys were apprehended on a small stream that flows into Shawnee Lake. The boys had in their possession about fifty pickerel. They had taken the fish by clubbing and stoning. They were twelve, nine and two were eleven. Today two of the boys are in the service and on the 24th of February, 1967, I received a letter from one asking me to send him a copy of the PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER. I wonder if he recalls fifteen years ago. Furthermore, at one of the Fish Commission's schools, February 26th at Bedford Elks, one of the other boys helped with the schools. He is now a school teacher.—District Warden WILLIAM E. McILNAY (Bedford & Fulton).

NEXT YEAR?

■ The fishing schools being conducted in the district are generating a great deal of interest in fishing and Fish Commission programs. Attendance at the 1967 schools has just about tripled that of 1966.—District Warden RICHARD OWENS (Mifflin & Juniata).

AGE, WEATHER NO BARRIER

■ On February 10 I started the first fishing school in Allegheny County at the Allegheny Valley YMCA in Tarentum. The public response was tremendous and people attended from such places as Oakdale, McDonald, and Apollo with driving distances of fifty to sixty miles one way. On graduation night, February 24, despite snow and freezing temperatures, 121 individuals received their diplomas. The youngest in attendance was a five year old boy and the eldest was a gentleman 83 who was most

STREAM NOTES Cont.

attentive and enthusiastic throughout the entire school.— District Worden PAUL R. SOWERS (Allegheny & Beaver).

SPORTSMEN?

While contacting landowners along some of the trout streams in my district I heard many stories, some good, some bad, about sportsmen. It seems many sportsmen do not realize the property owner is sharing his land with them when they fish or hunt there. He is not obligated to keep it open. Fences have been cut, gates broken or left open, and some have littering problems. After hearing of these incidents it is a wonder that we still have so many landowners allowing others to use their land.—District Warden RAYMOND HOOVER (Tioga).

HUNGRY SUCKERS

While running a creel census at Lyman Run Lake I was surprised at the number of suckers that were caught on meal worms. In fact, I think more were taken on meal worms than on the garden variety. I'm convinced that it takes as much to feed suckers as it does to feed trout and that they both eat the same foods.—District Warden KENNETH ALEY (Potter).

WEATHER HELPS?

The weather has a great bearing on how fish feed. During the winter I observed that the brown trout feed in the most severe weather. The colder and worst weather produced the most brown trout. On mild days they were more or less dormant. During the mild weather the rainbows seemed to feed the best and in severe weather were dormant. While on the other hand brook trout would feed regardless of weather conditions. In fact, more brook trout were taken than any other species of trout by the ice fisherman.—District Warden KENNETH ALEY (Potter).

HARD WORKER!

■ Recently during an ANGLER subscription sales promotion, James P. Pence a special fish warden acting in the dual capacity of patrolling for infractions and selling ANGLER subscriptions, had a nasty fall on the ice in his respective county. Consequently he needed numerous stitches and spent the next seven days in the hospital. Upon visiting him, I found him to be slightly dazed, but sitting up in bed trying earnestly to sell a very pretty nurse (who claimed that she had never fished) a subscription to the PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER. Gentlemen, I say to you, this is loyalty.—District Worden SAMUEL W. HALL (Lancaster-Lebanon).

INCREASING CROWDS

■ Attendance at the "Fundamentals of Fishing" schools presented by the Fish Commission has been exceptionally good this year. In the Huntingdon-Lewistown area crowds have more than doubled with more than fifty percent of those in attendance being in the ten to fifteen year old age group.—District Worden JAMES T. VALENTINE (Huntingdon-Fulton).

EXPENSIVE TRIP

Mr. Russell "Buzzy" Heycock of Camp Hill, an avid fallfish fisherman and small game hunter, found a recent warm spell the golden opportunity to pursue his favorite sports of fishing and crow hunting. He took his wife's pet dog along for company. Everything was going well for Buzzy as fish were biting and crows flying, until nature called. As he was contemplating on retiring to a nearby thicket to answer the call, he felt he should remove his line and bait from the stream. Upon his return he found the dog had eaten the cheese on the hook he had been using for bait and the family pet had the cheese, hook and line firmly down its throat. Buzzy had to cut off the leader, remove the dog to a Vet, explain to his wife, and make settlement to the tune of \$55 for the operation and care by the Vet .- District Worden PERRY D. HEATH (Cumberland-Perry).

COLD WORK

■ Stocking fish in freezing conditions has a few added headaches as truck driver Rossman of Bellefonte can tell you. All six compartments of his truck were securely frozen shut and had to be chopped open before any fish could be stocked and when the truck was empty all the discharge valves were frozen and we were unable to drain the compartments to get all the fish out. After some pounding we managed to open 3 valves and Rossman was sent on his way with 3 tanks of water still aboard.—District Warden STANLEY G. HASTINGS (Cameron).



"No, you may not go out and listen to your father start the motor!"



A FISHING FEATURE FOR FISHERMEN -

---- FROM FISHERMEN



SALESMAN Pat Pacilli af Franklin had to get up early ta haok these nice walleye. They were caught in the Allegheny River by Pacilli early marnings before he went to work. They were: 26 inches, 7 lbs., 25 inches, 6½ lbs., and 22 inches, 3 lbs. He took 14 walleye and two muskies all in ane week fishing early marnings with water.

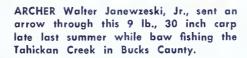


SCOTT BRUIZZI, 14, nailed this nice 17 inch brownie in the flood control channel which runs through his home tawn of Couderspart. He fished far it for several weeks befare success came.



FISHERMAN Thamas Grantz af Allentown caught the twa pickerel (abave) in Pike Caunty's Lake Maskenozha. They measured 27 and 22 inches.

USING ULTRALIGHT equipment, angler Rege Demay of Sharan still managed ta land this nice 38 inch, 14 paund musky fram Pymatuning Lake last April. He also caught a cauple athers about the same size within the same two week period.

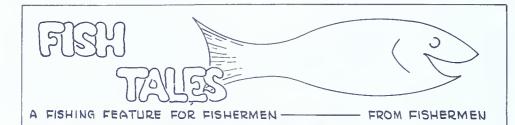




WE LIKE PEOPLE -

That's why we'd like you to make sure you're part of the picture when you send pictures to FISH TALES. The way we laok at it the fisherman is as impartant as the fish, far if it wasn't for the fisherman the fish wauldn't have been caught. Make sense? Please include your name, mailing address, species of fish, where, when and haw caught as well as weight and length when sending pictures to FISH TALES, THE PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER, THE PENNSYLVANIA FISH COMMISSION, HARRISBURG, PENNSYLVANIA 17120

SIX POUND, 27 inch brawnie was caught by fisherman Bill Breindel of St. Marys last vear on the West Branch of the Clarian near Wilcox. The big brown trout fell ta the temptatian of a nightcrawler.





IT'S WARMER now but last winter's cold didn't keep Warren Fields, Albion, from ice fishing on Misery Bay, Presque Isle, Erie. Here he holds a small perch, one of his favorites for catching.

GLENSHAW fisherman Chuck Halli pulled this 22 inch brown trout from Freeman Run near the old Austin Dam in Potter County last summer. It went for a nightcrawler.

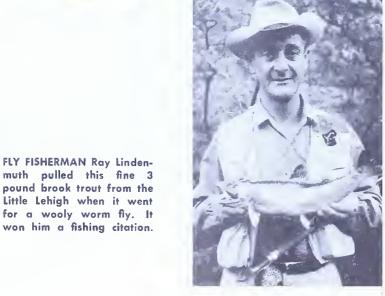




HARVEY'S LAKE surrendered this 17½ inch rainbow to fisherman David Zurmski, Luzerne last winter. Fish warden Jim Yoder took the picture while patrolling the lake.

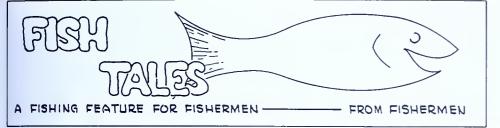


EDWARD ROBSON, McDonald, caught these large trout at Alcoa Dam near Canonsburg. They measured 24½ inches and 21 inches and weighed 6 and 4 pounds respectively.





PENNSYLVANIA?—Nopel This is the last horseback fisherman from East Dunkirk in Belgium riding through the sea to catch cockles. He draws a long stell rod with the fishing net trailing behind into the seas. Marcel Pieters, the rider, steers the horse as he sits in the saddle with a large basket attached to each side. He rides the waves following the coast for half a mile or so before he comes ashore with his catch. On the sands some women wait to sort the fish and take them to market. Any ideas?







RIGHT—FRANK SCHULER, Easton, caught this beautiful 23 inch, nearly 7 pound smallmouth bass while spinning a minnow on Foul Rift in Northampton County.

LEFT—LADY ANGLERS Mrs. R. O. Trimble and Mrs. E. E. Barnhart, both of Johnstown, caught all these walleye in Somerset Lake some time ago. The fish measured 26½ inches, 21½ inches, 19½ inches, 18 inches, and 16½ inches.



THIS 20 INCH smallmouth bass caught by Henry L. Gross of Harrisburg, came from the Juniata River in Perry County. It weighed 4 pounds.

LEFT—BRADFORD COUNTY'S Brenchley's Pond was where fisherman Edward M. Lenio of Wilkes-Barre, caught this nice largemouth bass. It measured 24½ inches and weighed nearly 8½ pounds.





ROBERT SCHEETZ caught this 16 inch black crappie in Lake Wallenpaupack late last summer. He was fishing a minnow with a fly rod when he hooked the 2 pound fish.

BULLHEAD caught by Ray Janowski in the Allegheny River in Armstrong County measured 20 inches and weighed 3¾ pounds. It netted him a Pennsylvania Angler citation.

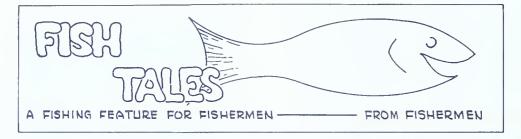




A GRASSHOPPER proved fatal for this 21½ inch smallmouth bass last summer when angler Rick Robb appeared on Shawnee Creek in Bedford County. It weighed 4½ pounds.

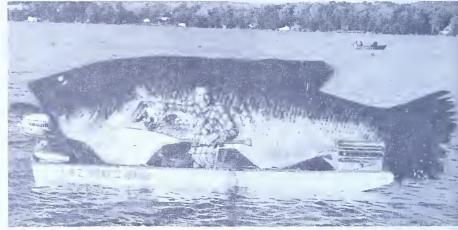
BELOW—CHESTER COUNTY'S French Creek produced this nearly 20 inch brown trout for angler Bernard Sendtron of Philadelphia. It weighed 3 pounds.





SOMETHING'S FISHY—At least that's the way it laaks, but then maybe Hank Rabinsan af Archbald really did catch such a big bass, anly we dan't understand why the baat daesn't sink. Actually the truth of the matter is that Rabinson did a little trick camera wark. The bass really measured 22 inches and was caught in Crystal Lake in Lackawanna Caunty last





LEFT-ROBERT LUDWIG, Selinsgrave, caught this 2134 inch smallmouth bass in the Susquehanna River in Northumberland Caunty. It earned him a Pennsylvania Angler fishing citatian.



Carp Chowder

Time

Temperature - slow boil for - 40 minutes

> 2 pounds of carp 1/3 pound salt pork

6 medium-size potatoes

1 medium-size can tomatoes

2 medium-size onions, sliced

large sweet pepper, minced salt, pepper, paprika

Skin and clean the fish. Cut into two-inch pieces. Cut pork in half inch slices. Sprinkle a little pork in bottom of an iron kettle. Cover with a layer of fish, potatoes, tomatoes and part of the onions and pepper. Season. Repeat procedure until all of the ingredients arc used. Cover with cold water and boil slowly as directed.

Savory Fish Hash

2 cupfuls flaked cooked carp

6 small link sausages

3 cups diced cooked potatoes

1 coarse chopped apple

½ teaspoon salt

2 small boiled beets juice of ½ lemon

1 tablespoon minced watercress

Fry sausages and drain. Pour off half of the fat. Mix the potato and apple in a frying pan, season with salt and pepper, and stir until thoroughly heated. Then add the fish and cook slowly until browned, adding more fat if necessary. Place on hot platter, sprinkle with lemon juice and garnish with the sausages, sliced beets and watercress.

CINDY PUGH, 10, of Dixonville caught this nice 211/4 inch, nearly 4 pound, brawn traut just abaut a year ago in Indiana County using a 7 foot spinning rad and a nightcrawler.





HOOKING LIVE BAIT

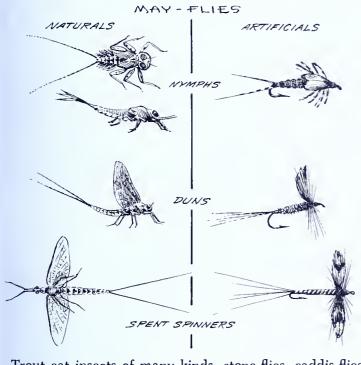
by C. Boyd Pfeiffer

Worms and minnows can be among the slipperiest things known to man when you are trying to put them on a hook. Usually, what should be a simple operation turns into a major project resulting only in lost fishing time. And sometimes you end up with your bait hooked in some part of its anatomy other than where you originally intended.

Sure, there are special gloves, nets, and scoops to make minnow baiting easy but there is no real solution for hooking a night crawler. Well, yes, there is one. Carry a bit of ordinary sand with you and dip your fingers in it before picking up the worm. Either wet or dry, enough sand will adhere to you and the worm to give you a good grip. The sand can be carried in a bait box, a small separate plastic bag, or as a fine layer poured in the bottom of your minnow bucket. Whenever you use live bait, you'll find that this is a time saving idea. And it works well with any of the slippery creatures-worms, minnows, salamanders, or frogs.



GET TO KNOW THE MAY-FLY



Trout eat insects of many kinds—stone-flies, caddis-flies, fish flies, midges, crane-flies, and others—but in most waters may-flies are their chief food. Since trout usually refuse artificial flies that don't resemble what they've been feeding on, the would-be fly fisherman should know enough about may-flies to provide a good imitation,

The adult may-fly is easy to identify. The different species vary greatly in size and color, but all have upright wings that are pressed together. The abdomen is rather long, usually curves upward, and terminates in two or three long, hair-like tails.

May-fly eggs produce strange little nymphs that live underwater for up to three years. Some stay in the mud, some under rocks, and others dart about in the water.

When nearing maturity—usually in the springtime or early summer—the nymph swims to the surface. There the skin splits down the back, and out crawls a completely different insect. Its crumpled wings soon stand erect, and it is easily recognized as a may-fly. At this stage it is called a "dun".

After resting for a time on the water's surface the duns fly to nearby trees and bushes. There they wait for several hours or several days, depending upon the species, for their skins to split again. This time the mature insect emerges, a beautiful creature with glassy wings and very long tails and forelegs. It is now known as a "spinner."

In the late afternoon or evening the spinners fly out over the water to find mates, sometimes in such great numbers that their flight resembles a snowstorm. After the eggs are dropped into the stream or lake the adults fall to the water with wings outstretched and die.

When you see fish feeding on duns floating on the surface the obvious thing to try is a dry fly that matches the duns as closely as possible in size and color. But be sure the fish are actually feeding on the duns, and not on rising nymphs just under the surface. If that is the case you'll need a nymph or wet fly to coax a strike out of them. After the mating flight the dying spinners are best imitated by a spent-wing dry fly.

When there's no surface activity at all trout can often be caught by fishing a nymph or wet fly that imitates the may-flies that would normally emerge at that time of the season. Try all depths, from bottom to just beneath the surface. If you don't get results by merely letting the fly drift along, try casting across the current. As it swings downstream the tightening line will cause it to ascend, much like a nymph coming to the surface to shed its skin. Dry flies are usually allowed to drift naturally, but occasionally trout can be made to strike by twitching the fly across the surface, or by bouncing and skipping it over rough water, like a newly-shed dun trying to take off.

Study the may-fly—the nymph, dun, and spinner. By copying its actions you'll put more trout in your landing net.

THE DRUMMER

During May the fisherman along Pennsylvania's mountain streams often hears a strange, thumping sound coming from deep in the woods. Beginning with slow, measured beats, it accelerates generally to end in a muffled roar.



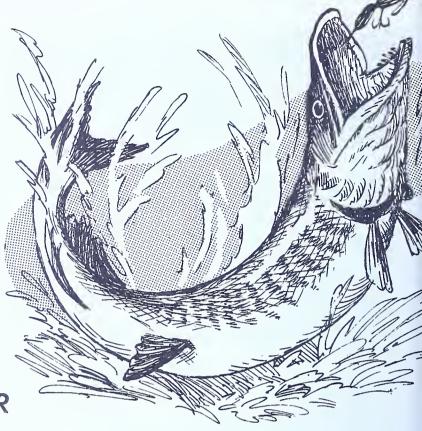
This is the drumming of the male ruffed grouse, intended to attract a mate and to warn other males to stay out of his neck of the woods. Perched upright on a log, the bird beats the air with his wings to produce the weird sound. If the fishing is poor you might try to sneak a look, but the drummer is so shy it's hard to catch him in the act.

A Tiger—

ON YOUR LINE

MAY BE A

PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER



Citation — ON YOUR WALL!

GET FISHIN'!

MINIMUM CITATION SIZES:

The Editor-Pennsylvania Angler

Species of Minimum Length Species of Minimum Length Species of Minimum Length Fish in Inches Fish in Inches Fish in Inches American Shad 25 in. 30 in. Northern Pike 36 in. Bluegill 11 in. Crappies (includes black Rainbow Trout 27 in. 15 in. Brook Trout 17 In. and white) Rock Bass 11 in. Brown Trout 40 in. 28 in. Sheepshead 25 in. Bullhead 15 in. Falltish 18 in. Smallmouth Bass 20 in. Carp 36 in. Lake Trout 30 in. Walleye 30 in. Chain Pickerel 25 in. Largemouth Bass 23 in. Yellow Perch 14 In. Muskellunge 45 in.

APPLICATION FOR PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER FISHING CITATION

Pennsylvania Fish Commission, Harrisburg, Pa.

Please send me the Pennsylvania Angler Magazine's Fishing Citation with the inscribed data listed below:

Name (please print)

Address

Species

Length

Weight

Type of Tackle

Bait or Lure Used

Where Caught

Measured and Weighed by

Date CaughtCatch Witnessed by

RULES:

Fish must be caught in Pennsylvania public waters by legal methods during seasons open for the taking of the species involved.

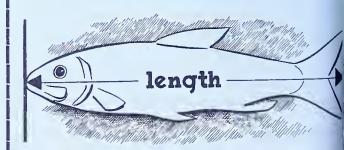
Fish must be measured, weighed and recorded by fishing license issuing agent or tackle store within the state by the owner, manager, or an authorized agent of the respective establishment.

Photographs are desirable as further proof of catch but are not required.

Non-residents as well as residents are eligible for citations if fish are caught under the above conditions.

Only fishing citation applications received within 90 days from date of catch will be honored.

HOW TO MEASURE:





PENNSYLVANIA FISH COMMISSION DIRECTORY

EXECUTIVE OFFICE

ROBERT J. BIELO Executive Director

GORDON TREMBLEY
Assistant Executive Director
Fisheries

EDWARD R. THARP
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Pennsylvania Angler

Published Monthly by the

PENNSYLVANIA FISH COMMISSION COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA

Raymond P. Shafer, Governor



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JUNE, 1967



VOL. 36, NO. (

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POSTMASTER: All 3579 forms to be returned to Dunlap Printing Co., Inc., Cherry and Juniper Sts., Philadelphia, Pa. 19107.

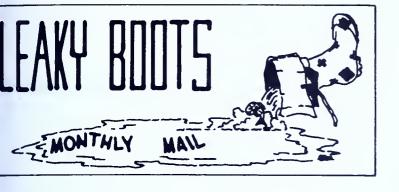
The PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER is published monthly by the Pennsylvania Fish Commission, South Office Building, Harrisburg, Pa. Subscription: One year—\$2.00; three years—\$5.00; 25 cents per single copy. Send check or money order payable to Pennsylvania Fish Commission. DO NOT SEND STAMPS. Individuals sending cash do so at their own risk. Change of address should reach us promptly. Furnish both old and new addresses. Second Class Postage paid at Harrisburg, Pa. Neither Publisher nor Editor will assume responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts or illustrations while in their possession or in transit. Permission to reprint will be given provided we receive marked copies and credit is given material or illustrations. Communications pertaining to manuscripts material or illustrations should be addressed to the Pennsylvania Fish Commission, Harrisburg, Pa. NOTICE: Subscriptions received and processed the 10th of each month will begin with the second month following.

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FISHING DUCKS

The following clipping from the Wayne Independent News-

paper could be amusing to you folks, too.

Blennes, France UPI—A court fined a farmer \$1.80 on Thursday because his three ducks went trout fishing out of season. Police said they found the ducks standing in the Orvanne River. Beside them on the bank lay six dead trout. They followed the birds home and ticketed the owner. The court turned down his pleas that the ducks did not know fishing regulations.

Again, I wish to thank Mr. Charles Herbster, Mr. Decker and the Y.W.C.A. for the most interesting program in fishing which was much too short a course for the interested folks.

Soon we all hope to enjoy and practice the teachings in the sport. Lackawanna County is a poor area with so few places available to free good fishing facilities.

Truly yours, Grace R. Swartz

AIRPOWER

We usually associate airplanes and fishing with the country (Canada) north of us. However, here in Bradford County we have some wild country and it is not too accessible by auto and even with a four wheel drive vehicle it makes you feel as though you just came out of a chiropractor's office. The area I speak of is Laquin, which is on the Schrader Branch and this is our best trout stream. We have a sportsman by the name of Martin Schaffer, who lives at Monroeton, and owns a plane. It takes Martin, eight min. from take off to sit down at Laquin. The last time I talked with Martin, was the extended trout season in October. He had his fishing rod, favorite grouse gun and was riding a bicycle beyond where he could fly his plane. He was going to have himself a ball, hunting mixed with fishing. Seeing him on the bicycle and thinking of the airplane, I stated to him, Martin you go from one extreme of transportation to the other. To this he grinned and replied, I guess you are right. No, Martin is not a fisherman who must catch fish to enjoy fishing. He enjoys the sport and is always eady to lend himself and equipment for stocking purposes. The last I saw Martin, was on New Year's Day, he had his four wheel drive truck loaded with two snow mobiles, trailer with airplane on it and he was headed for a hunting trip in

WILLARD G. PERSUN Bradford County

LIKES PENNSYLVANIA FISHING

Thank you gentleman for reminding me that my Angler subscription expires with the next issue. You are to be complimented on such a fine, informative and interesting magazine. Even though I am a resident of Ohio and a great lover of the out of doors, I think of all the sporting magazines on sale, enjoy yours the most when it comes to fishing. Maybe because I spend so much time in your state both fishing and hunting. It means a lot of miles and hours on the road but the reward is worth it. I spend many weekends in your state fishing from

spring to fall. And your magazine has lead me to some fine spots. And this past winter's articles will lead me to many more this year. I can't wait.

So my hat's off to you and thanks a lot for some fine reading and information. I look forward to every issue. Keep up the good work.

Sincerely,
A Fisherman
MR. CHARLES E. KOCHERT
Chesterland, Ohio

NEW JERSEY ENTHUSIASTS

Please send me any and all fishing literature on your great state and the card "Estimate the Weight of Your Catch in Pennsylvania".

Every Summer we visit with relatives for one week in Franklin on French Creek—near Utica, Pa. and we love it. I fish everyday on non-resident license and it's perfect. I would like to also have any information on other waters in that area.

Thank you for your cooperation.

Sincerely, Russ Drewes Fair Haven, N. J.

LITTLE SUCCESS BUT-LOTS OF FUN

After a rather late start in life (40 years) I began fishing last summer and have enjoyed it very much. The family (mother & 4 children) followed right along. Although we didn't catch anything spectacular we especially enjoyed the outdoors and the experience of doing something together. I also enjoy the "Pennsylvania Angler" very much. It has

I also enjoy the "Pennsylvania Angler" very much. It has something for the beginner and I'm sure the experts enjoy it also.

Being beginners we are not too familiar with the location of the various fishing streams and lakes in Pennsylvania. Can you tell me if there is a map or a series of maps available from the Fish Commission or some other department of the state that would give me this information? Any information you could give me along this line would be greatly appreciated.

Thank you very much.

Sincerely, Warren E. Elliott Irwin, Pennsylvania

NEEDS ADVICE

In the April 9, 1967 Philadelphia "The Sunday Bulletin", I read an article on fishing tips in which it was stated that the Pennsylvania Fish Commission is distributing "Billfold Fishing Tips" which give advice on fishing. I could certainly use any information available on this subject, as I have just started to fish with my husband and my son, and most of their advice seems to me to be incorrect, to say the least. I have caught nothing yet (but neither have they), and, as a native Pennsylvanian, I would love to be able to gloat a little and say that I caught my first fish as a result of the knowledge of the experts in my home state. . .

Yours very truly, HELEN L. COUCH (MRS. FRANK P. COUCH) Schenectady, New York

SOMETHING TO SAY?

If you have something you'd like to say about fish or fishing in Pennsylvania write a letter to LEAKY BOOTS, The Pennsylvania Angler, The Pennsylvania Fish Commission, Harrisburg, Pa. 17120.

WHY BASS STRIKE

AT ANYTHING .

USUALLY . . .

SOMETIMES . . .

by BILL WALSH



The Motivational Researchers, who can tell you why people do crazy things, would do fishermen a service by answering one question: why will a bass thumb his nose at a lure carefully designed to look like what he has for dinner every day and yet vehemently knock the heck out of some fan-dangled contraption that resembles nothing that ever swam, wriggled or crawled—or flew for that matter?

Like most fishermen I have subscribed, from time to time, to the theory that you offer a bass the kind of food he's accustomed to—or its reasonable facsimile. In Lake Erie, where I have hung a respectable number of small-mouths over the years, the lake chub is a standard teaser. Dealing with anything less inconstant than bass, you might even say it's foolproof.

Armed with a dozen active chubs and the sure knowledge that the bass were hitting, I went out trolling with the president of one of our local fishing clubs. He was also, apparently, the Chairman of the Committee on Bait Experimentation. Noting that he carried no bait bucket I assumed he was going to try a new artificial and concluded we'd probably break even before the day was over. We didn't though. He skunked me.

I hesitate to tell you that—some six hundred miles from the nearest saltwater—he hung six smallmouths between 2½ and 4½ pounds on frozen shrimp. It's enough to shake your faith in fish—and humanity as well.

Every bass fisherman has had similar experiences. Once in a stream that fairly teemed with crayfish, I spent the entire morning presenting the best plastic imitations of crawdads man has ever produced to the fish I knew were there. The exercise was great. Disgusted, I went upstream and caught some live crawdads. Returning to the best pool I frothed the water and the atmosphere with line, lure and invective for another hour—but fresh air was all I got for my trouble.

I concluded that maybe I needed to float 'em past the finicky noses of the fish and searched my box for a small bobber. I couldn't find one but discovered a medium



sized popping bug of yellow and green with a pair of gawd-awful looking deer hair "wings" that could serve as a float. I tied it on above the live craw and let 'er rip. Sure—the first float hung a three-pound smallmouth . . . on the bug. I took four more the same way inside of half an hour—in water where no sensible angler would be using popping bugs. But when you're dealing with bass you're not dealing with sensible fish. On the other hand, maybe a steady diet of crayfish—day in and day out—will make a popping bug look like a piece of apple pie.

Of course such thoughts are based on the notion that a bass strikes a lure because he wants to eat it. I doubt if there's a bass fisherman in the country who won't agree that at least half the strikes he gets on artificials are out of pure hard-headed cussedness. This is probably especially true in the case of most top-water hardware which seems to be designed more to produce fuss and commotion than resemblance to any natural article, despite the color schemes of frog and mouse.

I once took an unusual bass on one of those top-water juggernauts. The fish should have weighed about two pounds but easily tipped the scales at three—the extra pound accounted for when I opened him and out popped a dozen and a half hardshell crayfish, a frog, and three shiners. He couldn't have been hungry—nor could he have stuffed in my plug had it been edible. When he smacked it he was undoubtedly just displaying pure temper. Of course, with a gullet so full he might have been nursing indigestion, but I doubt it. A bass' digestive juices are said to be aggressive enough to dissolve a pair of pliers. Incidentally, he taught me something: that crayfish don't have to be in the softshell stage to get swallowed by a bass—although I don't use hardshells over three inches in length.

If bass prefer the most natural appearing baits, why is it that the black plastic nightcrawler outsells and outfishes the one in pink and white that looks so much like the real thing that robins will fight over them—at least for a minute or two? One of the most significant proving grounds for the deadliness of the black crawler has been the vast expanses of the St. Johns River in Florida. My son and I fished it between Big and Little Lake George me with a "natural" colored crawler and he with the pure black variety. It took only one morning's fishing to convert the old man—and the same story was repeated from boat to boat and guide to guide throughout the entire season.

The preference for black also holds up in Pennsylvania fee fishing lakes and farm ponds where largemouths are abundant. Yet Nature produces no such black worm—the closest thing being some of the smaller brook lampreys which do not occur in ponds.

The baffling bass peculiarity of unbounded optimism over the size of his innards was further demonstrated to me one day while muskie fishing with the local expert in this department. One of the "secrets" of his success is the lure he uses—a cow bell arrangement with double copper spinners and a long treble hook draped with alternating strips of black squirrel tail and white polar bear hair. The entire rigamarole measures a foot and a half and weighs more than a pound.

His technique is to anchor his boat inshore of the weed-bed line and cast beyond it—retrieving the weighty lure as rapidly as his fingers can turn the handle. We didn't catch any muskies. But he hooked and landed an 18-pound northern, a 4½-pound largemouth—and an

(continued on next page)



WHY BASS STRIKE -

(continued from page 3)

11-inch bass you'd swear was too small to wrap its jaws around those muskie-sized hooks. What he thought he'd do with that lure after he "caught" it is anybody's guess. Until some ichtyologist turns ichtypsychiatrist we'll never know. In the meantime, I've concluded that the more I learn about bass fishing, the less I know—and that the only "standard" rules indicate bass (with big or little mouths) to be most "unstandard" indeed. At least you can never say a bass lacks personality.

One of the most annoying habits a bass can get into is this business of following your lure right up to the boat then turning around and heading back into the depths from whence he came. Sometimes he varies this performance a bit by lingering at the spot where you lifted the lure from the water, impaling you with a kind of "spit in your eye" look of complete and utter disdain. It's enough that he won't bite. But when he adds this ocular insult to his lack of cooperation it's enough to make grown





men throw a hundred dollars worth of rod and reel at his disappearing tail fin.

When a friend calls you on the phone and says: "You'll never believe what I caught a seven-pound largemouth on today—a silver spoon and a banana peel!"—you begin to wonder. I believe him all right. I'd believe him if he told me an eight-inch bass had tried to swallow the prop on his outboard motor.

Until someone gets a bass to lie on a couch and reveal the innermost secrets of his complex and bewildering personality, no one will really know why he behaves as he does—passing up the lures (sometimes) that resemble his natural food—and smacking the daylights out of a piece of contrived nonsense. Meantime, I'll enjoy his antics wherever I find him; catching him on anything with hooks in it. If you're a bass fisherman, you will too.

TRY FISHING IN BATH TUB

A fishing plug is much like a naughty child when it misbehaves. Both should be corrected.

Few fishermen recognize the errant ways of certain lures, claim the fishing authorities at Mercury outboards, and as a result, they fail to sense the delicate balance between effective lure action and that which seems to flash "beware!"

Plugs go astray for numerous reasons. They take a beating when cast against rocky shores or snagged on underwater obstacles, and they also suffer damage when carelessly banged around in tackle boxes.

Unfortunately, the difference in action between a healthy plug or a crippled one may go unnoticed by the average angler . . . even when it doesn't catch fish.

Most difficulties can be remedied with a pair of long-nosed pliers and a few minutes of testing. On long winter evenings, the bathtub will serve as a good proving ground. Make slight adjustments and then test the action by pulling the plug through the water.

Remember, if a plug doesn't zig, zag, wiggle or nod exactly as it should, it won't eatch fish.

TAGGED!

Putting a little wire through a small plastic tag and giving it a few twists doesn't sound like much of a job.

And it isn't until you have nearly 20,000 of them to do and not much time or help. Then it becomes a big job.

Each spring the Pennsylvania Fish Commission tags a lot of fish as part of a state-wide program sponsored by a major corporation. But before the fish are tagged the wires which hold the tags to the fish must be attached to the tags.

It all sounds simple and actually now it is. As with just about everything else automation has moved in to ease the work load.

This year when faced with the gigantic task of hooking all those wires to all those tags the Research Division of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission contacted a small outfit that specializes in making small things.

After a few days engineer Ray Wilson with the help of Howard Armagast, of Campus Industries of State College came up with a gadget that speeded up the process and cut the costs of inserting and twisting the wire from about 12 cents each to seven.

What before took one man nearly a day to do now takes only about an hour.



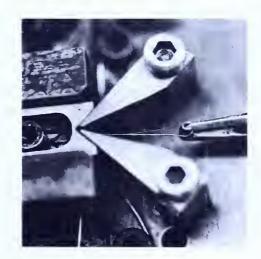
PROBLEM SOLVER Dick Stover stops to watch as machine operator Luke Emel wires the little tags shown below beside a standard size paper clip. The bottom three pictures show the wire being run through the tag and twisted by the machine. One operator can now make as many in an hour as one person could in a day, doing the work by hand.



PHOTOGAPHER









JUNE-1967



THE GOVERNOR GOES FISHING! OPENING DAY 1967

Each year the opening day of trout season is a big day for a lot of Pennsylvania fishermen but 1967 may be one of the most memorable. Unusually beautiful weather greeted fishermen throughout the state. An estimated half a million anglers turned out and catches for the most part were reported good. In fact the enthusiasm of opening day even caught Pennsylvania's new Governor. He too went fishing.

As dawn drifted into day thousands of Pennsylvania fishermen flocked to streams throughout the state to begin the 1967 summer season which opened April 15.

Many men, women, and children even waited during the night next to their favorite fishing hole—watching and waiting for the hands of their watches to creep around to the 5:00 a.m. starting time.

No one can tell for sure how many anglers turned out but official estimates made by Pennsylvania Fish Commission personnel put the total figure at half a million, up considerably over recent years.

Unlike a good many openings and probably one of the contributing factors for such a turnout was the weather. The day dawned bright, clear, and warm. Anglers bundled in heavy clothing soon stripped to shirtsleeves as misty streamsides and lakes began reflecting the shimmering sun.

by TOM EGGLER



PENNSYLVANIA'S GOVERNOR Roymond P. Shafer joins the crowd! Above-He fishes just obove the dom at Allenberry on the Yellow Breeches. Left-Bob McCormick, Special Assistant to the Governor, and o long time fishermon, stops to explain something about the fly he is using to the Governor. Below -"This is great" was the Governor's comment as he stood midstream fishing o smoll pool just below a dom. Stonding nearby is the Governor's guide and instructor Ed Shenk, deputy fish warden and first class fishermon.









ROUNDUP AT DAWN—Fishermen above really gong up on the trout os they circle oround o couple of hot holes. In the center a worm on a hook tokes the interest of a couple of fishermen. On the right fishermen line the shores and dot the woter with boots on populor Virgin Run Loke.

In fact even Pennsylvania's Governor Raymond P. Shafer was bitten by the fishing bug.

A novice trout fisherman, the Governor decided to give it a try.

He spent the night waiting for the opening bell near the "fly fishing only" stretch of the Yellow Breeches in Cumberland County.

No fly fisherman, the Governor showed up equipped in a new outfit and ready to learn.

Cumberland County district fish warden Perry Heath had made arrangements for one of his deputies—fly fisherman Ed Shenk—to show the Governor how to go about it.

"Where's my guide" and "what do I do now" were a couple of the first questions the Governor asked.

Fisherman Shenk stepped out of a gathering crowd and a short time later the Governor was standing hip high in the stream, doing a pretty good job of roll casting a small white maribou.

Other fishermen nearby watched for awhile and then turned back to their own fishing.

An hour later the Governor was still casting—without any fish to show for his work. Near the end of the second hour he hit one, lost it, and then hit another.

This one didn't get away! It turned out to be a ten inch rainbow.

"Beginners luck" someone yelled as the Governor held the netted fish high for photographers standing downstream below the small dam he had been fishing.

Wading ashore with a smile on his face he asked no one in particular "How's that for the first time out? I was starting to think I wasn't going to catch one."

But-like a lot of other anglers-he did have something to show for his efforts.

Perhaps he summed up the spirit of opening '67 best of all while standing midstream.

Throwing his head back to get a faceful of sun he shouted to someone nearby "This is great!"

SOMETHING FOR HIS EFFORTS—Pennsylvonio's Governor holds his first cotch high. He cought the 10 inch roinbow only a short time before he was scheduled to leave the stream and return to the office. Another he hooked broke free.





FLY MATERIAL?

NEW PLACE FOR PLASTICS

Traditionally fly bodies have been tied with chenille, yarn, dubbed fur, raffia grass, tinsel and several of the commercially prepared artificial body materials.

With a little time, patience, and experimentation the average fly tyer can add to his selection of body and wing materials by utilizing a variety of easily-obtained plastic, cellophane, and acetate materials so common in wrapping and packaging today.

These materials have a wide adaptability for the fly tyer because they are produced in a wide variety of weights and colors varying from transparency to translucency to opacity.

Since these materials do not absorb water, they are excellent cover material for the more absorbent yarn, fur, and chenille bodies and give dry flies more buoyancy. The transparent plastic can create the glossy appearance so common in many of the natural insects. Likewise the translucency of insect bodies can be achieved by using a translucent plastic.

At present I know of no fly tying supplier listing these materials for sale in a ready-to-tie offering. The tyer will have to reclaim his supply from the abundance of plastics and cellophanes which find their way into most homes in the form of cleaner's garment bags, bread wrappers, food packages, and the dozens of other items sold encased in these materials. Some of these materials, such as cello-

PHOTOGRAPH-JACK RODDICK

LEFT TO RIGHT—TOP—White cellophane wrapped flat over yellow wool body. Translucent plastic wrapped flat for wet fly body. Transparent plastic wrapped flat for streamer body. Twisted plastic garment bag wrapped for streamer body. BOTTOM—Transparent plastic wings on dry fly. Translucent plastic wings on dry fly. Bucktail streamer with plastic body wrapped flat over first layer of twisted plastic wrapping. (Garment bag weight)

by

CLARENCE GLESSNER

SHIPPENSBURG FLY FISHING CLUB

phane and acetate, can be purchased in sheets in a variety of colors. Acetate sheets, simply raw film, such as those used in preparing projection transparencies, are available in a wide variety of weights and colors.

Some preparation of these materials is necessary before they are ready to tie on a hook.

This preparation consists of cutting, shaping, twisting, and folding, depending on the particular utility they are to achieve in the specific fly being tied.

In my present stage of experimenting with these materials, I have found them useful only as body and wing materials. I have caught trout on streamers, dry flies, and traditional wet flies tied thus. These materials, likewise, seem to be adapted to any size hook, either as a cover for other materials (this helps to retain dry color appearance and create buoyancy) or as bodies and/or wings, when used exclusively with no other materials as under-filler.

Interesting body shapes and variations in pearliness can be achieved by tying in untwisted or loosely twisted strands.

Advantages of plastic bodies include more natural, permanent gloss bodies, traditionally-tied bodies waterproof to preserve color, possible impression of segmented bodies, and more natural pearl-like color of minnows.

LAST MONTH outdoor writer Charles Fox presented material about and by Theodore Gordon, highly respected fly fisherman of the past. This month Mr. Fox brings us some more of the material he has compiled while preparing a book about the famous fisherman.

by CHARLES FOX

THEODORE GORDON—

FAMOUS FLY FISHERMAN

(Continued From Last Month)

(Book Rights Reserved)

"Many of our insects differ greatly from those found in Great Britain, yet others are closely akin in color and size to English flies. All manufacturers have their own patterns, and considerable differences will often be noted in imitations which are named the same. We prefer to tie our own and like to think that we follow nature, but the longer one studies the insects, the less easily one is pleased with his counterfeits. We have been as much as two years at work before a pattern was really satisfactory, even though it killed trout. There is so much in the presentation of the fly and in keeping out of sight of the keen vision of the fish. Their eyes are practically their only protection, and they quickly detect movement, yet they cannot distinguish form as we do. They feel pretty safe in a large body of water, but during droughts and in the smaller class of streams, one must use great circumspection if he desires the larger fish. Again, the fishing of broken water, where the surface is disturbed by current, wind, or eddies, is usually much easier than taking trout from smooth calm water, which flows slowly, and has no great depth. We scare lots of trout in such places and seldom know it. It is most interesting to fish for the larger trout that have seen many baits and flies and have probably been hooked several times. One difficulty is to find them in position to feed and in the humor to do so, and the next is to place the fly softly, without splash, and so accurately that it will float over them naturally an inch or two to the right or left of the trout's nose. Of course when lying near the top of a pool they may come some distance and take quite a large fly. They are often ready for any food in such places, and the disturbed water covers any deficiencies in the fly, and to some extent its presentation."

"Anticipation plays a large part in the pleasures of fly-fishing, and there is really quite a lot of things to do. Rod and tackle must not be neglected until the last moment, and we must make good all deficiencies. There is much pleasure in inspecting the old stock of artificial flies and in buying or dressing new ones. Time flies fast always, and as the years pass, it seems to get away more and

more rapidly. We have not days enough in the week to do all that we wish or intend to do."

"Mr. Halford's refined patterns of sedges, brown ants, etc., are dressed with an enormous number of legs, and even the mayflies are heavily hackled to assist floatation, so we may hope that trout cannot count beyond the number six, the usual quantity of legs possessed by an insect. I have never found that the trout objected to surplus tails. I suspect that many of our floating flies would prove inefficient if many insects did not buzz when on the water, as some of the shop flies rejoice in an inordinate supply of hackles, resembling somewhat a miniature toothbrush."

"What a pity it is that G. S. Marryatt did not keep a diary, and that his letters do not seem to have been preserved. The loss to the lovers of the floating fly is very great, as he was not only a wonderful fisher but a man of remarkably attractive personality, judged by the few records we have of him."

"This gentleman manufactures nothing but these special leaders and claims to use only the very best gut that can be bought. He is very strong in faith in his theories, which are roughly something like the following: It is most important that the leader should harmonize and agree with the surroundings. If the sky is intensely blue and sun bright and warm, then the sky-blue leader is indicated. If there is much green grass and moss along the stream, a pale green one. The favorite color, however, which meets the needs of the angler is orange, none dark but shading from medium to light orange. This is on many days almost invisible to the fish. There is a whole lot to the business but the above covers the ground sufficiently for practical purposes. I mussed with the leaders but I was so accustomed to something very different that I could not bring myself to use them for the finest dry-fly works. It is almost impossible not to cherish small prejudices when one has been fishing with the fly all of his life (nearly). I wish the colored-leader man well." (continued on page 10)

THEODORE GORDON

(continued from page 9)

"The Au Sable, in Michigan, is fishing very well, as it now enjoys a special law which limits anglers to the use of the artificial fly. Consequently there are lots of trout for everyone, and some large fish are killed.

"Such a law as this would be of great benefit to all trout streams . . ."

"It seems to me that they (large sulphurs) are gone, as no angler has mentioned them recently. It seems to me that the appearance of all sorts of flies is becoming more irregular and uncertain in this part of our country. I feel inclined to go on a still hunt for a region where big streams are not so changeable."

(In reference to the limestone streams of Pennsylvania and the Castalia near Sandusky, Ohio, Theodore Gordon wrote:)

"There is much insect life in such spring waters, and they carry an enormous head of fish with anything like fair treatment.

"The rings made by rising fish seemed to dimple the water as far as one could see in the spring months, and during the evening rise every foot of water seemed to have its rising trout.

"Just think of it! Chalk stream fishing in America! Even long ago special flies of smaller size were made for one or two of these streams, and the colour of the natural in the water was of the first importance. There was just about enough current in the dams, and not many places in the shallows where there was too much."

"We are fond of all sorts of fishing, but fly-fishing for trout has been beloved. It is a passion that grows with the years, and we can never become indifferent to it, as we are always learning something that is interesting. As a sport it is possessed of infinite variety, but to get the best of it I fancy that we must confine ourselves to the use of the artificial fly. If the fish are not rising freely and we resort to bait of any kind, we lose faith and may never discover the uttermost possibilities in the artificial insect. There is always something to puzzle over and think about, and one solitary trout may defy us throughout a whole season."

"Fontinalis is a beauty, but I love fario quite as well."

"A few ultra dry-fly men may assume airs of superiority, but they are mostly good fellows. I have known none of them to kill too many trout. To be able to meet difficulties successfully, yet stick to the artificial fly in all trout waters, we feel that the American angler should thoroughly understand the dry, the wet, and the sunk fly."

"I sympathize particularly with the man who is devoted to the sport, yet has but a week or two to give to it, often during the worst portion of the season."

It was by design that excerpts chosen from the magazine writings of Theodore Gordon encompassed only the

last several years of his life. The reasons are two fold: first, it would be his most mature work and most advanced thought; and second, it might give a better idea of the nature of the unpublished book. Probably in his weakened and feverish condition he realized that he was entering the valley of the shadow of death. It is reported that he spat blood for the last three years of his life.

Gordon is responsible for so much of what we now have and so much of what we now do. He gave his all to angling. Were he here today he would reiterate: "Cast your fly with confidence." His belief was unbounded in direct imitation of the natural and the matching of the hatch. He brought thinking to its present-day status, this man ahead of his time.

The best known Gordian contribution was the policy to fish the water with a dry fly when there is no rise over which to fish. Possibly the most famous innovation should be the American concept to fish for sport and not for meat, which means return unharmed many of the caught fish.

The New Yorkers who cast in his afterglow have honored the memory of the patron saint by calling themselves, "The Theodore Gordon Fly Fishers Club." Their creed is, "Limit Your Kill Instead of Kill Your Limit." This has been printed in two colors in conjunction with an appropriate illustration on waterproof material for outdoor distribution by the members. Were Gordon here today he would be most appreciative of this. These posters adorn the thick trunks of streamside trees under which he loitered and under which he cast and they adorn the trunks of trees he never saw even as saplings. Distribution is good.

With the exception of his fatal illness and the unpublished book, both so disheartening, the Theodore Gordon story is a glory story, and another chapter in the unmatchable literary history of fly fishing for trout.



"THAT'S THE ONE THAT ATE MY PRIZE CATCH!"

WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA

SALVAGE SESSION

What do you do with a lakefull of fish when you want to empty the lake?

Harry Fiser, co-owner of a small lake on Lakeview Farms near Pittsburgh called The Pennsylvania Fish Commission. He wanted to draw down a small lake that had about 400 largemouth bass in it but he didn't want them to go to waste.

Mr. Fiser asked that the fish be taken to North Park Lake and the Youth Development Center Lake at Warrendale.

With the help of nine Pennsylvania Game Commission personnel we emptied the lake and the fish were transported to the other lakes.

Ranging in size from 12 to 16 inches the bass should provide some good fishing for someone. Three hundred went to North Park Lake, the rest to the Youth Development Center Lake.

by PAUL R. SOWERS

DISTRICT FISH WARDEN—ALLEGHENY COUNTY

photos by BILL COESTER
DEPUTY GAME PROTECTOR



ABOVE—DISTRICT WARDEN Paul Sowers of Allegheny County nets one of the nearly 400 largemouth bass taken from the lake at Lakeview Farms.

BELOW—ROUNDUP TIME! Netting of the bass was accomplished in this small pool just below the dike. Here Deputy Game Protectors and men from the Food and Cover Core of the Pennsylvania Game Commission help Fish Commission personnel with the project.



BELOW—ONE OF THE owners of Lakeview Farms, Harry Fiser, holds a large catfish taken during the netting. Watching are daughters Lynda and Joan.



MODERN CAMPING

SOUTHWESTERN PENNSYLVANIA

Camping in the southwestern section of Pennsylvania has left much to be desired. State parks near metropolitan Pittsburgh are jam-packed on summer weekends. Raccoon Creek, Crooked Creek, Keystone—even Shawnee State Park 95 miles to the east—are inundulated with city campers. In recent years, many people have adopted the policy of sending someone to set up camp through the week in order to insure having a family campsite for the weekend!

Good news comes at last. When present plans are completed, this corner of the state will have an outstanding network of nearly interlocking parks. To begin with, the existing park at Ohiopyle in Fayette County is being enlarged to become the largest state park in Pennsylvania. From that point northeastward, lands cresting Laurel Mountain will be incorporated into Laurel Ridge Conservation Area, reaching more than 50 miles to Conemaugh Gap.

Much of the land involved in the Laurel Ridge Park network is already in state parks, state forests, game lands and privately-owned conservation reserves. The majestic mountain ridge system may be created with the purchase of comparatively little additional property. Such a park or recreation area would "save a mountain" for the future enjoyment of all.

Maurice Goddard, Secretary of Pennsylvania Department of Forests and Waters said of Laurel Ridge: "It is destined to become the most spectacular public conservation resource in eastern United States. With its forests, park and game areas, it covers some of the most beautiful mountain lands in the state." We couldn't agree more with the secretary. Especially rewarding will be views along the 57-mile hiking trail between Conemaugh Valley and Ohiopyle.

The trail will wind through the ridge park system and transverse portions of Cambria, Fayette, Indiana, Somerset and Westmoreland Counties. Stopovers along the route will include the present Laurel Hill and Kooser State Parks. Besides the overnight hostels for backpackers, designated camping areas will be available at Laurel Hill and Ohiopyle State Parks.

The Ohiopyle region has long been known for its series of picturesque, cascading waterfalls of the Youghighenny River. Some of the many facilities at the proposed Ohiopyle State Park will include lakes for fishing, swimming and canoeing, nature trails, and, of course, well-planned camping areas. The 18,500-acre park will not only be Pennsylvania's largest, but the first acquired with Project 70 funds.

Businesses in the town of Ohiopyle and the present road will be relocated to restore the area of famed Cucumber Falls much as it was a century ago. All lands should be



acquired within the next three years. Additional facilities such as a ski slope and golf course will then be added. State officials contend that tourist revenue will boost economy to one of the most prosperous in the western end of Pennsylvania.

As was the case with McConnell's Mills and Moraine, much gratitude is again due the Western Pennsylvania Conservancy for their help in accumulating nearly 10,000 acres in the Ohiopyle region for state use. Another outstanding attraction in the area is "Fallingwater", home of the late Edgar Kaufmann. This noted structure, designed by the world-famous architect Frank Lloyd Wright, is now owned by the Conservancy. Tours of the premises are conducted for visitors.

Just south of the Ohiopyle complex is popular Youghighenny Reservoir, a federal flood control project. An estimated ten and a half tons of largemouth bass, northern pike, yellow perch and other fish are caught by anglers each year. The 2,172-acre lake with a 38-mile shoreline is a haven for boating enthusiasts. A boater-campground is available. Although campground facilities at present are primitive, increased usage may prompt improvement.

Much of the action in the French and Indian War took place throughout this region. Fort Necessity, seven miles west of Youghighenny Reservoir, has been preserved as a 339-acre National Battlefield. It contains a beautiful wooded camping area with 40 campsites. A stockade, storehouse and entrenchments have been reconstructed on the site of the old fort. Nearby are battlefields at Big Meadows and Jumonville as well as the grave of General Braddock.

This vast area of parks will offer something for everyone from the history buff to the naturalist, to the camper, the fisherman, the hunter. It is a welcome relief for one of the most recreationally-starved regions of Pennsylvania.

TRAVEL

TRAVELING THIS SUMMER

If you're making plans to do some traveling around the state this summer, make plans to at least "see" some fish whether or not you take time to catch any. Want more information? Write TRAVEL, THE PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER, THE PENNSYLVANIA FISH COMMISSION, HARRISBURG, PENNSYLVANIA 17120.



TRAVELER'S ATTRACTIONS

by

TOM EGGLER

STAFF WRITER—PHOTOGRAPHER

Summertime is travel time for a good many Pennsylvania folks.

Pennsylvania fishermen and their families may end up just about anywhere but for those who want to see the home state first there's a lot available.

For instance, footloose fishermen and their families can visit any one of seven hatcheries operated by the Pennsylvania Fish Commission or an eighth installation which serves as a research center.

And while mom and dad will get a big kick out of "seeing the fish" the children will enjoy it even more.

And best of all everyone is within at least half a day's drive of at least one of the hatcheries—all are open week-days from 8:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m.

Traveling fishing families may want to visit one or all of the following "Fish Cultural Stations" as they're called by professional culturists.

BELLEFONTE

Located in scenic Centre County the Bellefonte station produces both trout and warm water species. It is comprised of three separate units.

Located on Route 53 between Pleasant Gap and Bellefonte is the Pleasant Gap station, center for hatching of all trout raised in the Bellefonte complex. At the Pleasant Gap station is a special attraction. It's the beautiful albino brook trout on display there.

JUNE—1967





TRAVELER'S ATTRACTIONS—Cont.

The Pleasant Gap station also serves as headquarters for the Commission's Engineering Division as well as for the Superintendent of Hatcheries.

A second unit of the Bellefonte group is the Lower Spring Creek Station where most of the brood trout for the complex are held. This unit is probably best known for "Fisherman's Paradise" which flows through it. Each year thousands of fishermen visiting the area not only have a chance to "see the fish" but to catch some as well at this popular "fish-for-fun" area that's open all year. Regu-



TRAVELER'S ATTRACTIONS—Cont.

lations require that fish caught in the area must be returned to the water for the next angler's enjoyment.

About one mile upstream is the third station in the Bellefonte system—the Upper Spring Creek Station which serves mainly as a trout rearing unit although several thousand bass are propagated here each year.

REYNOLDSDALE

Located in Bedford County near the village of Reynoldsdale on U. S. Route 56 is one of the most compact and beautiful of the hatcheries. The Reynoldsdale station is primarily a center for trout production. Some largemouth bass and minnows are also raised here.

Visitors here can stroll among 127 ponds nestled in the countryside or visit the public aquarium display.

PLEASANT MOUNT

Up in the northeast corner of the state in Wayne County in the famous Pocono Mountains is the Pleasant Mount Station, center for both warm water species and trout. This is the place where the Kokanee Salmon (the fish that turns red in the fall) is produced. Warmwater species such as adult pickerel and bass are taken from either the 67 acre Hankins Pond or the 25 acre Douglas Pond for stocking in public waters.

The fisherman who happens to have his rod along may want to drive a few miles down the road to Upper Woods Pond, a scenic 80 acre lake noted for its good fishing.

HUNTSDALE

In the Cumberland valley in Cumberland County in the village of Huntsdale is the Huntsdale Station, presently

CONTINUED ON PAGE 24





WATER WATER EVERYWHERE— COMES MOSTLY FROM—

SPRINGS

by EUGENE R. SLATICK

In a time when it is fashionable to be interested in such things as rockets, LSD, and world politics, we are not likely to be moved by such an ordinary thing as a spring. Yet springs once had an air of mystery and magic that stimulated the imagination of many.

The early Greeks and Romans believed springs were provinces of Gods and nymphs. Some springs were believed to have magic healing powers, and offerings were thrown into them to help obtain cures.

As for the origin of springs, ideas varied. Some early philosophers thought springs originated in a cavern deep in the earth, and a spirit caused the water to rise to the surface. Others thought the water of a spring was formed by air condensing in cold ground. And still others believed that the earth itself changed into water.

Science dispelled these fascinating ideas in the 18th century. It told us springs are outlets for ground water, and that the ground water reservoir is replenished by seepage from rain, snow, streams, and lakes. It also revealed some interesting facts about springs.

By measuring the flow of springs it found that some are essentially underground rivers, with flows of hundreds of millions of gallons per day. Most springs, however, have daily flows measured in only thousands of gallons; many springs are no more than seeps. Pennsylvania's springs generally come within the "average" spring category, although there are a few large springs, such as at Bellefonte, where the flow has been measured in millions of gallons per day.

Springs usually fluctuate in their rate of flow; some may disappear during a drought.

The most familiar springs are the cold water springs we find hidden on mountain sides and in valleys. The temperature of these springs stays approximately the same all year and is about the same as the average air temperature of the area they are in. In Pennsylvania the average annual temperature is about 50° F., and so the temperature of cold springs averages about 50° F. The water stays at a relatively constant temperature because the earth

insulates it while it is underground. A short distance away from the spring the water is affected by the air temperature and it may freeze in the winter or become warmer in the summer.

Warm or hot springs are not common in Pennsylvania. In fact, the U. S. Geological Survey lists only one warm spring here: The Perry County Warm Spring, near Sherman Dale (14 miles northwest of Harrisburg). Its temperature is about 72° F. To be called warm or hot, spring water must be at least 15° F. higher than the average temperature of the area. In other words, it must be 15° F. higher than other springs.

Unlike warm or hot springs, mineral springs are relatively common in Pennsylvania. All spring water contains dissolved mineral matter, but only springs containing a large amount—at least 1½ ounces per gallon—are called mineral springs. If smaller amounts are present the water is commonly called "sweet." Mineral water may contain such minerals as sulfur, iron, magnesium, potassium, as well as carbon dioxide and other gases. The kind of minerals present depends on the type of rock the water flows through.

Mineral water has been used medicinally for centuries; books about it appeared in the early 1500's. Pennsylvania's mineral water has been used since the early 1800's. When mineral water is used as a curative, the kind of water (its mineral content) prescribed depends on the disorder.

Although water from mineral springs has therapeutic value if used under competent medical direction, it falls short of the wonders that would result from water from the Fountain of Youth. Of course, that spring is said to be a legend, a tantalizing dream. But such a spring really isn't entirely mythical, for scattered throughout the state—and not very far from your home—are springs that are the next best thing. They have the power to rejuvenate the spirit of a person who comes to them in a receptive mood.

Find a spring away from the noise and the crowds, and sit by it and ponder awhile. You'll probably feel a little better when you walk away.

THE COCKY KNIGHT NYMPH

by ALBERT GRETZ, JR.

Some say it's a wooly worm, others say it's a nymph and some say it doesn't look like much of anything, but for early and mid-season nymph fishing it's hard to beat. Such is the Cocky Knight Nymph.

I have tied and fished this pattern, since the late '40s and of all the patterns I carry (the number is staggering) it has produced more and larger trout than any other fly. The name Cocky Knight will send some of you to books of fly patterns, but it has little resemblance to the dainty dry fly that bears a similar name.

The Cocky Knight Nymph is not a difficult fly to tie and the pictures explain the tying steps. The most difficult step is preparing a proper body and I will explain this in detail. The reddish brown fur of a lynx tail is used to make the body. Cut the brown fur down to the skin (if your lynx tail has grey underfur cut down to the grey). Arrange the fur, either on your bench or on the thigh of your pants, in a rectangular shape about 1" x 3" (fig. 2), fairly heavy. Cut a 5 or 6 inch piece of yellow 2/0 thread, hold one end in your teeth and apply clear nail polish to the middle three inches. Grasp both ends of the thread and place lengthwise along the middle of the rectangle of fur (fig.2). Keep pressure on the thread for a few seconds to let the nail polish dry. Pick up one end of the thread with fur adhering and place in the palm of your hand and roll the fur between the palms (fig. 3) until you have a length of rolled fur about the thickness of a lead pencil. Remove a little fur at one end so that you have a taper to tie on the hook. Follow

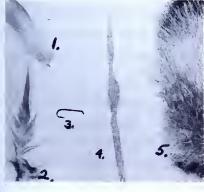
the procedure as shown in the pictures. The rougher the finished fly looks, the better.

The Cocky Knight Nymph resembles several insects upon which trout feed. It might be classified as an impressionistic type nymph, because it looks a little like a cased caddis and also might be taken because it resembles some of the larger may fly nymphs. Fish the nymph on the shortest line possible, with an upstream cast and natural drift. Add one or two BB shot about twelve inches above the fly to make sure it is bumping along the bottom. Watch your line carefully and strike at the slightest hesitation, this is important because trout will take the nymph very gently even in fast water. If fished properly you will hang the nymph up on rocks and debris and lose many flies, so when you tie the fly don't stop with one or two, tie at least a dozen and give them a good try. Fish the fast water areas around submerged rocks and brush, also fish the larger pools near the head, where the fast water begins to slow down.

SHOWN HERE are the steps and materials needed in tying the Cocky Knight Nymph. Materials needed include (shown in Fig. 1): 1. i.mitation wood duck; 2. reddish brown hackle (large); 3. number 8 3X long hook; 4. fur—dubbed and ready ta tie; 5. lynx tail.

STEPS SHOWN in figures two and three are described in text. Others are: Fig. 4—clamp haak in vise and tie in fibers of imitation wood duck; Fig. 5—tie in large reddish brown hackle that has been trimmed; Fig. 6—tie in dubbed fur; Fig. 7—wind fur toward eye of hoak, leaving enaugh room for large head; Fig. 8—wind hackle forward evenly spacing turns. Build up the head with thread, whip finish and lacquer.

Fig. 1 Fig. 2 Fig. 3 Fig. 4



5.







Fig. 5

Fig. 6

Fig. 7

Fig. 8











FOR

SROON

A particular cove in Deer Lake proved especially troublesome. There were plenty of chain pickerel within that area, but trouble stemmed from the unusually heavy concentration of vegetation. Thick beds of coontail, muskgrass and milfoil weeds, with here and there clusters of lily pads, made it literally impossible to retrieve a lure successfully. Most fishermen bypassed the impenetrable aquatic "hay field," confining their activities to the outer fringes of

the area. Even while they angled with live baits or cast

weedless spoons in the transition area, arm-long pickerel

thrashed about in the heavy undergrowth, seizing frogs,

minnows and other foods.

IMPENETRABLE

The lure, included in my gear this morning, smacked of the space age, being made of soft-plastic and covered with a silver glitter material that gave a realistic imagery of a shiner minnow. The arched body covered the large single hook, but the slightest pressure exposed the point and barb. If ever a lure was made to combat the weed problem that confronts every pike fisherman, this was it!

by DON SHINER

This day I came especially equipped to cope with this impenetrable hay field. My tackle included a soft-plastic spoon that proved earlier to be as weedless as a mermaid. With hook hidden within the soft plastic body, the slightest pinch-pressure exposed the business end, resulting in a solidly hooked fish.

I pushed the small pram from shore, rowing in the direction of this impenetrable cove. I thought of all the other weedless lures that I used without success in this

particular part of the lake. A bright silver spoon, with flexible wire weed-guard, came close to doing the job, but this too frequently snagged heavier lily stems. Surface lures were of no avail. Tips of weeds jutting above the surface complicated the use of top-water plugs. I concluded, as did others, that the weed-choked cove proved more troublesome to fish than any of the surrounding zones.

Permitting the boat to drift about in the marginal area, I rigged the plastic spoon to my spin-pole and prepared to cast the lure into the heavy concentration of weeds. I pricked the enclosed capsule of fish oil with a pin to release this penetrating scent.

The lure sailed far across the mirror-like surface of the pond. It landed almost without a trace of surface disturbance. I let it flutter downward through the entanglement of weeds. Slowly I began reeling in line, giving the rod tip a few jerks to give the plastic lure a darting, minnow-like motion. This first cast failed to net a strike, but it came through the weed growth with flying colors, without so much as a single blade of coontail clinging to the body.

The second cast netted a vicious strike. The spoon barely landed in an impregnable mass of weeds when a pickerel struck with all the ferociousness of a tiger. It cartwheeled on the surface, then dove head long into the weeds, tangling the line around the aquatic growths as it went. I had no choice but to row into the area and use the boat oar to rip loose the weeds. Fortunately the pickerel remained securely hooked when I boated line, fish and bushel of grass.

I caught three pickerel of respectable size during the next two hours, together with three or four youngsters which were carefully put back into the pond. Making at least 75-casts, the lure proved weedless except on four or five casts when strands of muskgrass wrapped around the line. I was well satisfied with the weedless performance.

Other anglers in Pennsylvania and elsewhere have obviously run up against impenetrable beds of weeds, where pickerel, pike and bass are known to exist. This flexible plastic spoon, with hidden hook, appears to be the answer. This spoon gives these gamesters no safety zone into which they can seek refuge.

There is no doubt now that soft plastic, weedless spoons, a product of our space age, promise to net more fish from impenetrable waters of the Commonwealth. These spoons will pull more fish from these weedy waters than anglers thought possible here-to-fore.



THIS SPOON is designed for fishermen who angle in weedy waters. The lure will penetrate the thickest concentration of weeds without getting "hung up" on aquatic grass.



THE SLIGHTEST PRESSURE on the body exposes the sharp hook and you'll be better able to nail husky chain pickerel and northerns when you're fishing in weedy conditions.





DIRECTORY OF PENNSYLVANIA MARINAS

ACCESS AREAS AND

BOAT RENTAL FACILITIES

BOATING

The Delaware River, particularly in the Yardley area, is shad country depending on water conditions during the spring of the year but there are also a few stretches of water suitable for pleasure boating.

Unfortunately I learned, during a recent visit to that area, that it lacks public access areas although there are, as one native pointed out, a few sections on the Pennsylvania side where land would be available for the establishment of such facilities.

Most pleasure boating takes place in the tidal waters from the Neshaminy Creek east and north to the lower bridge at Trenton. This is considered the top of the tidal waters.



Lane's Landing, located off Bridgewater Road, south of Rt. 13. Provides space for a few craft on moorings only.



Sunnyside boat yard, west side of the Neshaminy, and north of Rt. 13, off the Bridgewater Road.



Bridgewater yard, north of Sunnyside, near Rt. 95. On water storage available.



Bradley Boat Basin, near the mouth of the Neshaminy, owned and operated by Francis Bradley. Water and land storage for craft up to 30 feet. Ramp and crane, gasoline and oil,

refreshments, accessories and repairs. No boat rental or livebait. Telephone: ST 8-8665.



Seyfert & Wright boat yard, T. Montgomery, Jr., owner and operator. Perhaps the oldest marina in the area dating back to about 1905. Has railway capable of handling craft up to 55 feet,

gasoline and oil, boat sales, accessories and repairs. Located just south of State Road. Telephone: ST 8-2951.



Snug Harbor, Walter Thomas, owner and operator. Located above Rt. 13. Has ramp, crane and railway capable of handling up to 30 to 40 foot craft. Also provides gasoline and

oil. Can handle about 150 boats with on water and winter storage. Snack bar. Telephone: ST 8-3579.

with Robert G. Miller

Above that is the Yardley area with a suitable pool extending from the Yardley access for about a mile to the Reading Co. bridge. At New Hope there is a joint venture underway, by Pennsylvania and New Jersey authorities, to construct wing walls on the dam, erected to divert water into the Pennsylvania canal, which should raise the level of the pool above that point.

Still farther north is the Upper Black Eddy access and as you progress farther upstream you find deep pools, suitable for pleasure craft, interspersed with rocky, fast running, shallows just deep enough for rowboats and

Starting at the extreme south, at the Neshaminy Creek, facilities and locations of access areas are as follows:



Delaware Valley Marina, Inc., off Neshaminy Road, operated by Frank Malone. Located north of Rt. 13, it has land and on water storage, slips, cranes, boat and motor sales, along with gasoline and oil. Telephone: ST 8-8081.



Pennsylvania Fish Commission ramp at the foot of Mill Street, in Bristol. Ramp and parking facilities.



Suitable for car toppers only is a beach type access area east of Tullytown, or directly opposite Bordentown, N. J. Located off the Lauderbach Road, on the eastern boundary of the U. S. Steel property. Not suitable for trailers.



Pennsylvania Fish Commission ramp along Rt. 32, about one-half mile north of Yardley, past the Scudder Falls Bridge, or north of McKinley Avenue. Hard surfaced ramp and parking area.

No sanitary facilities.



Pennsylvania Fish Commission ramp at Upper Black Eddy, also off Rt. 32. Provides ramp, docking area and parking facilities only.

Editor's Note: Except for the marinas at the Neshaminy Creek, there are no gasoline and oil facilities along this stretch of the Delaware. Supplies must be procured at area service stations.



WET WORK

While stocking Indian Creek with trout, a trout fell from the dip net to the bed of the truck and slipped into the small openings under the tank. The opening was too small to reach in and retrieve the fish, so relying on the only method at hand, I dipped a bucket of water from the tanks to flush the fish out, as I did this Special Fish Warden Wallace Cable bent down and looked in the opening from the other side of the truck. Result? One very wet Special Fish Warden—with a fish in hand.—District Warden JAMES ROBERT BEATTY, JR. (Fayette County).

CUTTING TREES?

While on routine stream patrol, Game Protector Church and I came upon some men cutting trees and brush away from power lines. Game Protector Church noticed what looked to be a hook attached to one of the men's pocket. Turning around and investigating further, we found a tree trimmer, three inches in diameter and about 12 feet long, with a hook and line tied to it. Someone was preparing to do some fishing. Brother! That's what I call a fishing "Pole."—District Worden ARTHUR A. HERMAN (Westmoreland County).

WITH A LITTLE HARD WORK-

■ A hammer, screwdriver and tire wrench—these were the items two ice-fishermen used to make their holes for ice fishing.

While on patrol during the ice fishing season, my deputy and I witnessed the above equipment being used by two fishermen to dig holes through about 12 inches of ice. The rest of their equipment consisted of, a can of worms, a fly rod and three spinning rods. Maybe this is not ideal equipment for ice fishing, but these fishermen seemed to be having a good time.—District Warden RICHARD R. ROBERTS (Susquehanna County).

UPPER WOODS ACTIVITY

An article in the March edition of a nationally published outdoor magazine carried a story about Upper Woods Pond, a trout lake in Wayne County. It told of the large rainbow's, coho salmon, and kokanee. The outdoor writer, Gene Coleman has been flooded with people wanting more information about the fabulous Pennsylvania fishing in this natural lake.—District Warden HARLAND F. REYNOLDS (Wayne County).

TWO LICENSES!

■ David Trego of Sunbury tells this story which was confirmed by John Newman, an issuing agent there.

Dave purchased a fishing license in February of 1966 and soon after left on an extended trip to Alaska. He returned to Sunbury in October of the same year, and during a lapse of memory, proceeded to the issuing agent and purchased a second license. Since that time, Dave has been subject to many jokes by his friends, but he has retained his sense of humor in true sportsman's style.

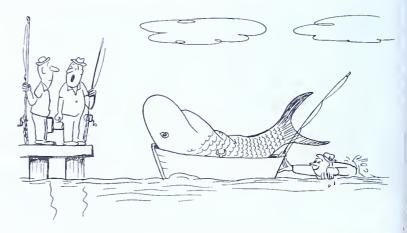
—District Worden ROBERT J. PERRY (Columbia, Montour and Northumberland Counties).

NO FUN HERE!

■ Some sportsmen, while fishing, have torn a boot on barbed wire while sneaking up to their favorite hole, or have been chased from a pasture by a bull, or may have arrived at the stream and found they left their license, bait or lures, or some other piece of equipment at home, and as they think back on a trip like this it gives them a laugh and they probably had a good time regardless of how bad it seemed right at the time. I wish to pass a story I received from a farmer, that is fortunate enough to have a stocked trout stream flowing through his farm. Last summer or fall some one discarded some beer bottles in his pasture field. One of the bottles broke and some of the jagged edges on part of the bottles were left sticking up. One of the farmer's cows stepped on the jagged glass. This resulted in a call for veterinary services. This carelessness on someone's part didn't help the farmersportsmen relationship which we need so much.-District Warden RAYMOND HOOVER (Tioga County).

POPULAR PALOMINO

■ I have had many calls regarding the Palomino Rainbows that were stocked in Chapman Lake. One was from a woman who stated that if I could guarantee she would catch one, that she would buy a license for the first time in her life. Another was from a man who wanted to



"BOY! WE'LL NEVER HEAR THE END OF THIS."

STREAM NOTES Cont.

know if it were true, that these fish are oversized Japanese gold fish?—District Worden CHARLES A. HERBSTER (Lackawanna County).

HAMBURGER HEAVEN

My wife received a telephone call one afternoon from a lady who was rather upset.

During a dry spell two trout had taken up housekeeping in a pool of water close to their home. Upon noticing the trout, the wife and husband took a keen interest in them. Each day, they supplemented their aquatic diet with one raw hamburger. The trout thrived on this tender loving care.

Then came the day when the wife noticed that the trout were chasing one another and fighting. These actions went on all day. Being quite upset the wife decided that the local warden could explain why the trout were acting in this manner.

After telling my wife her plight and asking over and over again, "Why are they acting like this, what should I do?" My wife replied, "Feed them another hamburger before they turn cannibalistic."—District Warden RICHARD W. FRY (Union and Snyder Counties).

LOTS OF HELP

■ We have had excellent cooperation from sportsmen in our trout stocking program. Had it not been for their Scouts, Jeeps, etc., many sections of streams would not have been stocked. On Saturday April 1st I stocked Oil Creek in both Crawford and Venango Counties. Forty cars and two motorcycles were counted following the trucks.—District Warden CLARENCE W. SHEARER (Venango County).

HATS OFF!

■ There are many different types of casts made at the Fishermen's Paradise in Bellefonte, but this cast proved to be most unusual. While at a local sporting goods store the fisherman that had made the cast told about it. Ready to make his cast he gave the line a back swing and then forward, much to his amazement he had cast a hat onto the water.

Quickly turning around he found one frightened little boy minus a hat.—District Warden EUGENE SCOBEL (Butler and Lawrence Counties).

ACTIVE SCOUTS-

While stocking The Driftwood Branch in Elk County with Warden Ambrose, we were a bit shocked to see a very nicely constructed jack dam on the stream. I asked Warden Ambrose who built the dam and he had no immediate answer. The only conclusion he could come to was that some time ago he had given one of our stream improvement booklets to a boy scout group. The Boy Scouts of Emporium floated the Driftwood Branch during the spring run-off and have encountered some bad luck on this year's floats. A total of 5 canoes upset and about ten boys and adults got an early spring

dunking, one boy made three attempts to make the trip but each time his stomach couldn't take it and he gave in to seasickness. One boy fell through a railroad bridge and was badly injured but made no fuss until a doctor on the trip told the boy he would have to go home. This annual trip is becoming more popular among boys and adults each year. Better luck next year fellows.— District Warden STANLEY G. HASTINGS (Cameron County).

ANNIVERSARY GIFT!

At a recent trout stocking we were assisted by a young family which consisted of the husband, wife and three little boys. After the stocking was finished I thanked the young man and his family for the help. As we talked, he went on to explain that his wife had been after him for years to go along on the stocking as she felt it must be something quite special. So, on their wedding anniversary he brought her along.—District Warden THOMAS CLARK (Crawford County).

THE STOCKING MUST GO ON

■ On March 15, 1967 we had four stream stockings in Elk County waters. The day started off with a slight drizzle. As the fish arrived on the truck, we had approximately 35 persons assisting with the stocking. The weather did not improve, it got worse. The drizzle became a downpour, changing to thundershowers, then fierce electrical flashings, changing to sleet, then to large hailstones, then to a mixture of rain, snow and sleet all mixed into one. The only thing missing was a "rainbow."

We stocked a large albino brook trout in Wolflick Run on March 15, 1967. Since that time I have had more conversation pertaining to that one trout than I have had on any in the past eight years.—District Warden BERNARD D. AMBROSE (Elk County).



"BEST SPOT I KNOW, SELDOM FISHED."

STREAM NOTES Cont.

WINNERS NOTED

■ I noticed that within the first annual Genesee Fishing Contest in Pennsylvania, Bedford County had a number of winners. Joseph B. Clark is named second grand prize winner in the rainbow trout division. His fish, weighing 7 pounds, 4 ounces, was caught in the Raystown Branch, in the vicinity of Manns Choice. This fish I had the privilege of checking and it had been in the stream for a number of years. It had been hooked on several other occasions and lost.

Shawnee Lake was first in the list of winners. Sixth and ninth place muskies were caught by Lawrence Weyant and Dennis Livingston. In the yellow perch division Earl McClellan took 6th place with a one pound, two ounce catch at the Gordon Lake.

I know if all of the fish in the prize class had been reported, Bedford County would have had quite a number more.—District Warden WILLIAM E. McILNAY (Bedford and Fulton Counties).

CONTEST COMING UP-

■ The Pennsylvania State Trout Fishing Championship is scheduled to be held in Brookville, Jefferson County, during the period June 17th-25th. Chairman of the event, Dean Crawford, promises a bigger and better contest this year.

In addition to the award of trophies the King of Pennsylvania trout fishermen will fish in the finals of the State Fishing Contest at Tidiout in October. Last year a 23 inch rainbow trout was the largest fish taken. The event is sponsored by the Brookville Car and Truck Dealers Association and is expected to draw fishermen from a five hundred mile radius.—District Warden JAMES F. DONAHUE (Jefferson County).

HELPFUL LADY

While going to meet the fish truck in Marienville my vehicle broke down. To the rescue came a jeep. It stopped, and picked me up. It was a woman and her son. They told me that they were going to Leeper ten miles from my destination of Marienville. After telling her who I was and that I had a load of trout to be stocked, she said that she and her husband were fishermen and that they couldn't wait for the opening day. Anyway, she said, she would drive me to Marienville so I could meet the truck on time. So when we were entering our destination we saw the fish truck and a crowd of sportsmen.

I arrived on time only because of the assistance of a kind woman who drove ten miles out of her way to assist a very dejected officer whose brand new vehicle broke down after just being driven out of the show room.—

District Warden JOSEPH KOPENA (Forest and Clarion Counties).

TRAVELER'S ATTRACTIONS—Cont.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

in the final stages of renovation. When work is completed it will be the largest trout production station in the state.

Visitors may find it on Route 233 at the village of Huntsdale.

LINESVILLE

Up in the northwest on Pymatuning Reservoir in Crawford County is the Linesville Station, exclusively a warm water facility, devoted mostly to the propagation of bass, muskellunge and walleye.

Travelers will find the station just south of Linesville off U. S. Route 6. Not only are warm water species raised here but each spring thousands of bass, crappies, bluegills, bullheads, yellow perch and others are taken from the sanctuary for stocking throughout the state.

Fishing families can have a real field day when they visit this area as the Pymatuning Reservoir offers a variety of good fishing.

CORRY

In Eric County near the town of Corry on U. S. Route 6 fishermen will find the Corry Station, primarily a trout production station, although it also serves as a center for raising minnows for use as forage fish at other hatcheries.

This station was established in 1876 and is the oldest of all existing hatcheries.

UNION CITY

Another station is located in Erie County. It's the Union City Station near the town of Union City on U. S. Route 6.

Established in 1905 it serves Pennsylvania fishermen as an exclusive facility for the production of warm water species, mainly muskellunge and northern pike. Since both of these species constantly require large numbers of live forage fish, minnow production is a vital part of operations here.

While this is the smallest of the Commission's seven regular hatcheries it is here that some of the most modern methods are used for incubating and rearing muskellunge and northern pike.

BENNER SPRINGS RESEARCH STATION

Back in Centre County an eighth installation should also prove interesting to traveling fishermen and their families. It's the Benner Springs Research Station, center for the Division of Research and Fish Management.

Here's where some of the newest methods of hatching, growing, and transporting fish have been developed. Visitors here will find most of these new systems on display as well as others still in the testing stage.

At the same time the station doubles as a hatching and rearing station, turning out a large number of stockable trout yearly. And not far away is Fisherman's Paradise, the famous "fish for fun" project mentioned earlier.

CONGRESSMAN SAYLOR HONORED BY ASSOCIATION

United States Representative, John P. Saylor of Johnstown was honored by the Pennsylvania State Fish & Game Protective Association for his leadership in the preservation of the natural and wildlife resources of our Nation at the annual banquet marking the 85th anniversary of the Association in Philadelphia.

He was awarded the associations 1967 Gold Medal Award by President George W. Schneck.

Congressman Saylor was sponsor of legislation establishing the Delaware Water Gap National Recreation Area, the Allegheny Portage Railroad Historic Site and the Johnstown Flood Memorial, all in Pennsylvania.

He is the author of legislation creating a National Wilderness Preservation System and co-author of the Land and Water Conservation Fund Act. In addition, he actively supported passage of the Water Quality Act of 1965 and the Clean Rivers Restoration Act of 1966.



SO LONG GAME—HELLO FISH the sign reads and that tells the story of Rolph Putt, new administrative officer of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission. Hanored at a special luncheon given by fellow employees Mr. Putt opens a gift given him by members af the Fish Commission stoff. Shawn here with Mr. Putt are his wife; John Smith, comptroller of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission; and Worren W. Singer, assistant to the Executive Director, who made the award.

Mr. Putt hod served the Pennsylvanio Gome Commission os osst. comptroller for nine yeors. He is morried to the former Emmo Kreoger ond they have 1 daughter. They live at Rabesonio, Berks County.



PERSONAL INVITATION—Gerold Kopp of Pennsylvonio's Deportment af Commerce, Trovel Development Bureou, and Pennsylvanio Fish Cammissian Representatives Warren W. Singer ond Parter Duvall chat with Cangressmen J. Irving Wholley, John P. Saylar, and George A. Goodling. The men from Pennsylvanio were working at the International Vacation, Sports, and Travel Exhibition in the Washington Armary when they visited the Congressmen to invite them to see the show and the Pennsylvania exhibit. Left to right the men are: Commerce representative Kopp, Cangressmon Wholley, Fish Commission representative Singer, Cangressmon Soylar, Fish Commission representative Duvall, and Congressmon Goodling.

LAKE ERIE TOP PRODUCER

Some interesting figures released by Ontario on the preliminary fish catches by commercial fishermen in Ontario waters during 1966, continue to prove Lake Erie is far from dead.

Approximately 75 per cent of the entire production of the Province came from Lake Erie, with over 30 million pounds of fish, valued at almost \$2 million for the first nine months of the year. This is a 39.5 per cent increase in the total catch from Lake Erie.

Perch showed a steady increase from 8,846,000 pounds last year during the same nine-month period to 13,610,000 pounds. Walleye catches increased from 253,000 pounds to 314,000 pounds this year. Smelt went up from 8,577,000 pounds to 13,233,000.

Lake Erie is also being touted as one of the best smallmouth bass lakes in the entire midwest, and sports fishermen are cashing in on some fine perch and walleye fishing.

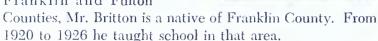
Perhaps sport fishermen should start planning to spend more time on Lake Erie, commonly referred to as "The Dead Sea."



RETIRES

W. W. Britton, chief of the Law Enforcement Division of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission since 1949, has retired.

Employed by the Commission since 1945 when he was appointed district warden for Franklin and Fulton



He came with the commission after operating a labor camp for the Department of Agriculture at Mont Alto.

During his years as chief of law enforcement he inaugurated a rating system for fish commission employees, developed technical arrest reports and helped in determining how to calculate the amount of damage done by stream pollutants.

He says he has no definite plans for retirement but he assures friends he'll sure do "plenty of fishing and hunting."



HONORARY SPECIAL-Dick Firestone of the Travel Development Bureau of Pennsylvania's **Department of Commerce** is now a badge carrying honorary special warden of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission. Firestone was given the special award at ceremonies in Harrisburg last month by Robert B. Bielo, Executive Director of the Commission in recognition of his efforts to interest people in Pennsylvania's recreational assets.

LANDOWNER—SPORTSMAN BANQUET of the Delaware County Field & Stream Association. Standing are Ray Bednarchik, Chester County Fish Warden; Edward Fasching, Chester County Game Protector; Temple Reynolds, District Supervisor, Pennsylvania Game Commission; Miles D. Witt, Warden Supervisor, Pennsylvania Fish Commission; Harold Lantz, Pennsylvania State Police; Richard Feaster, Delaware County Game Protector; and Charles Lantz, banquet chairman. Seated are Pete Filcosky, Chester County Game Protector; Sheldon Heyburn, landowner; James Van Valkenburg, club president; Shorty Manning, master of ceremonies; the Honorable Clarence Bell, State Senator; and Paul Darlington, landowner. It was the 16th annual banquet held to "express appreciation to landowners for permitting fishing and hunting on their property."

SPORTSMEN'S CLUB PRESENTS CONSERVATION AWARD

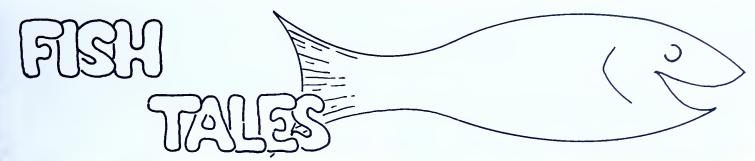
The Delaware County Field and Stream Association presented its first annual Conservation Award for outstanding achievement in that area to the man chiefly responsible for the improvement of Darby Creek to fish supporting condition. The award was presented to Sam Massarella, a resident of Darby and also a member of the organization, at the annual meeting of the members early in March at Collingdale.

Sam Massarella led the effort to improve Darby Creek and succeeded in constructing a dam which would raise the water level and divert currents providing a better habitat for fish. The dam, made of discarded wire milk crates, improved this section of Darby Creek to a degree that plans are now being made to stock it with warm water fish in the spring.

He has been Chairman of the Fish Committee of the Delaware County Field and Stream Association for the past year.

THIRSTY NATION

By 1980 it is estimated that domestic and municipal use alone of fresh water will reach 37.2 billion gallons a day or 15.2 billion gallons more than was used daily in 1960.



A FISHING FEATURE FOR FISHERMEN -

- FROM FISHERMEN



MEDIA fishermen Ben Hulfish holds a couple of the 109 largemouth bass he caught at the Springton Dam in Delaware County during the 1966 season. Using artificial lures exclusively the 72-year-old Mr. Hulfish reports catching four over 20 inches. The two pictured were 21½ and 21 inches and weighed 71/4 and 7 pounds.



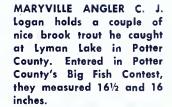
THE ALLEGHENY RIVER in Warren County produced these nice walleye for Jamestown angler John Boreck shown here with his young "helpers." One measured 27½ inches, the other 25 and both were caught on live bait.

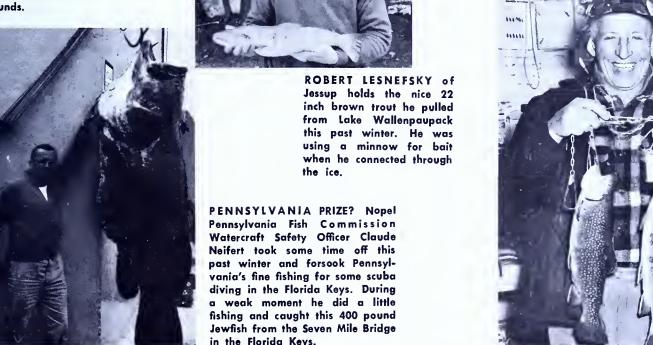


BROUGHT UP RIGHT! Kerry and Heidy, daughter and dog of Keen Buss, Director of Research and Fish Management for the Pennsylvania Fish Commission, look over a copy of the Pennsylvania Angler. Perhaps they're looking at an article written by the head of the house or maybe at all the big fish Pennsylvania fishermen catch.

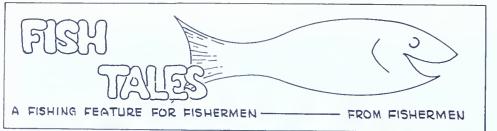


PENNSYLVANIA PRIZE? Nopel Pennsylvania Fish Commission Watercraft Safety Officer Claude Neifert took some time off this past winter and forsook Pennsylvania's fine fishing for some scuba diving in the Florida Keys. During a weak moment he did a little fishing and caught this 400 pound Jewfish from the Seven Mile Bridge in the Florida Keys.









NICE STRINGER of walleye (and a pickerel) were caught through the ice during the winter by Jeff Betti, of Jessup, and Demetrus Witiak of Olyphant. The boys used minnows to attract the fish.



CREAM OF PIKE SOUP

1 tablespoon butter

½ tablespoon flour 4 cups milk

1 tablespoon parsley, chopped

1 teaspoon horse-radish, grated

1 tablespoon onion, minced

1 teaspoon green pepper, minced

1 cup pike, boiled and flaked

½ teaspoon salt

% teaspoon pepper

and re-heat before serving.

Melt butter in top of double-boiler. Blend flour with Add milk slowly, stirring constantly. Add onion, parsley, horse-radish, green pepper, and seasonings. Simmer slowly until mixture begins to thicken. Add the flaked fish,

HORNED POUT SOUFFLE

Temperature-350 deg Fahr. for Time-30 minutes

1 cup cooked flaked fish

½ cup cream

cup soft breadcrumbs

3 eggs (yolks and whites beaten separately)

2 tablespoons butter ½ cup water

½ teaspoon salt

¼ teaspoon celery salt

Pound fish to a paste. Mix well with other ingredients, folding in the beaten egg-whites last.

SETTING THE RECORD STRAIGHT

by GEORGE M. DODSON

When a newspaper carried the headline, "Clean Streams Costs Will Run Into Millions," it probably was not intended to be unduly sensational, nor to discourage those who are interested in the conservation cause. In fact, the headline merely served the primary purpose of fitting into available space and attracting the reader's attention.

Newspapers do a remarkably complete and accurate job of reporting current events. Insofar as conservation in Pennsylvania is concerned, their approach seems to be increasingly understanding and sympathetic. But the interpretation of information, and its application to individual citizens and communities, must still largely be the task of people who realize the extent, importance and urgency of the stories which make headlines.

How does one go about explaining that in a commonwealth the size of Pennsylvania and with its immense resources, "millions of dollars" for major projects does not represent an unreasonable amount? Is it possible to counteract the attitude noted by a state official who, as reported by the newspaper, "observed that the cost factor often dims the ardor of many clean streams enthusiasts"?

For most of us, a million dollars sounds like a lot of money. And when multi-millions are mentioned, it's difficult for us to comprehend what the sum really means. Yet if we learn to break down these vast amounts into the actual cost per citizen of the commonwealth's population, it aids in setting the record straight.

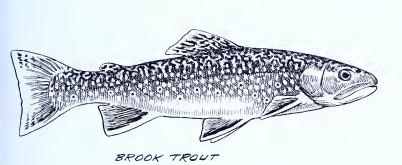
Even if we narrow down the figures and benefits to the areas or sections most directly involved, the price tag on any conservation plan seems much more manageable. And, since most projects will be spread over a considerable period of time, a further bit of calculating to arrive at an annual basis provides the only practical viewpoint.

Not all conservation ideas may awaken your interest and enthusiasm. But at least don't be scared off by the "millions of dollars" label until you have analyzed the relatively small personal cost. Remember, Pennsylvania has population and resources to do what ought to be done. In your conservation efforts, you'll have millions of people to help!

When you see the big sums expressed in terms of the average citizen's share, you are likely to think, "We can well afford practical conservation. The question is whether we can afford not to do-or even delay doing-what so obviously requires our best efforts."

Having arrived at that point, you are able to present the matter a bit more clearly to those who have been frightened by headlines about the cost of conservation, and have not realized the rather mild individual impact of these necessary ventures.





WHY NOT GO NATIVE?

There are many reasons why the brook trout is a favorite of anglers, in spite of its rather small size. It is our most beautifully colored trout, and is the only trout native to Pennsylvania. It can be found in fair numbers in many small mountain streams where it usually hits flies and small lures eagerly, even after hot weather and fishing pressure have slowed down the fishing on the larger streams. Finally, a brook trout is as delicious eating as any fish that swims.

The brook trout can be easily identified by the wriggly "work-track" marks on the back and the pale spots on the sides. There are also some tiny red dots on the lower sides. The belly is orange or orange-red, the fins are orange with white leading edges.

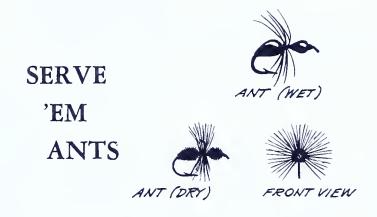
Brook trout are stocked in streams of many types, but the native fish are usually found in small, cold mountain streams or in spring-fed limestone streams. When the water in our larger creeks warms up late in the spring the trout fishing often falls off. This is the time to hunt out a small, cold run back in the mountains and try to catch some brookies. Another good time is after a hard rain has spoiled the fishing in the big creeks. The little brook trout streams rarely get really muddy, and are the first to clear.

The trout aren't hard to find in these miniature streams. The riffles are too shallow to offer much concealment, and they are usually concentrated in the pools. The big problem is to get a fly into the water, due to the trees and underbrush.

An extra light fly rod is desirable for fishing mountain streams, and the five or six foot "flea rods" are ideal. A double-taper line to match, a leader that tapers to 4-X or 5-X, and an ordinary single-action reel are ample.

Unless the stream is on the large side, heavily fished, or high from recent rains, you can usually get lots of action on dry flies. If the brookies are reluctant to feed on top merely switch to wet flies or nymphs. Rarely is it necessary to resort to fly rod spinners. Probably the all-time favorite brook trout fly is the black gnat. The coachman in a wet, and the royal coachman in a dry are also popular. Brookies aren't fussy, but you should have a selection of sizes and colors—perhaps some light cahills, blue quills, yellow Sally's, white millers, black ants, and irresistibles.

Brook trout are usually easy to catch, so don't be too hard on them. If you do keep some to eat you'll find that they require only cleaning and a thorough scraping to remove the slime. Coat them by shaking them in a bag with some salted flour and fry them in medium hot fat. You'll find their flaky orange flesh is a real treat.



After the big may-fly hatches are over it's hard to find a fly that will interest trout. One of the best, and easiest to tie, is the ant.

To tie a wet (sinking) ant merely wrap a hook shank with heavy thread as shown—one bulge for the abdomen and one for the head and thorax. Legs are simulated with a turn or two of soft hackle. Apply several coats of laquer or head cement to the windings. The black ant is tied with black thread and hackle on a number 10 hook. Brown and red ants are tied on smaller hooks.

The dry (floating) ant is tied in similar fashion, using dubbing to build up the head and body, and plenty of dry fly hackle to float it. Carefully snip out a bit of the hackle on the underside so it floats right in the surface film.

JUNE-1967

A THOUSAND WORDS . . .

Someone once said that a good picture is worth a thousand words.

Shown here then are a thousand words about the good fishing you can find in Pennsylvania!

Fisherman L. C. Cleveland, Jr. of Farrell was fishing at the spillway of the Pymatuning Reservoir April 9—the same day the Pennsylvania Fish Commission was holding an "open house" at its Linesville Fish Hatchery which is on the sanctuary of the reservoir—when he hooked this 43 inch, 24 pound musky.

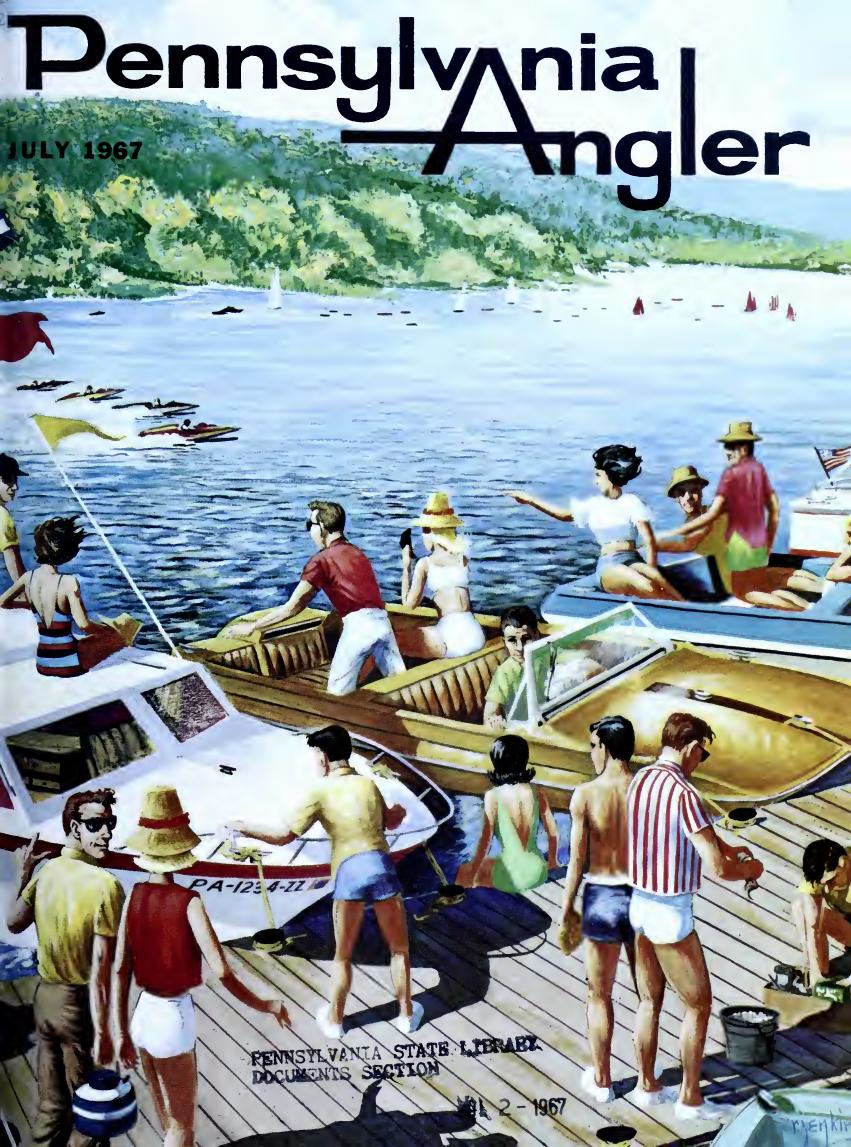
After quite a battle Cleveland managed to get a net over the fish—only to have it swim right through the net. In order to hang on he had to push his rod through the hole after the fish.

Cleveland was using only an eight pound test monofilament line (which had been broken and tied together several times) with a number two hook but he still managed to keep the fish under control until a friend came to his aid and helped him land it.

After finally getting it ashore he took it to the Linesville Station to have it measured and weighed—and immediately became one of the day's attractions for the more than 6,000 visitors to the open house.

HAVE FUN - FISH PENNSYLVANIA!





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Pennsylvania Angler

Published Monthly by the PENNSYLVANIA FISH COMMISSION COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA

Raymond P. Shafer, Governor

*

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JULY, 1967



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Cover Art-Ron Jenkins

POSTMASTER: All 3579 forms to be returned to The Haddon Craftsmen, Inc., 1001 Wyoming Ave., Scranton, Pa. 18509.

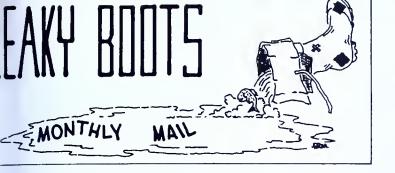
The PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER is published monthly by the Pennsylvania Fish Commission, South Office Building, Harrisburg, Pa. Subscription: One year—\$2.00; three years—\$5.00; 25 cents per single copy. Send check or money order payable to Pennsylvania Fish Commission. DO NOT SEND STAMPS. Individuals sending cash do so at their own risk. Change of address should reach us promptly. Furnish both old and new addresses. Second Class Postage paid at Harrisburg, Pa. Neither Publisher nor Editor will assume responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts or illustrations while in their possession or in transit. Permission to reprint will be given provided we receive marked copies and credit is given material or illustrations. Communications pertaining to manuscripts, material or illustrations should be addressed to the Pennsylvania Fish Commission, Harrisburg, Pa. NOTICE: Subscriptions received and processed the 10th of each month will begin with the second month following.

HATCHERIES AND MANAGERS

BELLEFONTE—J. L. Zettle, superintendent BENNER SPRINGS RESEARCH STATION, PRODUCTION UNIT—Ray McCreary, superintendent CORRY-UNION CITY—Le Roy Sorenson, superintendent HUNTSDALE—George Magargel, superintendent

LINESVILLE—Shyrl Hood, superintendent PLEASANT MOUNT—Merrill Lillie, superintendent REYNOLDSDALE—Warren Hammer, acting foreman

TIONESTA-Albert Carll, foreman



OPULAR HAT

entlemen:

My husband has an old beat-up, soiled, stained fishing at which he refuses to give up because he thinks it brings im luck, and besides, it's a good hat.

He set it down temporarily on a pier at a resort, and nother fisherman picked it up, clapped it on his head and arted walking off. An argument ensued between the two en as to whose hat it was.

I noticed the stranger's wife departed for their cabin, and st when the argument was getting heated, she returned ith another hat which was almost identical and handed to her husband.

The two men apologized, shook hands and agreed that sch had a fine fishing hat.

Mrs. L. Petersen Palatine, Illinois

HANKS

ear Sirs,

I would like to call to your attention the kindness and ourtesies that Warden Raymond Bednarchik extended to v daughter, Mary.

As you know, every year most high schools have a science ir. Mary was interested in stream pollution and trout liture. Mr. Bednarchik went out of his way to help her, ith the results that she won an honorable mention. Mary a freshman at Archbishop Prendergast High School in rexel Hill, Delaware County.

Mary and I both appreciate the help Mr. Bednarchik has ven and it is wonderful to know that a Law Enforcement fficer, in addition to his regular duties, can find time to a child. He is a credit to your department.

Isaac McConnell Havertown, Pennsylvania

LENTY OF FISHING

ear Sirs,

With another summer coming I am planning on plenty fishing in our Commonwealth. I would like to try me new waters.

Would you please send me whatever information you ve on hand including maps concerning fishing in Penn-lyania? I would greatly appreciate this.

SPEAK UP!

Like something? Don't like something? Speak up! Write a letter to LEAKY BOOTS, The Pennsylvania Angler, The Pennsylvania Fish Commission, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania 17120

I might also add that you are to be commended for the fine job you are doing. Especially the heavy stocking of fish in North Park Lake and Glade Run Lake. These are two of the finest public lakes to be found anywhere.

I am proud to be a resident of this state. It's a sports man's state.

Sincerely yours Frank Grill Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

HAPPY READER!

Dear Sir;

I have just finished reading my first copy of the Pennsylvania Angler.

I really enjoyed reading your fine magazine as I am an avid fisherman.!

This was my first year at ice fishing. In some ways I think that it beats warm weather fishing.

I would greatly appreciate the booklets and any of the additional information available on winter fishing that you could send me.

Thank you very much.

Yours truly Richard G. Smochko McKeesport, Pennsylvania



"HANG ON MARY, FRANK, AND JANE . . . HERE COMES ANOTHER BIG WAVE!"

FUN IN THE SUN!

SAILING SEASON

"Sailing, sailing, over the bounding . . ."

Unfortunately, it, doesn't always, work

Unfortunately it doesn't always work out this was Sometimes there's a good stiff breeze, to push the sailing craft along at planing speed, other times it's necessary break out the paddle—but, in any event, public interesting in sailing is on the increase.

Sailing, at least at the start, need not be an expensi proposition. Most folks attain some sailing skill on a "Su fish" or "Sailfish," and later graduate to one of the on design sailing craft selecting a boat which is popular on particular waterway or lake in order to compete on class basis.

Any of the inland waterways within the Commonweal are suitable for the very basic in sailing rigs but once you invest in a Lightning, National One or any of the oth popular one-design craft then you start heading for larg expanses of water, such as, Lake Wallenpaupack, La Clarke on the lower Susquehanna River, Glendale Dar at Prince Gallitzen State Park, the Youghiogheny Riv Reservoir, near Confluence, or Pymatuning Reservoir North West Pennsylvania.

Sailing is much more than just whiling way the tim cruising aimlessly about. Naturally this is one way f the novice to gain a little skill, at a leisurely pace, and tl mistakes don't count; but once you're in competition, und all kinds of weather conditions, that's the time when you early training is tested.

Competition is the spice of life and at Lake Clarke of the lower Susquehanna, the Susquehanna Yacht Clarke of holds matches nearly every weekend starting about M morial Day and extending through the fall.

Last year the yacht club played host to the first annu Governor's Cup Series, a two-day event to select the to Lightning skipper in the state.

Weekend matches generally result in a beehive of activity with everyone willing to lend a hand whether is



NOT ALL sailing events are fast and furious, as indicated by this cluster of sailing craft trying to make it around a marker and not collide with the other fellow.

Among the faster growing sports in Pennsylvania is something that many people think of as being for the salt water set—sailing.

But sailing in the Keystone state—like a lot of other things—is on the upswing. A lot of Pennsylvania people are spending their weekends sailing on one of the many large inland bodies of water within the state.

Writer Robert Miller talks about it here.

by Robert Miller

TWO MEMBERS of the Susquehanna Yacht Club Auxiliary watch as the Lightnings head for the starting line.



rewing a pot of coffee and making sandwiches in the lubhouse, launching a boat, or stepping a mast at dock-ide.

The cost of sailing craft has quite a range, similar to the ost of a small outboard fishing rig to a small inboard ruiser.

While "Sunfish" and "Sailfish" may sell for about \$200 r \$300, new catboats and dinghies—the next step in sailing ladder—from \$275 to about \$750; and centerboard loops which range in price (some less sails) from \$850 \$3,000 or more.

These figures are based on information contained in a amphlet, "One-Design Sailboat Classes," published by he National Assn. of Engine and Boat Manufacturers nc., 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y.

TERMS TO KNOW

Assuming that the layman is familiar with the bow, stern, port and starboard portions of a boat, the following terms may be a little more technical:

COCKPIT—in a small boat a space for passengers. MAST—vertical pole which supports the sails.

BOOM—pole, or spar, which extends along the bottom of the sail, with one end attached to the mast.

MAINSAIL—the principal sail. IIB—a small forward sail on a sloop.

CENTERBOARD or BILGEBOARDS—boards which may be lowered to form a keel.

RUDDÉR—flat plate hinged to the stern. Used for steering.

TILLER—steering handle fitted to the head of the rudder.

LINE—landlubbers say rope.

HALYARDS—lines used for raising or lowering the sails.

SHEETS—lines which control the sideways movement of sails.

HEAD, TACK and CLEW—the top, forward and aft corners of a triangular sail.

BATTEN-slats, of wood or metal, used to stiffen

SKIPPERS, CREWMEN and interested spectators lend a hand stepping the mast on a Lightning prior to one of the regattas staged by the Susquehanna Yacht Club on Lake Clarke.





A CRUISE around the lake on a pleasant afternoon is a good way to see some beautiful scenery as well as a wonderful way to enjoy some fine summer weather.

Forests and Waters Pho-

Pennsylvania's Prince Gallitzin State Park-site of the eighth annual Campvention of the National Campers and Hikers Association July 8-15—will offer a variety of attractions to association campers. The "gearing up" process to accommodate the expected 6,000 camping families has been going on since the fall of 1966. In the process, a 200 acre site has been readied for the tent'n'trailer city that will appear overnight come campvention time.

Prince Gallitzin State Park—in north ern Cambria County some 20 miles north west of Altoona—features top swimming boating and fishing that ranges from scrappy muskies to pan-size bluegills an acres and acres of wooded hills for hiking

The park is one of the newest and most modern of the 75 State Parks that do Pennsylvania countryside. Its boundaries embrace 1640-acre Glendale Lake one of the largest state-owned bodies or recreational waters.

Horseshoe-shaped, the lake nestle among the rolling hills of the 6600-acr park—hills that are part of Pennsylvania's Allegheny Mountains.

CAMPVENTION

PREPARED FOR PUBLICATION
by
PUBLIC RELATIONS DIVISION
DEPARTMENT OF FORESTS & WATERS

IN PENNSYLVANIA

First opened to the public in 1961, the lake has won ecognition as one of the outstanding fishing and boating pots in the Keystone State. The wide variety of fishing offers something for fly-rodders, spinning tackle fanciers and bait casters as they try for brook, brown and rainbow rout, muskellunge, northern pike, walleye, black bass, rrappies, bluegills and catfish.

The lake should provide some good fishing for campers attending the Campvention.

Pennsylvania Fish Commission personnel will be on and to provide information for visitors to the park who vish to try their luck at angling.

Campers who bring their own water craft may launch rom one of three separate launching and mooring areas. I six-horsepower limitation is imposed on boat motors. The lake is considered to be excellent for sailboating and ranceing.

Of contemporary design Prince Gallitzin State Park will ventually provide year around facilities for the public's leasure. Already there are many attractions for the tearly two million annual visitors.

In addition to the picnicking, swimming and hiking failities, a complete marina provides repair and rental ervices. Runabouts and fishing craft may be rented by he hour or day. There are also "excursion" boats availble.

The lake is the base of several sailboating clubs.

Throughout the 6,600 acres of park lands and surrounding countryside, an abundance of wild game birds, and nimals: pheasants, grouse, rabbits, squirrels, groundhogs and deer are to be found.

Many of the families attending the Campvention may vant to camp on the way to and from Prince Gallitzin. The Bureau of State Parks system offers almost 4,900 campites in 38 of the 75 State and Commission Parks scattered hroughout the Commonwealth. Some of these campsites re complete with showers, flush toilets, and other coneniences for the camper.

Prince Gallitzin State Park was named after Demetrius Augustine Gallitzin, one of the area's pioneers, who forsook the wealth and pomp of a Lithuanian noble family to become a priest in the New World. Coming to America as a young man, Prince Gallitzin became a missionary priest, spreading the word of Christianity among the Indians and early settlers of Western Pennsylvania.

Born in 1770 he labored his entire adult life on behalf of others until his death in 1840. He founded the village of Loretto. He brought religious solace to pioneers who lived with axe and rifle as their only tools. He spent thousands of dollars of his own money to support the church and its activities. His first church near Greensburg, Pennsylvania, was the only one between Lancaster and St. Louis. His memory adds a special romance to the area of the Prince Gallitzin State Park . . . where the 1967 Campvention will be held.

SAILING at Prince Gallitzin on Glendale Lake is among the most popular of sports. Several sailing clubs headquarter here.

Don Shiner Photo

In making plans to stay at state parks a word of caution—"get there early" because camping facilities in all of Pennsylvania are sure to be taxed to the limit during the entire week of the 4th of July. Due to the vast amount of "paper work" required for advance reservations, all campsites in the system are on a "first come, first served" basis.

A private campground directory, published by the Campground Association of Pennsylvania, lists many privately owned campgrounds. To have one write to: Mr. C. R. Sandy, Executive Director, Campground Association of Pennsylvania, Mercer, Pennsylvania 16137.

Time will be the only limiting factor as to the things which a Campvention visitor can do and see while in the Commonwealth.

Erie, with its unlimited recreational facilities on Lake Erie, is located in the northwestern section of the State. Numerous historical attractions are there, too. The laurel Highlands, which includes the area around Prince Gallitzin State Park, are located in westcentral Pennsylvania. The Juniata Mountain area is in southcentral Pennsylvania. The Great Highlands, the Endless Mountains and the Poconos offer many attractions, too.

In all areas camping anglers and their families will find good fishing. Additional information about fishing can be had by writing: The Public Relations Division; The Pennsylvania Fish Commission; Harrisburg, Pennsylvania 17120.





by Bob Miller

MARINA!

The waterways of Pennsylvania, from one end of the Commonwealth to the other, are dotted with marinas offering a variety of facilities to serve the pleasure boatman and his family.

Some marinas may merely consist of a building, a gas pump, ramp and outside storage; while others represent a sizeable investment on the part of the owner, in time and money, and provide an assortment of services from pumping gas to a full course dinner.

Naturally the boating family, when miles away from home, prefers the marina where refreshments are available, especially when the youngsters start clamoring for a hamburger or an ice cream cone and minor repairs if necessary and the use of sanitary and laundry facilities, the latter if they happen to be on a weekend outing.

Unfortunately some shoreside marinas, like some service stations, aren't up to par where quality is concerned and leave a lot to be desired. Usually, in such cases, the first visit is also the last.

Fortunately, for Pennsylvanians, the former outnumbers the latter and the pleasure boating family is assured of top quality service on any of the waterway highways within the Commonwealth.

What is provided the boating public by the full service marina?

First, if you're interested in fishing but lack a license they're available and in a matter of minutes you can be out there on the water plugging away, or still fishing, for bass, muskies, crappies or whatever species the particular area has to offer.

Then too, if you're in the market for a new boat, or even

a used fishing rig, the full service marina normally ha quite a selection on hand to choose from.

Most have at least a snack bar and some even have a restaurant, for some well needed refreshments after a day of fishing or a couple of hours of water skiing.

Also one will find a full line of accessories and if you happen to shear a pin, need a new sparkplug, or lose a prop—even if it happens to be a holiday when all other service stores are closed—nine times out of ten you'll find just what you need at the marina.

Need some ice to keep your catch cold until you get home, or to put a chill on those softdrinks? You'll find that most marinas have automatic vending machines which dispense a bag of ice cubes for only a quarter.

Sanitary facilities are also included and some even offer showers.

There is also inside and outside storage and the charge, when broken down over a period of 12 months, is usually nominal when you consider that operating a marina is generally a 24 hour proposition with fishermen showing up at the crack of dawn for gasoline and live bait while the pleasure craft owner remains out as late as possible to catch those evening breezes after an afternoon under the hot sun.

Even over the winter months—unknown to a lot of folks—the marina operator is in business keeping those wet cell batteries charged, at a cost of sometimes less than \$5; handling some refinishing and overhauling outboard engines so that they're ready to go when the ice moves off and the first signs of spring appear in the air.



Inattention to something as important as proper ventilation can be a life and death matter for the boater. Only a few drops of fuel can create an explosion of great enough force to ruin the boat as well as to hurt or kill the operator or occupants.

Be careful!

by CDR. E. R. THARP Pennsylvania Fish Commission In Charge of Watercraft Safety

THINGS A BOATER SHOULD KNOW!

NEW VENTILATION REQUIREMENTS

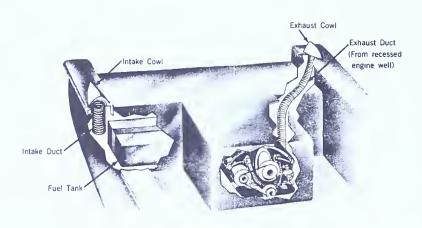
Until 1940 there were no requirements for ventilation of motor boats; but with the passage of the Federal Act of April 25, 1940, it became necessary that every motor boat, except open boats, using as fuel any liquid that has a flash point of 110 degrees F. or less have at least two ventilators fitted with cowls or their equivalent for the purpose of properly and efficiently ventilating the bilges of every engine and fuel tank compartment.

After five years experience with keeping the national statistics of boating accidents and observing the great losses in property damage, the Coast Guard proposed an amendment to the 1940 requirements. This was aired in a

public hearing and after surprisingly little opposition was adopted. This amendment extended the 1940 minimum requirement to ventilation ducts, in addition to the two cowls. The exhaust duct is to be installed so as to extend from the open atmosphere to the lower portion of the bilge and the intake duct was to extend to a point at least midway to the bilge or at least below the level of the carburetor intake.

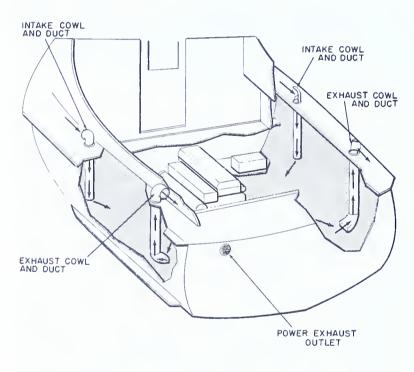
In addition, cowls are to be located and trimmed for maximum effectiveness and in a manner to prevent recirculation of displaced fumes.

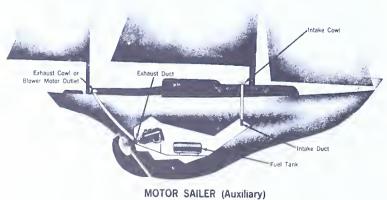
NEW VENTILATION REQUIREMENTS



INBOARD-OUTBOARD STERN DRIVE
Combined Fuel Tank and Engine Compartments

Example of ventilation arrangements on small motorboats.





Fore and Aft Arrangement

Example of ventilation arrangements on larger vessels, cabin crusiers and auxiliary sailboats.

One term of primary interest is "open boats."

It is defined as a motor boat with all engine and fue tank compartments and other spaces to which explosive of flammable gases and vapors from these compartments may flow, open to the atmosphere and so arranged as to preven the entrapment of such gases and vapors within the vessel

From this discussion, it becomes apparent that the firs determination to be made is whether the boat is an "oper boat" or requires ventilation in the form of ducts and cowls.

The Coast Guard policy indicates that all of the follow ing conditions should be met in order to consider the boa as "open":

- 1. Engine and fuel tank compartments shall have a minimum of 15 square inches of open area directly exposed to the atmosphere for each cubic foot of net compartmen volume.
- 2. All such compartments must have at least one square inch of open area per cubic foot, within one inch of the compartment bilge level or floor, so that vapors will drain into open areas.
- 3. There must be no long or narrow unventilated spaces accessible from such compartments in which a flame from could propagate.
- 4. Long narrow compartments (such as side panels), if joining engine or fuel compartments and not serving as ducts thereto, shall have at least 15 square inches of oper area per cubic foot provided by frequent openings along the full length of the compartment formed.

Many boats both outboard motor as well as inboard-outboard types may be modified to meet the above conditions and thus would need no ducts and cowls.

For example, on many outboard boats fuel cans (tanks) are stored under the transom area and then covered by a drop curtain. This curtain could be removed or trimmed to provide the necessary opening so that the above conditions were met. Sometimes in the case of inboard-outboard types, openings may be provided in the inboard engine box to meet the above conditions. This of course would raise the engine noise level in the cockpit area which may not be desirable.

Assuming that ventilation is necessary, the following

Suggestions for outboard boats and inboard-outboard types are illustrated on these pages by the Coast Guard.

These sketches do not indicate the ducting diameter and cowl opening areas. There are tables based upon industry ecommendations contained in the Coast Guard's pamblet: "Ventilation Systems for Small Craft." CG-395.

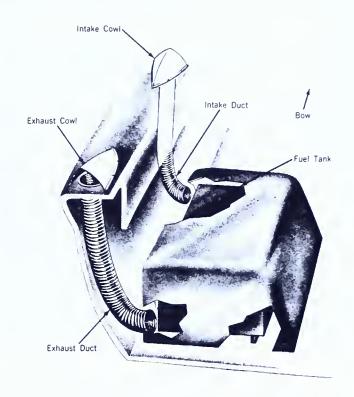
Copies may be obtained by writing to this office or conacting our Patrol Officers in the field; however, you are advised not to go cutting holes that could affect the boat's seaworthiness to a considerable degree. Rather, do take the boat to a reputable dealer. Because our Patrol personnel are not marine engineers or expert repairmen, they have been instructed to not make recommendations other than to instruct who in the area is equipped and able to make your alterations.

From a law enforcement standpoint, Pennsylvania officers will enforce only that minimum provision that is conained in our regulations. Both Coast Guard and State egulations specifically call for at least one inlet duct fitted vith cowl and at least one outlet or exhaust duct fitted vith cowl. Ducts must extend from the open atmosphere o a point at least midway to the bilge for the intake air luct and to the lower portion of the bilges for the exhaust. The ducting, to be efficient and meet the engineering definition, must be a minimum of two inches in diameter and the cowl or equivalent opening must have an equal area for ree ingress and egress of air.

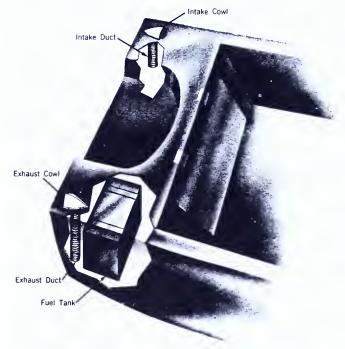
Although the minimum requirements are all that can be inforced, it is strongly recommended that you follow the procedures outlined in CG-395. The ventilation recomnendations contained in CG-395 will provide the maxinum protection known at present for you and your family. Remember also that nothing can protect you better than o observe safety precautions in the handling of these volatile fuels and to keep a constant check to assure you have afe fuel system installations.

A good person to contact in your area is the local CME Courtesy Motorboat Examiner) of the Coast Guard Auxliary. This auxiliary organization is dedicated to boating afety and before they will issue you a CME "Seal of afety" decal, you will have to meet the recommended afety requirements contained in CG-395.

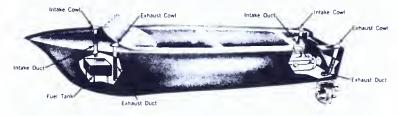
While altering your boat to make it safe, make it as safe is possible!



UNDERSEAT FUEL COMPARTMENT



UNDERTRANSOM FUEL TANK COMPARTMENT (Outboard)



INBOARD-OUTBOARD STERN DRIVE
Separate Fuel Tank and Engine Compartments

Example of ventilation arrangements on small motorboats.

COMMONLY ASKED QUESTIONS

/ by BOB MILLER

Q. Who are our Pennsylvania "boaters"?

A. Our "boaters" in Pennsylvania include the people who ride in or operate a boat, whether mechanically powered, hand propelled, wind or current driven. These people may just plain pleasure cruise, race, fish, water ski, scuba dive or engage in any other water oriented activity in a craft.

X - X - X

Q. Why does my 10 foot aluminum boat with a 1.5 HP motor cost the same as a 15'9" boat with 65 HP (or more) motor?

A. This question is usually asked by people who operated a boat under the old motor boat law which provided for licensing of the motor. Today, however, after a great hassle, Pennsylvania updated their laws in conformance with the Federal Boating Act of 1958, which gives our registered boats at least 90 days reciprocity in other states and Canada. This is a great convenience to many of our boaters, regardless of whether they water ski, fish, scuba dive, or pleasure cruise.

The actual cost of issuing the average registration is the same, regardless of size or horsepower; however, the lower the cost of boat and motor the more often they change hands and for this reason the administrative costs are usually higher for the smaller boat and motor.

Again the high horsepower motor uses more gasoline and thus pays a greater share of the liquid fuels tax as well as paying a greater sales tax when the motor is purchased. Because it is hoped that in the near future the money paid in tax on gasoline will be returned for the improvement of waterways and waterway facilities, the higher horsepower boat will certainly be paying its share in much the same manner as the high horsepower auto does while still paying the same registration fee as the small automobile.

X - X - X

Q. What is the Coast Guard policy concerning fire extinguishers without gauges?

A. The Coast Guard does not approve extinguishers without gauges manufactured after June 1, 1965. After June 1, 1965, all previously approved stored pressure extinguishers with no gauge will have to have an inspection tag showing that the extinguisher has undergone inspection within the last six months.

 $\mathbf{x} - \mathbf{x} - \mathbf{x}$

Q. In case of a boating accident, which results in property damage, injury or death, when must an accident report be submitted?

A. In case of an injury, requiring medical attention, or property damage of \$100 or more, the accident report form must be filed within five days. If a death is involved,

or the disappearance of a person under circumstances which indicate death or injury, the report must be filed with the Pennsylvania Fish Commission within 48 hours.

 $\mathbf{x} \quad \mathbf{x} \quad \mathbf{x}$

Q. Where can I obtain an accident form?

A. Accident forms may be obtained from the fish wardens, Pennsylvania State Police and from many marine dealers.

 $\mathbf{X} \quad \mathbf{X} \quad \mathbf{X}$

Q. Who do I notify in case I change my address?

A. Notify the miscellaneous license division of the Department of Revenue within 15 days of the new address. The certificate of registration bearing the former address should be retained for use during the balance of the registration year. The correct address will be shown on the official records and on the subsequent renewal application and certificate of registration.

 \mathbf{x} \mathbf{x} \mathbf{x}

Q. What are the regulations pertaining to cruising in the vicinity of a diver's buoy and flag?

A. Regulations prohibit the operation of any type of water craft within 50 feet of such a flagged buoy.

x x x

Q. When is it possible to use a buoyant cushion as a seat cushion?

A. When it is a unicellar plastic foam type which will not loose its buoyancy when compressed.

 $\mathbf{x} \quad \mathbf{x} \quad \mathbf{x}$

Q. What causes my boat trailer to sway back and forth at high speeds?

A. Too much weight on the rear of the trailer or the air pressure in one tire may be lower than the other. Distribute the weight foreward in the boat and check tire inflation.

 $\mathbf{X} \quad \mathbf{X} \quad \mathbf{X}$

Q. When meeting another boat head-on, in which direction would both turn?

A. Both skippers should bear to the right.

X - X - X

Q. I own two motorboats and operate each for personal pleasure. Can I use the same registration number for both boats?

A. No. Each motorboat must be registered and have its individual registration number.

 $\mathbf{x} \quad \mathbf{x} \quad \mathbf{x}$

Q. Do other states have boating regulations similar to Pennsylvania?

A. Yes. At least 47 states plus Puerto Rico and the Virgin Islands.

DON'T OVERLOOK THEM!

PANFISH APLENTY

by ED ATTS



UP COMES A CRAPPIE! Due to their paper thin mouths there is danger of the hook tearing loose when they are lifted free of the water.

Probably the first fish most of us caught as a youngster vas one of the various species of small fish known colectively as panfish. In Pennsylvania bluegills and crappies re the two most popular panfish but this list must also nelude the yellow perch and rock bass. Though none of he panfish just mentioned seldom exceed a foot in length hey rank high on the popularity list of many anglers due o their habit of striking savagely for their size—and often.

Bluegills

If a bluegill ever began to match a musky in size I loubt if it could be landed on conventional tackle. For ome reason this fish possesses astounding strength for its mall size—which very rarely exceeds 10 inches.

Probably more young people have been introduced to ngling through bluegills than all other species combined. Generally a can of garden worms, a packet of No. 10 nelled hooks, and a red and white plastic bobber does he trick.

Other productive natural baits include crickets, grasscoppers, and pin head minnows. Probably these live
caits will produce as many fish as anything but to take the
argest "gills" I like to use artificial lures.

Small spinners, a spinner and fly combination, and eighth nunce or smaller jointed plugs produce the largest specinens of this species for me. When fished with an ultra ight spinning outfit and two pound test line these lures are easy to cast and makes each fish seem larger than it eally is.

When bluegills move into the shallows in the spring a fly od is undoubtedly the best weapon. And on the end of he leader can be either a small popper, a rubber spider, or any pattern of dry fly. At times it really doesn't seem

to matter what lure is used, for these fish can supply unbelievable fast action. On several occasions I have fished the lagoons of Presque Isle and caught as many as 50 bluegills per hour with most of them running nearly as large as my hand.

Bluegills can find suitable living conditions in almost any slow moving stream, lake, or pond in the Commonwealth. Just give them a weedbed or brush pile in which to hide and a sand and gravel bar on which to build their nests and spawn, and they will propagate in astounding numbers.

It is practically impossible to over-fish a body of water containing bluegills. In fact, many lakes have been ruined by under-harvesting the crop of bluegills and there has been so much competition for food that the fish become "stunted" in growth after reaching only three or four inches in length.

These fish even show up in new bodies of water which haven't been stocked with them. Just how they get there is debatable, but much evidence indicates their eggs may be carried on the feet of ducks and other water birds—or in the fur of muskrats and mink.

Crappies

Crappies have inhabited many of the lakes within Pennsylvania for years but they have also been successfully introduced into many recently built man-made lakes. Crappies are generally capable of reproducing themselves after an initial stocking, but the number caught can in no way be a true indication of the population in a given body of water.

Crappies travel in schools and when one is caught there are generally many others present, but catching that first



PANFISH, like all other fish, should not be wasted. These were taken from a newly built lake so only four were kept for the evening supper. Twice this many were returned.

PANFISH APLENTY

one can be a problem. In smaller bodies of water it generally isn't too difficult since they don't have as much of an area to travel. On larger lakes the story is different since they travel in large schools and are never in the same place very long.

Frequent haunts of crappies are near brush piles and weedbeds where suitable cover and an abundant supply of minnows is present. I generally let my boat drift over known crappie areas until I catch a fish or two and then drop anchor and stay put as long as the action lasts.

The best, and about only, natural bait to use for crappies is minnows a couple inches long. Spinners and small jointed plugs are good artificials but I generally fish streamers tied from deer hair or marabou on a No. 8 streamer hook. White or yellow seems to be the best colors.

Instead of using a fly rod, I generally use a light spinning outfit. To fish streamers this way I tie a quarter ounce torpedo shaped float to the end of the line and then an additional five foot length of monofilament to the eye on the other end of the float. To the end of this length of line the streamer is attached.

The float is cast like a regular plug and the extra line and streamer merely goes along for the ride. Once they land on the water I begin the retrieve. The streamer naturally runs a few inches beneath the surface but when the fish are in deeper water a split shot or two can be added to take it down even further. For crappies a slow, even retrieve seems best.

A crappie docsn't strike as hard as a bluegill but just adds more of a resistance to the line. Once a crappie is on the line it has to be played cautiously for they have paper-thin mouths from which it isn't the least bit difficult to tear a hook loose.

Of the four different species of panfish discussed in this article crappies are generally considered to be the best

eating. Their thick bodies produce two of the nicest white fillets imaginable and when they are breaded and deep fried to a golden brown they can only be described as "succulent."

Yellow Perch

Perch are considered a nuisance by many anglers but I have spent many enjoyable days fishing for large lake perch. These fish seem to reach their largest size when living in large bodies of water and I have landed quite a few that were better than a foot in length.

Lake perch spend much of their time in water over 20 feet deep and the best way to take them is to drift with medium sized minnows a few inches off the bottom. When drifting it is also possible to use jigs by bumping them of the lake bottom by raising and lowering the rod tip. To hook perch when fishing this way it is necessary to strike at the slightest sign of resistance on the end of the line.

In the spring perch come out of the depths of the lakes and head into the shallows and mouths of tributary streams to spawn. In these shallow water areas any artificial lures which resemble minnows will produce fish.

One spring a few years back a friend of mine wanted to take me to a tributary stream emptying into Lake Erie where he knew the lake perch made a spawning run each spring. From the pictures he showed of catches he had made the previous year I knew there would be plenty of action, but when I went with him it proved to be better than I ever imagined.

For a while that afternoon a perch would hit on every cast and then when things slowed down it was every other cast. We both tried experimenting with different lures that day but a jointed plug fished no more than a foot underneath the surface produced best for both of us.

Rock Bass

Probably the rock bass is the least fished for species of all the panfish we will discuss. However, this small fish, which rarely exceeds eight inches in length, can give a good account of itself when taken on light spinning or fly tackle.

Quite often rock bass will try to tackle more than they can really swallow for I have frequently taken them on lures I use for smallmouth bass and walleyes. On one specific occasion I remember taking a rock bass while trolling for muskies. The plug I was using was nearly a foot long but the rock bass was only five and a half inches in length.

Rock bass inhabit clear rivers and streams where there is a current and where the bottom is covered with large rocks. They also inhabit clear lakes but they shy away from the weedbeds where most panfish congregate. Here they still seek out rocks or if none of these are present they prefer gravel areas.

These fish, like so many other panfish, will hit about anything that moves, but underwater lures seem to be best. If forced to select one it would have to be a brightly colored fly and spinner combo.

AN EASY-TO-MAKE BASS BUG

THE "ALL BUTTS"

It was a slow morning on the Juniata below Millerstown. The bass weren't working; there was no bait for carp; and he usual rush of panfish to the smaller spinning lures was beent.

Contemplating the sorry state of things, I flipped the outt of a cigar out beyond my rod tip and watched it bob in the water before I waded to the shore for the trip home. I blue gill appeared from hiding and nosed the plastic ip and followed the settling ashes back to the bottom. The tip bobbed on with the current and a few yards lownstream there was a pleasant "zap" as another panfish pook a little better look at the cigar butt.

This was enough for an idea and the first "All-Butt" bug vas born moments later. I took the plastic tip from a fresh togic and ruined a pair of cigarettes for their filters. Then with a spare long-shanked hook I fashioned the lure. I rimmed the lip piece with a pocket knife to allow the hook a extend beyond it in the manner of a conventional bassing and held the hook in position by jamming the filters into the cigar end of the tip. That was it.

I wish I could say it was phenomenal and that five pound ass fought each other to take it, but I can't. However, I lid take a rock bass or two and had a couple of blue gills how their curiosity. So with a little adjustment here and a ttle improvement there . . . it was back to the workshop . . . he "All-Butt" might be a fish taking lure yet.

At home I continued the research. There would be ttle advantage in the lure if it couldn't be made simply nd quickly. So I discarded conventional cork and hair bug



by WILLIAM J. PORTER

techniques and came up with the "hot knife and warm needle treatment." An old paring knife was heated which cut through the plastic tips like hot butter. The warm needle was excellent for putting in holes for wings, legs and eyes. I formed these by dipping the base ends of small bunches of bucktail and polar bear hair into fly head cement and allowing them to dry before inserting into the plastic.

Continuing, humped-shanked hooks were used and odd bits of cork replaced the cigarette filters used on the stream. Contact cement closed all openings and the bug was done. Still a bit crude, it was, nevertheless, an advancement from the first trial lure. No vise was needed; no tying thread; nor complicated skills.

For a fancier bug, and one that took more time, further embellishments were added. The plastic was shaped carefully with the hot knife. In some instances the plastic served simply as a sleeve for an insert of cork that could be sanded and curved at both ends of the bug. I used combinations of feathers, chenile and other body materials with the aid of a vise, tying thread and other tools. The bug was ready for painting in various color combinations. A note of warning here: the plastic did not take the paint well. After some experimentation to prevent rub-off, I settled on auto-touch-up paints as being the best of the ones tried.

Well, that's about it. All three stages are effective. The original emergency one isn't adequate; the second improved model works better and is easy to make; and if you're fussy, try the third model and go on with improvements of your own.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The story on page ten of the May issue was incorrect due mainly to the loss of copy during composition. We regret the error and the story—as originally written by author George Alexander—is published herein as a correction.

TINKER THE TROUTER

by GEORGE ALEXANDER

Much has been written about the trout fishing and the big "brownies" caught yearly in the Big Spring section of Cumberland County. 1966 produced some record trout in this area. This is as it should be because big trout furnish big news in any area they may come from, be it the Big Hole in Montana or the Big Spring in Pennsylvania.

However, at the Green Spring hatchery near Newville, Cumberland County, there lives a "fisherman" who we think deserves some well earned comment.

Visualize if you will, a nine-year-old, who without aid of rod, reel, bait, net, or any of the other equipment that goes with fishing, most any day or anytime, can land a nice brownie or rainbow. In fact this "fisherman" has but one of the attributes or qualifications that go to make up a good trout fisherman. That attribute or qualification is desire. Desire that might better be termed enthusiasm.

And while this "fisherman" we are talking about always shows great pleasure and excitement, there never occurs any bragging, even of the excusable variety most fishermen can get away with. Altho in no way an outlaw, this catcher of fish needs no license, no waders or boots. Bothersome things, like high or low water, "punkies" or mosquitos, bother not this follower of Izaak Walton.

The only equipment used by this unusual trouter is a pair of sharp eyes and sharp teeth combined with quick reflexes. These and four sturdy legs. By now in case you're wondering what sort of character this is, the name of this "fisherman" is Tinker, and Tinker is a fine looking nine-year-old German shepherd dog. To top things off, Charles H. Shively, who is employed and lives at the Green Spring hatchery, owns Tinker. Charley raised her from a pup. And while anyone witnessing Tinker's trout catching ability need not be told, Shively admits Tinker is quite a dog. She guards the place by night, and serves as official welcomer by day. Her accomplishments are not

limited to trout catching. She can be a toughie on rats and cats, with an occasional assist in retrieving ringnecks in season.

Recently, having heard of Tinker's fish catching ability, and admittedly skeptical, a group comprised of Max Bossert of Clinton County, Walter Williams of Harrisburg, and the writer, who hails from Clarion County, went to Green Spring to watch Tinker perform. Bill Wilt of Blair County was piloting the trip because he had already seen the dog in action. Of course, ever since telling about the performance, Bill had been on the spot about stretching the truth, as fishermen are prone to do. Tinker not only did her stuff and gave a fine show, but in so doing, proved Bill's story.

When owner Shively, or his son Bob, ask Tinker if she wants to go fishing, or command her to "go get a fish", Tinker becomes all Go-Go with capital G's. Wading directly through the rearing pools, or working the brushy bank edges, she sort of herds the trout in front and around her. Then at the proper time by a quick dunking of her long, good-looking nose, and an even quicker snap of her shining teeth, presto—there is the dog holding a very surprised and squirmy trout. Miss some? Sure. What fisherman doesn't? But given enough time and the right situation, she produces.

Even more amazing, like a well-trained game retrieving dog, Tinker has what bird-dog men desire in a dog, a soft mouth. A no-doubt startled, and probably foolish-feeling trout, finding itself helplessly squirming, is not even visibly marked.

We doubting members of Bill Wilt's early morning trip to see Tinker make good, enjoyed being proven wrong. We enjoyed seeing the fine countryside and meeting the Shivelys. Most of all we enjoyed seeing Tinker the Trouter in action.

May she have nine more years of good fishing.



SCREAMERS ON THE SCHUYLKILL

DRAG RACE

of people but for men who have worked and planned all winter over powerful racing boats it's the time to try them out. Here's what they looked like on May 20

and 21 when the dragsters skimmed over the smooth water of the Schuvlkill.

Early summer is a lot of things to a lot

by TOM EGGLER **STAFF WRITER - PHOTOGRAPHER**







DRAG RACE

The quiet surfaces of the Schuylkill River two mile above the Norristown Dam near Philadelphia rippled late in May as high speed hydros and ski boats barreled down the shady sided stream in attempts to outrun each other.

It was the first drag boat regatta held in the east and was jointly sponsored by the Eastern Drag Boat Association and the Port Indian Civic and Boating Association.

As spectators lounged along the east shore of the river the high powered racers screamed down the river at speeds up to 114 MPH. A New Jersey racer, Ardson Bozarth of Egg Harbor City, hit that mark on one downstream run

Walter Struzek, 1966 "Driver of the Year" and a resident of Port Indian, flashed through the gates at 108 MPH.



ONLOOKERS FROM SHORE watch (top) as some of the high speed rigs streak across the quiet water (left). Watercraft Safety Officer Dean Klinger (above) checks equipment on a boat visiting the event.

Both were aiming for new records but failed when their turn runs fell short.

Bob Letwenski, Union Beach, N.J., turned in the best ficial speed of the drag boat events when he drove his i boat, No Smoke VIII, in a heat at a speed of 98.901 (PH in the 90–100 MPH class.

Howard Stein, Elizabeth, N.J., made the fastest time in outboard at 73.922 MPH.

Bill Moore, Norristown, and a Port Indian Club Official, ove his Fat Cat to a speed of 68.411 to win in the 60–70 PH class.

Seventeen-year-old Bill Comly, won the 35–40 MPH vision with a run of 38.977. His older brother Jack omly won the 45–50 MPH class.

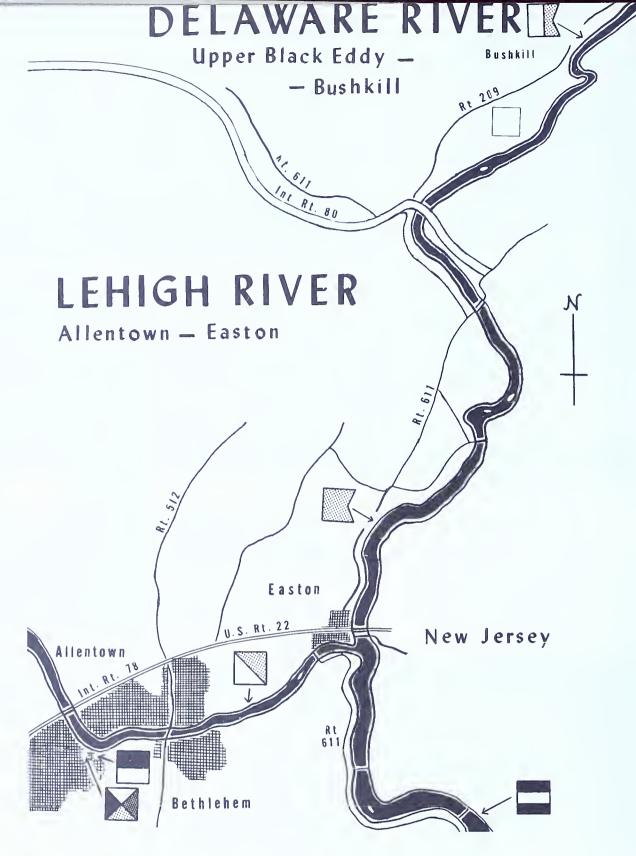
The Schuylkill location for the drags was picked over her possible locations because of the generally quiet ater surfaces and protection from wind by timber growth ong the shores.



CONTEST OFFICIALS discuss the race (above) while District Fish Warden Frank Rotchford and Ben Callaway, columnist for the Philadelphia Daily News talk over some fishing. Below racers prepare craft while visitors watch.







BOATING

Directory of Pennsylvania Marinas Access Areas and Boat Rental Facilities

WITH
ROBERT
G.
MILLER

DELAWARE RIVER

Upper Black Eddy—Bushkill

LEHIGH RIVER

Allentown—Bethlehem

During the early spring there is an abundance of water in the upper Delaware and Lehigh Rivers for pleasure boating but, unfortunately, early spring and such activities as water skiing are not exactly compatible and by the time the temperature warms up the water level recedes leaving only scattered pools deep enough for pleasure craft.

However there are three access areas on the Delaware, from Upper Black Eddy to Bushkill;

and three on the Lehigh, in the Bethlehem-Allentown area, although one of the latter, maintained by the Bethlehem Boat Club, is used little during the hot summer months since the dam "went out" some years ago. Now most members make use of existing facilities at Allentown or head for Lake Wallenpaupack.

A brief sketch of facilities available in these areas is as follows:



Pennsylvania Fish Commission ramp at Upper Black Eddy, off Rt. 32. Provides hard surfaced ramp, docking area and parking facilities only.



Pennsylvania Power & Light Co. ramp and picnic area at Martin's Creek, about 10 miles upstream from Easton. Open to the general public, there is no charge for usage. Provides

ramp, picnic tables and sanitary facilities but is more suitable for small craft, such as, canoes or car toppers and light motors.



Pennsylvania Fish Commission access area, north of Bushkill. Located off Rt. 209, it provides a surfaced parking area and ramp.



Bethlehem Boat Club facilities at Hopeville, east of Bethlehem, off alternate Rt. 22. Club has a pool, picnic facilities and pavilion for members only, but ramp is available to the

public at a slight fee. However, this section of the river, at present, offers little area for pleasure boating.



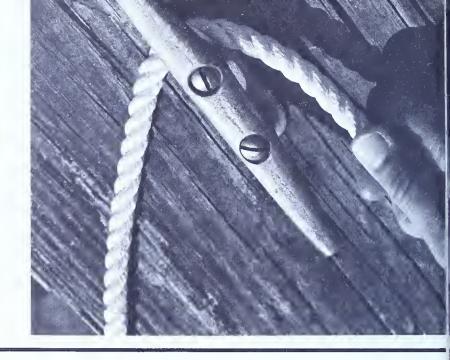
Frick Boat Club landing, north of the Hamilton Street dam, at Allentown. Has surfaced ramp, large parking area, gasoline and oil, a caretaker, and a charge for the use of facilities.



River Front Park access area, adjoining the Frick landing. Beach type ramp, no charge for use.

MAKE FAST!

by GORDON S. SMITH
Outdoor Photographers League



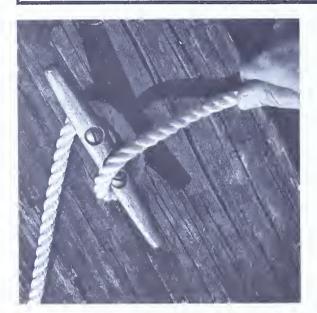
TYING UP TO A CLEAT

Whether you skipper an expensive yacht or a 10-foot fishing punt, some day you will have to come to terms with a cleat. Just tossing the boat anchor up on the dock, or looping the line over the top of a pier, isn't enough.

A cleat on the dock serves a very useful

purpose in securing your craft beside the dock while you are in port, and permitting you to cast off quickly when you are ready to embark.

Study these photos carefully. They show each step in the proper technique of making fast to a cleat quickly and efficiently.



THE LINE is passed around cleat under horn on the side opposite strain (shown upper right) and then continued around stem to opposite side under horn, drawing back over center (left).

NEXT STEP—after making turn around base of cleat—is to flip a half hitch over horn (right).





PULL UP tight, as shown, and you are made fast (left). It takes only a second or two to loosen hitch and cast off. It is not necessary to pass line over and over in a series of figure eights.

INCORRECT METHOD (right). Note here that strain on line to boat must be released first before painter can be freed.



PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER

MODERN CAMPING

bу

DEL & LOIS KERR

AMISHLAND

Chust come oncet to Amishland. You'll be glad you did. his section of Pennsylvania—ranging from Adams County the west to Chester County on the east and from the Caryland border north to Berks County—offers perhaps e widest variety of tourist attractions in the state.

It is a land of sharp contrasts.

Modern, up-to-date cities such as Lancaster lie side-byde with farms owned by the old order Amish—farms ithout power equipment, electricity or modern conmiences of any kind. These plain people still live much their ancestors lived two hundred years ago, unmindful our modern, space-age world.

In Lancaster County alone, over 6200 Amish follow the stoms and practices of their forefathers. Their religion ecludes ownership of any conveyance with rubber tires. Delectricity is permitted in the homes. Rooms are furshed in utmost simplicity and no curtains appear at indows. The blue and black garb of the Amish is the me style worn by their antecedents years ago.

You can sit in your gleaming trailer or colorful tent at a ivate campground and watch the years roll back as an nishman with his horse and buggy drives up to your mpsite selling home-made root beer or other condiments. the stores of quaint villages, you will often make your trehases alongside a bare-footed, bearded Pennsylvania atchman.

The largest attraction, of course, is the Amish farms and the people, themselves, traveling in horse and buggy rigs. The any of the back roads are used so frequently that ruts the steel buggy wheels have been channeled into the acadam. Hitching posts and carriage stops are still an important part of most towns in the area.

To include the region in the top twenty tourist attractus in the nation is entirely justified. There are many, may things to see and do. A visit to a farmer's market all make your eyes bulge and your mouth water at the viety of farm products and baked goods on display. Our lys particularly enjoyed a trip to a pretzel factory at Litz, the oldest in America. You can see how pretzels are made manually and even try your hand at pretzel tisting.

Youngsters and oldsters alike will enjoy a ride on the asburg Railroad.

This line is the oldest operating short-line railroad in perica—not a narrow gauge built as a tourist attraction. The passenger cars are wooden coaches with plush seats—ginal equipment built seventy-five years ago. The trip is from Strasburg to the main line of the Pennsylvania filroad at Paradise and back. Often the engineer must

wait at a country lane for an Amishman with his horse and buggy to cross.

For the angler, 6000-acre Conowingo Dam at Peach Bottom offers a variety of fish, including walleye and smallmouth bass. Other large dams are Safe Harbor at Columbia and Holtwood at Pequea. Some creeks such as Big Chickies and Conestoga Creek offer good fishing as well.

Finding a campsite in this region is not difficult although there are few state parks. The area hosts the largest concentration of private campgrounds anywhere in Pennsylvania. Reservations can be made in advance at most of them. There are campgrounds to suit all tastes, from small areas with fifteen or twenty wooded campsites to huge recreational complexes with well-planned activities.

At historic Gettysburg in Adams County, one can tour the battlefields, as well as visit the many civil war displays within the town. Caledonia State park nearby has a lovely campground and a trout lake. Sites are available through the week, but this popular park is generally crowded weekends. There are several private campgrounds surrounding Gettysburg.

A visit to Southcentral Pennsylvania is not complete without a stopover at Harrisburg to view the state capitol buildings and to browse through the newly-completed state museum. Nearby is Hershey with its spectacular rose garden. Visitors may also tour the world-famous chocolate factory.

Here again, private camping facilities are readily available. Excellent fishing can be found in the Susquehanna River. Swatara Creek and Wildwood Lake also offer a variety of fish and there are several good trout streams.

Northward in Berks County you find the famous hex signs on the barns, supposedly to ward off evil spirits, but nowadays they are mostly "chust for fancy". The Schuylkill River provides good fishing as do numerous small lakes and creeks throughout the county.

Bird lovers would enjoy a visit to the Hawk Mountain Bird Sanctuary and the young cowboys and Indians would enjoy seeing the old Daniel Boone Homestead.

We heartily recommend stopping at a Pennsylvania Dutch restaurant serving family style meals. You'll probably have to let your belt out a notch or two, but such a meal is an experience you will long remember.

In Chester County there is a fine private campground right along well-known Brandywine Creek. Icedale Lake, a few miles away, is stocked with large mouth bass, perch, sunfish, bullhead, carp and suckers.

We have only hit the highlights of some of the many things which tourists may see and do in the land of the Pennsylvania Dutch, a true haven for vacationers.

Chust go already, and see this wonderful area for yourselves.

DEVIL FISH OF THE DELAWARE

Outdoor writers Keith Schuyler Sr. and Jr. first encountered the sea lamprey while on a shad fishing trip on the Delaware River a few seasons ago. Here's what they have to say.



KEITH C. SCHUYLER, JR.

by

and

KEITH C. SCHUYLER, SR.

Coming up the Delaware River in the spring, is a fish at is truly a devil of the deep.

Of all the creatures that swim, the sea lamprey is cerially one of the ugliest characters to be found anywhere. Although the lampreys became somewhat familiar to est people through publicity attached to their destruction of trout in the Great Lakes, relatively few people are that the same species ascends the Delaware River anually to spawn.

Despite its habit of living from the body juices of other hes, the lamprey is a creature which excites interest. In first encounter with it was at the mouth of the lickawaxen River several years ago while on a shad hing trip. The Lackawaxen River empties into the lelaware near the village of the same name on Pennsylmia's eastern border.

The presence of lampreys was first revealed as an sortment of old rusty pipes lying on the stream bottom. I was not until one of these "pipes" moved that we reazed it was a living creature. After several attempts, we maged to foul hook one with a large spoon. It had the pearance of the sea lamprey pictures of Greak Lakes amy, but it was not until later when we talked to a Hazzard, former Assistant Executive Director of Fish Commission and eminent fish authority, that we received official confirmation. Dr. Hazzard and ourselves a strending a spring workshop of the Pennsylvania author Writers Association at the time.

We managed to pick up several other specimens of both sees, and since then we have made a rather thorough eddy of the lamprey.

Although the lamprey hardly meets the qualifications (a fish, it is an interesting enough character to be made jet of the fisherman's everyday knowledge.

There have been unconfirmed reports of lampreys being eached to fish in the Delaware, but it is not normal for tem to feed while on spawning runs. Basically a saltater resident, the eel-shaped creatures sustain themselves attaching to other fish by means of the circular, toothed mouth.

The mouth is the most interesting feature of the laprey. It is a vacuum tube of sorts, surrounded on the ctside by fleshy particles which give it the appearance a mop with a close haircut. Inside this circular lip is set of pyramid-like teeth which are actually horny eidermal appendages. Even the tongue is supplied with a asp that is used to scrape away the scales of fish. Once the scales and skin are removed, the lamprey sucks the bod and body juices from the host until it is satisfied. Juis usually results in the host's death.

Of almost equal interest is the set of eight pairs of gill ofts on the sides of the pharynx in the baby lampreys. We set of these clefts disappears by the time the incidual reaches adulthood. The gill slits lead into gill suches where the water's oxygen is absorbed. The laprey can take in water either through the mouth or trough the gill slits. When feeding on a host fish, all repiration is accomplished by the slits. The single nostril ilocated in the center at the rear of the head and on top. The larvae of the lamprey, like a few other more primite animals, are hermaphroditic (bisexual), and it is not



CLOSE UP view of a lamprey's mouth shows "teeth" used to grind scales off host fish.

until the later stages of the lamprey's growing period that it finally "makes up its mind" whether to be a boy or a girl. These larvae, called ammocoetes, are hatched and live for several years partly buried in the mud of brooks and streams. During this time they are not predacious. They have neither tongue rasp nor mouth sucker.

They survive during this period as filter-feeders. This is a process whereby a stream of water is brought into the mouth where existing food particles are strained out of it in the throat. From here the water returns to the outside through the gill slits. During the terminal period of the larval stage, the young lampreys develop full adult features and descend to the sea.

Each spring matured lampreys run up fresh water streams to spawn. The nest is created by the female utilizing the powerful suction of her mouth to move stones and other debris out of her chosen site. The finished nest is a shallow concave depression of gravel. Since the lampreys do not feed during this period, their digestive system shrinks to a useless thread-like organ. Immediately following the spawning process, the adult lamprey dies.

One thing we noticed was that some of the lampreys had their sharp, horny teeth worn flat. These were lampreys which were well along in the spawning stage and this, along with battered nose skin, is a typical sign of the strain and wear of the spawning ordeal which demands a stone-based nest.

The sea lamprey will destroy an estimated 30 pounds of fish in the course of obtaining the length of two feet. The adult sea lamprey may grow to over three feet.

The lamprey's ancestors were free-living fish ealled Ostracoderms of 400 million years ago. Some of the striking characteristics of this ancient group are quite evident in the lamprey. It has no paired appendages, exhibits the rudiments of a third eye, has a single medial nostril, and no trace of any jaws—truly the ugly "old timer" of the deep. It is a dirty cream eolor with heavy mottled brown to black markings.

It is possible that the lamprey is good to eat, but none of us has had the nerve to test its gustatory qualities. What purpose nature had in mind when this creature was created seems forever lost in antiquity.



GRADUATE FISHERMEN ALL—Boys of Hawley Boy Seout Troop 401 display diplomas earned by them in a three-lesson course conducted by the Pennsylvania Fish Commission under District Fish Wardens Harland Reynolds and Joseph Bartley. The course had to do with types of fish, fishing flies, lures, bait and casting methods—and a written test on material covered in the course. The boys, pictured above, with Warden Bartley and Warden Reynolds as well as assistant scoutmasters Robert Lawrence, Allen Anke and Harry Shook, arc David Bennett,



FISHING CONTRIBUTION—Above members of The Daniel Boone Rod & Gun Club net some of 200 nice rainbows which were stocked in Berks County's Antietam Lake. The fish averaged 14 inches. Below are members who helped in the stocking. They are: District Fish Warden Frank Kulikosky, Alvin Binkley, Bernard Weihrer, Harrison Deeter, (chairman, southeast division, PFSC) David Eshenaur, John Lucash, Harry Heath, Russell Rebholtz (co-chairman of the club's fish committee) and young helpers Michael and Joseph Snyder.



John Lopatofsky, Richard Bonear, Mike Swingle, Dan Law Jim Warner, Robert Lawrence, Eric Roberts, Jerry Wen J. B. Campfield, Steve Gillette, Robert West, Darrell T Robert Drake, Tommy Summers, Greg Gumble, Mark Gu Owen Gumble, Mike Cafolla, Joseph Strasser, Jeff Ratay, Lopatofsky, Gary Shook, William Delling, Thomas Clinton Frisbie, Mike Farrell, Tom Richards, and Garry G (photo courtesy of the Pike and Wayne County I



NEW OFFICERS of the Susquehannock Power Squadro were installed during the organization's 25th annual Cl Of-Watch meeting at Dillsburg. Left to right they are: Grailey, Lancaster, lieutenant commander-executive of Ronald L. Wagner, Palmyra, 1st lieutenant-treasurcr; The L. Thomas, Lancaster, executive committee; Earl W. Hill Cumberland, commander; John G. Zimmerman, New dence, education officer; Walter R. Dillahey, Lancaste lieutenant-secretary; and Leon R. Sachs, Lancaster, lieutenander-administrative officer. Special citations were sented to Earl H. Stitzel, Myerstown, and John E. Humphr Stone Harbor, N. J., for their high level of work in furthe squadron's objectives of safe boating through educations.

TOP DRIVER

DRIVER OF THE YEAR in 1966 was Pennsylvania Native Walter J. Struzek of Port Indian. He was named to the top spot of hydroracing after breaking the world kilo record in the 280 cubic inch class with a run of 107.071.

Struzek began his racing career on the Schuylkill near his present home and in 1963 he was named "Rookie of the Year".

In 1965 he went on to become national champion at St. Petersburg, Fla. and then in 1966 he placed secWalt as a second

ond in the President's Cup, second at the Port Indian Re and, based on his national high point average, became number one driver.

club's 29th annual Big Fish Contest were: C. ran, 17¼ inch brook trout; Robert Michaels, 31¼ h, 14½ pound brown trout; Lawrence L. Heagy, inch rainbow trout; Zoe A. Bellomo, 183/8 inch, 3 and, 8 ounce largemouth bass; Richard J. Sage, 1/8 inch, 43/4 pound smallmouth bass; Stewart E. bss, 26\\\delta\) inch walleye; George Keller, 42\\\dagge\) inch, pound muskellunge; Elwood L. Miller, 13 inch k bass; Ronald L. Foster, $18\frac{1}{2}$ inch, 2 pound, 7 poice fallfish; Russell G. Blessing, $19\frac{1}{2}$ inch sucker; hael J. Neidig, 27½ inch, 10 pound catfish; and ry Earl Mumma, 13 inch crappie.

econd places were: C. J. Logan, 16 inch brook rit; Chester G. Bastwick, 29 inch, 11 pound brown rit; James H. Terry, 17½ inch largemouth bass; ter J. Lowery, 21¾ inch, 4 pound smallmouth is; John E. Brightbill, 26¼ inch walleye; Harold T. lin, 12 inch rock bass; Steven G. Foster, 14½ ni, 1 pound fallfish; Alfred P. Easter, 27 inch, pound catfish; and Harry Hank, 12½ inch crap-

There were no second place entries for rainbow

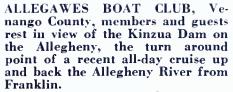
ut or muskellunge. ictured at right are some of the winners in the







BRIA COUNTY—Seated at the Cambria County ration of Spotrsmen's Clubs' table at the 1967 Sports Banquet at Johnstown are: Harry Arh, Jr. secretary, Cambria County Sportsmen; Lyberger, director, Johnstown Sportsmen; rt Bielo, executive director, Pennsylvania Fish mission; Frank Donahue, financial secretary, bria County Sportsmen; Glenn Bowers, executive tor, Pennsylvania Game Commission; Adam Sce-, vice president, Cambria County Sportsmen; en W. Singer, assistant to the executive director, ensylvania Fish Commission; Thomas Qualters, sict fish warden; Louis Mostoller, district game ector; and Dr. Robert Koehler, director, Cambria outy Federation of Sportsmen.



Seventy boating enthusiasts in eighteen boats made the trip under ideal weather conditions. In command of the group was Virgil Schwimmer, commandant of the club. (photo by Bob Parlaman)





LADIES WEAR!

Women with the urge for something different in the line of earrings might try using some of their fisherman's dry flies.

Mrs. George Keener, Ludlow, was watching her husband tie flies one day when she decided they might make interesting earrings so with a little help from her husband she soon had a pair. (photos by district Fish Warden Wilbur Williams)



HOOKED!

This incident was related to me by another fisherman. He was fishing on the lower end of the Shohola Creek when he observed another man catch a trout about 9 inches long. He reeled the trout in so the line was no longer than the length of his rod and then lifted his rod straight up into the air, thereby bringing the fish level with his face. The fish swung in and hit him on the face and at the same time, while flopping on the hook, it managed to hook one of the other points on the hook in the fisherman's nose. Now this would not be funny to the fisherman that caught the fish (or was it the other way around), but from a standby area my informer said that it was the funniest thing he had seen all day.—District Worden JOSEPH E. BARTLEY (Pike)

LADIES DAY?

The Brodheads Creek in Monroe County is a popular place for the ladies this year. On about a mile of the stream I counted sixteen ladies trying their luck the first day of the trout season.—District Warden WALTER J. BURKHART (Monroe)

LICENSE CONTEST-

■ During the early part of the trout season I checked an angler on the Lehigh River who did not have a license displayed. However, he pulled the license—already in a plastic case—out of his pocket. He told me that he could not wear it on the outside because he might lose it and that he couldn't afford to do that. I told him that a replacement would cost only fifty cents, but he wasn't too worried about the cost. It was just that he and his brother are having a contest to see who can save the most old licenses—and replacements don't count.—District Warden CHARLES A. HERBSTER (Lackawanna and S. E. Susquehanna)

LUCKLESS LITTERBUG!

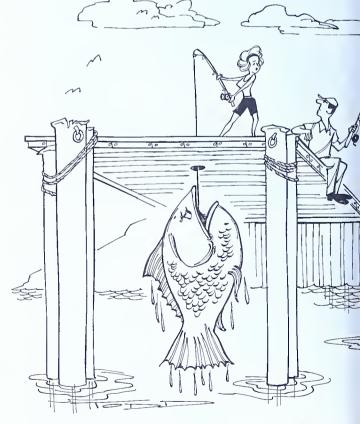
■ Sometimes a warden has to wait a long time for a litterbug to throw away his garbage, but it doesn't very often fall right in his lap. On the first day of trout season Special Fish Warden Ed Rebar and I were sitting in Ed's car about 2 AM on the 15th when a fellow got out of a car parked next to us in the parking area at Chapman Lake. He got a bag of broken beer bottles out of his trunk and threw them up in the air, but where they fell he knew not where. He found out quickly enough, because it just happened to come down on top of a car containing two wardens. He was very surprised to see us.—District Warden CHARLES A. HERBSTER (Lackawanna and S. E. Susquehanna).

FORGETFUL FISHERMAN!

■ While on patrol one day this month I came upon angler along the stream who was down on his knees look in the grass and weeds. When he saw me he waved moreome over. I first thought he had slipped and was injurant needed help but it turned out this was not the control of the man had left his work and was in such a hurry to sharing he forgot his fishing vest and creel. He did had his rod, but he had only one hook with him and he lost in the grass while trying to tie it on the end of his lear. This was the reason he was looking in the grass. I ghim a half dozen hooks and wished him luck with fishing. He really walked away to the creek a happy in —District Worden RAYMOND HOOVER (Tioga).

STRONG STOMACH!

■ Ralph Langendorfer of Honesdale, Pennsylvania, fishing Lake Lorain in Wayne County when he caughtrout and with it a supply of bait. Inside its stomach a plastic worm as good as new except that the hooks been digested. The trout must have carried the w from last season.—District Worden HARLAND F. REYNG (Wayne).



"Dear, I'm afraid I'm caught on something again!"

SREAM NOTES Cont.

FOOF!

While assisting warden Yoder on patrol in Luzerne Cinty, I checked a fisherman who wasn't just content with seing my badge. He wanted to see more identification, solution of the second of the second

CMERON COUNTY CLUB-

The tags of the Bucktail Rod and Gun Club's tagged ing contest are rolling in. Several nice prizes have been almed by fishermen from all parts of the State. The club piects at its new club grounds are progressing nicely, and good to see a club moving ahead as these fellows Keep up the good job.—District Warden STANLEY G.

TINGS (Cameron).

PN PROBLEM SOLVED!

ohn Brice of Bedford, related this story to me. Several is ago two small girls were playing near his home when found a fish worm. The other girl said if they found ther worm they would go fishing, so they hunted and another worm. Then they discovered they had no kes, but one of the girls remembered that her daddy said could use a pin. They secured a pin and string and it fishing on Shobers Run. When they returned home is redaddy asked them how they kept the worms on the The one small girl answered, "Well, daddy, that was kell, we closed the safety pin."—District Warden WILLIAM is tellnay (Bedford and Fulton).

$RALLY\ TAGGED!$

In Hugo Facetti of Kersey, was fishing Medix Run on the opening day of trout season. He reeled in an 11½-inch pook trout with an Atlantic tag on it. As he was handling omething pricked his hand. He noticed a sharp point particularly out of its underbelly. He cut it open and found in the stomach two tags, PFC-R-3240 and PFC-R-3064. It is were the tags that normally fit into the mouth and made of metal. He also found a 2-inch hypodermic line and later finding a wrench in the motor or some of the runusual thing. I guess in the fishing industry, these accidents are bound to come up when we are dealing with nillion trout.—District Warden BERNARD AMBROSE (Elk).

N) FISH?

While on patrol of Cathers Run I observed an angler with king down the middle of the small stream. As he apprached I identified myself and checked his empty creel. If then complained of poor fishing. I replied that if he di not walk down the middle of the stream he might have beer luck. He said that there were no fish to frighten. Ju then a sixteen-inch rainbow trout swam upstream betwen his legs.—District Warden JAMES F. DONAHUE (Jeffe on).



"Your sentence doesn't expire until February 2, 1999, so get the insane desire to go fishing out of your mind."

NO SMARTS!

■ So often when trout are the subject of fishing conversations it usually ends up with the solid conviction that the bigger the fish the smarter he is. At two minutes of five on April 15th there were nine anglers about to begin fishing in a hole that was no bigger than a respectable puddle. They had the water muddy, debris floating and quite a bit of undue thrashing going on. The first gob of nitecrawlers that hit the water had drifted a mere two or three feet when a lunker 19-inch rainbow trout took hold and was rapidly landed. How come?—District Warden THOMAS L. CLARK (Crawford).

GOOD POTTER COUNTY OPENER-

The opening of the 1967 trout season was the best I've ever seen in Potter County. Weather-wise conditions were ideal. The catch was excellent, and I contacted more satisfied fishermen than ever before. I had many fishermen tell me they caught the nicest mess of trout they had ever caught in their life. One thing that did come to my attention was the number of family groups. It was good to see the number of young folks that participated the first two days of the season. From some of the catches this group had I think it would be wise for some of the elders to take a few lessons from them in the off-season.—District Worden KENNETH ALEY (Potter).

CONFUSED!

■ While collecting a penalty on a field receipt the defendant asked me for the name and address of the man assisting me. I told him the Deputy Game Protector was James Hasper and his address was Ceres, New York. The defendant wanted to know why we had to bring help in

STREAM NOTES Cont.

from another state. Then I had to spoil the fun by telling him Mr. Hasper lived in Pennsylvania but his mailing address was Ceres, New York. The post office is in New York State—about half of the town is in New York and the other half in Pennsylvania.—District Warden WILBUR WILLIAMS (McKean).

"SLOW, KIDS FISHING"

■ The Dunlo Rod and Gun Club raised 10,000 legal size trout at their cooperative nursery again this year. One of the streams they stock runs under a heavily traveled two lane highway. To protect the youngsters fishing there, flags were borrowed from the Highway Department and signs were painted "Slow, Kids Fishing".—District Warden THOMAS F. QUALTERS (Cambria).

FINE FUN-

■ With ideal weather on April 15, this district had one of the best trout season openers in memory. Never have we seen more people fishing or more people just enjoying the pleasant weather and watching the fun.—District Warden RICHARD OWENS (Mifflin-Juniata).

TIRED "MRS."?

■ The "Mrs." figures she has approximately 30 or 40 hours time invested in the Fish Commission this month. Most of this is attributed to boat mooring permits, answering the telephone, assisting with the typing and massaging the tired muscles of her poor, tired warden.—District Warden SAMUEL W. HALL (Lancaster-Lebanon).

ACCESS AREA ACTIVITY

■ Many people are asking questions about our access areas on the Allegheny River and many are also interested in camping nearby in conjunction with the boat ramps.—District Warden RICHARD ABPLANALP (Mercer-Lawrence).

MOTHER'S FAVORITE SPORT!

■ A fish warden sees many interesting sights on the opening day of trout season, but the one I'll remember best from this year is the young mother in her early twenties, holding her eight-month old son in one arm and working a fishing rod with the other. I mumbled something about her fishing pal and she replied, "You gotta break 'em in young."—District Warden JAMES T. VALENTINE (Huntingdon-Fulton).

NIGHT LIGHT-

While special warden Jerry Chapleskie was checking along the lower Little Lehigh one night early this trout season he found something new in trout fishing. One enterprising angler had rigged up a large spotlight on the surface of the pool. The light was about 3 feet wide on the water. He cast his minnow and bobber in the center of the lighted area and waited. He had four nice fish on the stringer to prove that it works.—District Warden STANLEY PAULAKOVICH (Lehigh-Northampton).

COLF CART CONCEALMENT

■ While patrolling one of the State Game Lands through which a trout stream flows, one of the Game Protectors

came upon the following situation: A father was watch g his 13-year-old son fishing the stream, and when the Ga e Protector asked the gentleman if he had been fishing, is reply was no. When asked if he had any trout in his presession, he replied, "Definitely not." The Game Protector proceeded to search the man's car and he very obliginy opened the trunk and removed his golf cart so that e officer might better check the contents of the trunk. After a thorough search of the entire car, the officer turned of find the father still leaning on the golf cart. The office went over and checked the contents of the golf bag, ad behold, three very nice, very illegal trout. Needless to y the consequences.—District Warden H. PORTER DUVALL, I. (York).

TROOPER TAKES "TROPHY"

■ One State Trooper, who would prefer to remain anormous, got quite a shock when he reeled in his catch to trout season. At first he couldn't believe his eyes, but the it was—solid gold, approximately 16 inches long—in what was it? The fish was brought to my office for ideal fication. His trophy was an oversized goldfish—a gold off.—District Warden H. PORTER DUVALL, JR. (York).

OUTDOOR SHOW-

■ Between 25,000 and 30,000 persons went through a Outdoor Recreation Show held near Reno at which we be our live fish display. Many complimentary remarks we made concerning our display.—District Warden CLARENEW. SHEARER (Venango).

UP 60%

Tionesta Creek in Forest County had a record number of fishermen on the opening day of trout season. From Kelletville to the Warren County line on Tionesta Creek we counted 982 Pennsylvania cars and 242 out-of-steep cars. There was an unofficial count made last year in 18



"This 'go jump in the lake' suggestion is a good idea! I going spear fishing."

TREAM NOTES Cont.

me area of approximately 750 cars, meaning about a 60% crease this year.—Special Fish Warden JOSEPH KOPENA Forest & Clarion).

WO FOR GOOD MEASURE

Sam Lewis of 618 Linden Avenue, Erie, caught his daily eel limit of muskellunge on Saturday, April 29, while olling in Presque Isle Bay. He managed to catch a Pennsylvania Angler" Citation fish which was 45 inches ng and weighed 26 lbs., 2 oz., and a bonus fish that easured 41-% inches and weighed 21 lbs. Both were males. The two fish were entered in two contests that e sporting goods stores have in Erie.—District Warden ORMAN E. ELY (Erie).

ALL TAILS?

Trout stocking this spring has been educational. So any of the folks who come out to help work in the mills a shift work. One day they go with a shipment in this ea, another day they are in Venango or Forest Counties, and maybe before the week is out, they have been on a ocking or two in several counties.

As such traveled persons they tell everyone around, here the good fish are, what the road conditions and snow like in other areas and all the details as to where and how get monster trout. Only almost without exception, this ea gets the fewer and smaller trout, while the streams ese fishermen don't talk about really get the good ones.

I can't help but wonder if they are doing this for some resonal reason. Proof to me will be when I run into some them on these streams stocked with "small" fish.—District arden R. ABPLANALP (Mercer and Lawrence Counties)

UCCESSFUL SATURDAYS

Saturday trout stocking proved to be a big success in my ea. Sportsmen turned out in great numbers and many rungsters who are usually in school during weekdays were ger to lend a hand. One elderly gentleman told me that has been an ardent trout fisherman for over twenty years in this was his first opportunity to witness trout being ocked due to his five day a week work schedule.—District arden JAMES T. VALENTINE (Huntingdon and Fulton unties).

OMMA FISHES?

While on routine patrol of the East Branch of Octoraro eek, I came upon a family consisting of father, mother d two young boys enjoying a day in the outdoors. The ther and the boys were fishing and mother was busy prering lunch. I checked the father's license and we talked out fishing for a few moments. I then wished them good ck, and as I turned to leave, the youngest boy, who apared to be about six years old, called me over to him. then said, "I knew who you were even before you ecked my daddy, you're the warden."

I replied, "That's correct, but how did you know?"

"Oh I just knew," he replied.

"You certainly are a smart boy, are you a good boy also?" isked him.

"Oh yes" he replied, "but mommy ain't a good girl, she keeps messin' with the fishing rods and she don't have a license."

As I was leaving, I noticed a very embarrassed mother fussing attentively over the meal; probably thinking "big mouth."—District Warden RAY BEDNARCHIK (Chester and Delaware Counties).

SALESMAN?

■ Special Warden Howard Sherlock, while having a doctor check him over during a recent illness, sold the doctor a three year subscription to the Angler. How about that for loyalty?—District Warden ARTHUR HERMAN (Westmoreland County).

TRY AGAIN

■ Mr. Edward Kovaleski of Scranton was fishing during the spring before trout season opened when he caught a 26 inch rainbow. After measuring the trout and checking a tag number on it (L438) he returned it to the water. He exclaimed "It was the biggest trout I ever caught and of all times it had to be in closed season. I'll be the first one there on opening day to try to catch it again."—Assistant Warden Supervisor WALTER G. LAZUSKY (northeast region).

DESERVE CREDIT

■ The Factoryville Sportsmens Clubs should be commended for their interest in the Fish Commission's Fundamentals of Fishing Schools.

They co-operated 100% in 1966 and in 1967. They gave us the use of their club house both years, paid for the use of the Factoryville grade school gym which was used for fishing demonstrations and even delegated two of their members—John Havasi and Edward Tulutki—to assist us.

This fine cooperation was certainly appreciated.—District Warden STEPHEN A. SHABBICK (Susquehanna County).

CANNED

While on patrol on May 5 I stopped to see what a dog was playing with. Upon closer inspection I saw it was a ground hog with a small bean can stuck on its head. I tried to free the can with a stick but this was to no avail so I simply grabbed the can by the end and swung the ground hog around, thus freeing him of his tin helmet. He then sat a couple of seconds and looked around as much as if to say "thank you" and then ran across the road to his den.—Special Warden H. G. HESS (Chester County).

LOST WEDDING RING

■ Special fish warden Hartman was patrolling Piney Creek the first day of trout season, when he found where someone had cleaned some fish. He noticed a shiny object and picked it up. It turned out to be a man's gold wedding band. We were wondering if the man who lost it was having trouble talking his wife into letting him out for the first day of the season.

Mr. Hartman would be happy to return the ring to its owner if the man will get in touch with him or myself.

—District Warden CLOYD W. HOLLEN (Blair).



A FISHING FEATURE FOR FISHERMEN ----

--- FROM FISHERMEN



THIS BIG brownie was caught by angler Richard Flad of Bartonsville in Monroe County. It measured 26% inches and weighed 9 pounds 2 ounces.

CITATION WINNER Stanley Kosek of Plains holds the 28¾ inch brown trout he pulled from Harvey's Lake in Luzerne County this spring. Kosek caught the 10¾ pound trout on a red worm.





ANOTHER CITATION winner is lady angler Mrs. Donald Klopp of Lebanon who caught this 23 inch, 6 pound bullhead in York County at Loug Level. Mrs. Klopp was bait casting with chicken liver as bait when she hooked the big bullhead.



FATHER, SON team of George and Charles Sekura hold a nice stringer of walleye which they caught in the Allegheny near Tionesta in Forest County. Combined they had two-21 inchers, two-26 inchers, a 24 and a 27 incher. Bait was jigs.

ALBINO! Bill Yennerell of Jeannette was one of the first fishermen to catch an albino brook trout—only a limited number of which were stocked this year. He caught it opening morning at Keystone State Park.



TWELVE YEAR OLD John K loski of Nanticoke holds a pair perch he caught at Lake Wysat ing in Bradford County on liminnows. They measured 15 and 14½ inches to nail him Pennsylvania Angler Citation.





----- FROM FISHERMEN

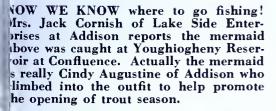


OTHA HILL of Johnstown displays the 14½ inch, 1 pound, 5 ounce yellow perch he caught at the Cumberland Dam in Bedford County. It brought him a Pennsylvania Angler Citation.

BIG BASS caught by fisherman Joseph Gaydos of Swoyersville measured 24 inches and weighed 10 pounds. He caught it March 11 through the ice in Nigger Pond at Jenningsville.









UNION CITY angler Bob Heybeck holds a 301/8 inch, 10 pound walleye he took from Lake LeBoeuf in Erie County while trolling.

TIDIOUTE TROPHIES! Wil-

liam Arrow, Fayette City, holds a stringer of walleye he took from the Allegheny at the bridge at Tidioute. He

was champion fisherman at last fall's contest at the famed



CITATION WINNER Paul Culver of Shickshinny holds the 19 inch, 2 pound, 10 ounce brook trout that won him the award.



PALAMINO TROUT and happy angler! Martin Buzalka of Monongahela holds a couple of the trout he caught opening day—when one turned out to be a palamino rainbow. Caught them in the Little Sandy, the palamino measured about 10 inches.

BIG MUSKY for 17-year-old Bill Garner of McKeesport! He caught it at lock number 8 on the Allegheny in May. It measured 44 inches and weighed 23 pounds.

fishing spot.





- FROM FISHERMEN

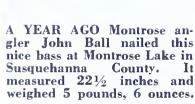




CENTRE COUNTY fisherman Kenneth Nellis, State College, holds eight trout measuring from 12 to 20 inches which he caught early this season. He was using a shrimp nymph, of his own design tied on a number 14 hook. (photo by Paul Dubbs, Centre Daily Times)

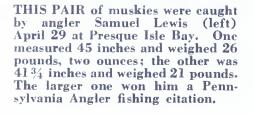
TWICE BEFORE Venaugo County angler Bill Moon had this (or another) musky on before he was able to land this 39 inch, 16 pounder. He was using a black jig at Sugar Lake in Crawford County May 6 when he nailed it. With him is son Billy. (photo by Bob Parlaman)

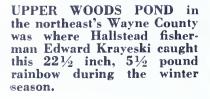






NEW CASTLE fisherman Dale Hennon (right) gets some help from Jim Metzger, Greenville, to hold this prize from Pymatuning. Hennon caught the 47½ inch, 37 pound, musky on a spin cast outfit with a five inch black sucker for bait. He earned an official Pennsylvania Angler fishing citation for his catch.









SECRETS—

Everyone has some—even these two children who found their small world more interesting than the watersport world of their parents at the drag boat race on the Schuylkill River.

You certainly also have some, but we hope the Pennsylvania Angler isn't one of them. We want you to tell your friends about it!

Tell them how you keep abreast of what's happening in the world of boating and fishing in the Keystone State by reading the Pennsylvania Angler.

Tell them how inexpensive it is—only two dollars for twelve interesting issues (or five dollars for thirty six). Tell them how they too can join the long list of happy readers by just sending their check or money order to:

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Junior Fishi

MINIMUM CITATION

Species of Minimum Length Fish in Inches American Shad 20 Bluegill 10 Brook Trout 14 Brown Trout 18 Bullhead, Catfish ... 14 Carp 25 Chain Pickerel 23 Largemouth Bass 18

Species of Minimum Length Fish in Inches

Channel Catfish	20			
Crappies (includes black				
and white)	14			
Eel	30			
Fallfish	14			
Lake Trout	24			

Species of Minimum Length Fish in Inches

Muskellunge	30
Northern Pike	25
Rainbow Trout	18
Rock Bass	10
Sheepshead	20
Smallmouth Bass	18
Walleye	22
Yellow Perch	12

RULES:

Fish must be caught in Pennsylvania public waters by legal methods during seasons open for the taking of the species involved.

Fish must be measured, weighed and recorded by fishing license issuing agent or tackle store within the state by the owner, manager, or an authorized agent of the respective establishment.

Photographs are desirable as further proof of catch but are not required.

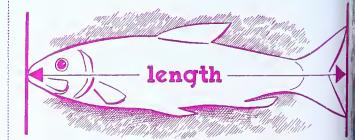
Non-residents as well as residents are eligible for citations if fish are caught under the above conditions.

Only fishing citation applications received within 90 days from date of catch will be honored.

HOW TO MEASURE:

APPLICATION FOR PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER JUNIOR FISHING CITATION

the Editor—Pennsylvania Angler	Date	
Pennsylvania Fish Commission, Harr	isburg, Pa.	•
Please send me the Pennsylvania data listed below: Name (please print)		
Address	City	State
Species	Length	Weight
Type of Tackle		
Bait or Lure Used		
Where Caught	in	County
Date Caught	atch Witnessed by	
Measured and Weighed by		



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GOVERNOR RAYMOND P. SHAFER signing "Let's Go Fishing In Pennsylvania Week" proclamation as Pennsylvania Fish Commission member Clarence Dietz, left, and Robert J. Bielo, executive director, on right, approve.

PROCLAMATION

LET'S GO FISHING IN PENNSYLVANIA WEEK-JUNE 17-23, 1967

- **Thereas**, Fishing is Pennsylvania's number one family outdoor sport, and Pennsylvanians are well aware of its aesthetic and economic values; and
- Thereas, Pennsylvania is blessed with an abundance of scenic waters and thousands of acres of lakes and ponds abounding with native and stocked fishes; and
- **Thereas.** Pennsylvania has a clean streams program second to none in the Nation and a fish management and conservation program that permits its citizens to obtain the optimum in fishing enjoyment; and
- **Thereas.** Thousands of persons visit our Commonwealth each year solely for the purpose of enjoying these excellent fishing opportunities, thus bringing to our State considerable economic benefits;
- Now. Therefore, I, Raymond P. Shafer, Governor of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, do hereby proclaim the week of June 17-23, 1967, as LET'S GO FISHING IN PENNSYLVANIA WEEK.

GIVEN under my hand and the Great Seal of the State, at the City of Harrisburg, this ninth day of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and sixty-seven, and of the Commonwealth the one hundred and ninety-first.

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PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER

Published Monthly by the
PENNSYLVANIA FISH COMMISSION
COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA

Raymond P. Shafer, Governor

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AUGUST, 1967



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Cover Art-Ron Jenkins

POSTMASTER: All 3579 forms to be returned to The Haddon Craftsmen, Inc., 1001 Wyoming Ave., Scranton, Pa. 18509.

The PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER is published monthly by the Pennsylvania Fish Commission, South Office Building, Harrisburg, Pa. Subscription: One year—\$2.00; three years—\$5.00; 25 cents per single copy. Send check or money order payable to Pennsylvania Fish Commission. DO NOT SEND STAMPS. Individuals sending cash do so at their own risk. Change of address should reach us promptly. Furnish both old and new addresses. Second Class Postage paid at Harrisburg, Pa. Neither Publisher nor Editor will assume responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts or illustrations while in their possession or in transit. Permission to reprint will be given provided we receive marked copies and credit is given material or illustrations. Communications pertaining to manuscripts. material or illustrations should be addressed to the Pennsylvania Fish Commission, Harrisburg, Pa. NOTICE: Subscriptions received and processed the 10th of each month will begin with the second month following.

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TIONESTA-Albert Carll, foreman

by L. JAMES BASHLIN

THE NIGHT WATCH

Outdoorsman and outdoor writer L. James Bashline grew up in Coudersport in Pennsylvania's Potter County. It was here that he started fishing, a lot of the time on the Allegheny River which headwaters in this country.

But of all the spots along the river one stands out—The Goodsell Hole, famous for big trout and a lot of them.

Bashline, a former editor of the Pennsylvania Game News and now assistant managing editor of Field & Stream, tells about his early fishing experiences with some of the "old timers" of the area in this two-part serial which will be continued next month.



The sun was down. The light which illuminated the huge clock in the Court House steeple was turned on. From several directions came figures carrying flyrods, already strung up, with jiggling wet fly droppers dancing in cadence with each step. For this group the evening meal was over, any of today's worries had been carefully laid aside for tomorrow, the important business was coming up.

The script might change a bit this night, but the setting of the stage would not vary in sequence. Mr. Grennels was the first to arrive and he would take his place at the flagstone wall on the Mill Creek entrance to the pool. Bob Pinney would make his appearance on the south side of the Allegheny, survey the pool momentarily and then carefully wade across the slick tail water to his driftwood bench on the opposite side of the stream.

P. C. Cauffiel, the angling lawyer who never, or hardly ever, fished could be counted on to show up just at dark to offer his advice on all and sundry questions. P. C. lived nearby and through the years became known as a sort of Goodsell Hole gillie emeritus.

Others soon followed and their appointed locations were occupied with a minimum of conversation. Darkness would now come with finality, and while other fishermen were reeling up, this silent entourage prepared to play the game that was their speciality. Trout, big trout, was what they sought, and frequently their search was not in vain. The pool they fished, known as the Goodsell Hole seemed to be made for night fishermen.

Night fishing for trout undoubtedly was practiced in other parts of the U. S. and the world, prior to 1918, but conversations with historically inclined fishermen lead me to believe that Coudersport, Pennsylvania was a most unique fishing town.

(The material set in parenthesis are quotes from R. H. Pinney's diary or remarks attributed to him by other fishermen who knew him well.)

In the center of this maple shadowed little village, whi is located near the New York State border, the headstre of the Allegheny River and another stream with the ovused name of Mill Creek joined forces. The pool form! by their junction has been known as the Goodsell H: since 1865. During this year a carpenter and build, Nelson H. Goodsell by name, erected a planing mill t the edge of the pool. A Splash dam and a series of war locks provided hydraulic power for the operation. Exact what year the mill ceased to operate is not certain, but was lost forever in 1928 as the result of a fire. Nels Goodsell did not know what would be in store for the p which would bear his name, but he was a fisherman sorts. Old newspaper records reveal that he did catel specked trout weighing two pounds and ten ounces June of 1876 in the pool behind his mill. Brown true being unknown at that time, this fish for Pennsylva waters was certainly something to talk about.

"(Father used to do some night fishing for speck) trout before 1900 and he made out all right. Wasn't mupoint to it though—the brook trout were so plentiful that time a man could catch any amount of them during the day on wet flies.)"

The exact date that brown trout first appeared on the Pennsylvania angling scene is difficult to establish. So private ponds and independent trout culturists had smanned that a smanned the private ponds are independent trout culturists had smanned to the sometime before they were stocked any quantity by the conservation agencies; but it is greatly accepted that about the period of the first wolver the big black spotted fish started to make their pearance.

They were viewed with a great deal of suspicion by metrout fishermen. They reproduced well, grew fast, fourthard—but were much more difficult to catch than the brook trout cousin.

Three small wet flies cast haphazardly down stream v

continued on page

KINZUA AIR DROP



ELEASED FROM the plane are 250,000 fingerlings, a quarter of the total air cked at Kinzua.

STOCKING GOES SKY HIGH

EVERYBODY HAD A CAMERA—That's how we managed to get pictures from the ground as well as from the air of this newsworthy stocking of the giant Kinzua Dam. Members of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission's Research Division, Hatchery Division, and Law Enforcement Division as well as representatives of the Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife, the Forest Service, and the Army Corps of Engineers cooperated to get coverage of this "first" in Pennsylvania.

by TOM EGGLER Staff Writer, Photographer

HIGH FLYING FINGERLINGS

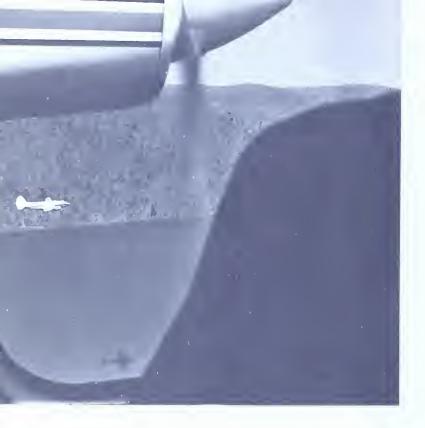
'They were so low it looked as if they were going to bish the trees when they dropped down over the mountain into the valley."

'I couldn't believe it!"

It was really something to watch!"

That's how three of several hundred bystanders described the air stocking of the big Allegheny River Reservoir in northcentral Pennsylvania's Warren County this spring.

Biologists described it another way—as a "success."



"TANKER" C-46 comes in on drop run, as seen from U.S. Forest Service lead plane which had swung around and was paralleling the tanker's flight.

OUT THEY GO! This is what the stocking looked like from the air.

SPECTATORS AUTOS lined the highway near Wolf Run where second drop was to be made.



HIGH FLYING . . .

Better known as the "Kinzua Dam" the 12,000 acre boo of water was stocked from the air with a million larg mouth bass fingerlings—and while it was sensational watch it should also provide some pretty sensational fishing in the future.

Supplied by the U. S. Bureau of Sport Fisheries at Wildlife, the fish were flown north from Austin, Texasso far the longest flight of its kind in the country. It we the first time a "tanker" plane was used for stocking Pennsylvania and possibly the only time they have be used in the entire east, although western lakes have be stocked in this fashion since about 1963.

The fish were released 250,000 at a time in four dr zones on the lake from an altitude of about 300 feet. each area teams of biologists waited to pick up sampl and check for mortality—which was estimated at less th one percent!

Drops were made near where Kinzua Creek, Wolf Ru



Sugar Run, and Willow Creek enter the main reservo meaning the fish were pretty well spread out.

They were transported in and dropped from a modifice C-46 owned by Intermountain Aviation of Marana, A zona, a pioneer in the development of air stockings. E Demmons, operations manager for the company, says the so far they have stocked about 15 million fish this way. However, nearly all flights have been in the southwest around shorter duration.

"So far as I know we're the only company charter storing large numbers of fish in this fashion," Demmons sa

It takes two men about a day to install the tanks in t plane and prepare it for one of the runs.

In order to get the fish stocked as soon as possible t "tanker" was met over western Pennsylvania by U. Forest Service pilot Bill Merrill and assistant Bill Jacks in a lighter plane—to lead the fish laden tanker over t pattern of drop zones.

Dropping into the valleys over the water they show the big plane where to dump the fish. Buoys set on t water earlier marked the start and finish for each stocki

At each area they were spread over a 3,000 to 4,0







GETTING ready to go out for stocking and checking samples picked from the surface after drop.

strip of the big lake and a few seconds after hitting water they were swimming toward the depths of their cious new home.

Ouring the flight—which lasted about eight hours—the were held in four big, 300 gallon tanks in the plane 8 degree water. Oxygen tanks forced air into the water. Thoesen, Assistant Superintendent of Hatcheries in the eau's Albequerque office, rode on the plane to keep an on the fish.

The stocking—a combined effort of planning and manment of the Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife, the S. Forest Service, the New York Conservation Departit, the U. S. Army Corps of Engineers, and the Pennania Fish Commission—gave spectators "something to ch" as one man put it.

cheduled for one day it was postponed at the last ute for 24 hours for more favorable weather conditions. re wasn't time for public notification of the postponest and people showed up on schedule only to find they'd to wait another day.

ut this didn't seem to dampen enthusiasm—when the king did take place traffic was stretched for more than ile near the Kinzua Creek Bridge, most accessible spot people who wanted to see one of the drops. One man made the trip from Buffalo, N.Y. both days.

ut while it was "something to watch" it should also give re fishermen something to catch.

Because of the earlier start warmer climatic conditions given fish hatched in the south, the fingerlings should have quite a "jump" on other fish spawned this year in the lake.

John Maxwell, manager of the Bureau's Lamar Hatchery, explained that they should have a two to three month start over fingerlings hatched in this part of the country. By fall they should run from five to eight inches and by next summer most should be a foot or better.

Bureau of Sports Fisheries and Wildlife people were happy.

Joe Boccardy, assistant regional supervisor of the bureau's Division of Fishery Services; Tom Luken, assistant regional supervisor of the Division of Hatcheries; and Maxwell—all seemed pleased with the apparent low mortality of the fish after the long flight and 300 foot "freefall."

"We knew it would be successful but we didn't really expect it to be quite this good," one of them said later.

Pennsylvania Fish Commission personnel as well as New York Conservation Department staffers had the same reaction. Keen Buss, director of research for the commission said they "found very few" dead ones in drop zone number two at Wolf Run. Biologists stationed at the other drop areas had the same reaction.

All in all bass fishermen should find plenty of action in the not too distant future on this new multiple use lake built by the Army Corps of Engineers—due, at least partly, to a million "High Flying Fingerlings."





I I were carried in te tanks mounted in raft. Oxygen tanks

rided air.

FISH'N FEMALE

I am a woman who loves to fish.

If anyone questioned my favorite pastime, without hesitation I would answer fishing. This wasn't always the case. I came from a family who enjoyed fishing and camping, but I was the odd ball.

Perhaps I should begin at the beginning.

As a young girl my father would take me fishing for crappies. I turned my head while he baited the hook with a slinky, slimy worm. Then he'd cast my line and hand me back the rod. When I had a strike he removed the wet, stinky fish. I can't say I enjoyed the sport then.

As a teen-ager, I was more interested in "fishing men" than the sport itself and wouldn't have known the guide lines of a rod from a speckled trout. Camping and anything that entailed inconvenience were not for me. I didn't relish walking a half a block to go to an outhouse and cooking over a Coleman stove was not my idea of a fun weekend.

Then as a young woman I married an all around sportsman. The first year I was a fishing widow and enjoyed it. It was my opportunity to do all the little things women do when there is no man around.

April of the following year, I watched silently while fly rods were rewrapped and varnished, lines waxed, and trout flies checked over. One evening as I gazed over my sportsman's shoulder, naïvely, with scant show of interest but in the hopes of starting a conversation, I asked "What are you doing, Honey?" as he attached pretty yellow feathers to a large hook.

He quickly got a gleam in his eye that only another trout fisherman understands and began to explain about streamers and wet and dry flies. I soon lost interest and was appalled when he asked me if perhaps I would like to go along the following day? Answering like a wife who detested outdoor sports of any sort, I cried, pleaded, begged threatened divorce but he was adamant about my enjoint fishing if I only gave myself a chance.

In the darkness of early dawn the following more (why is it that all outdoor sports begin before the coof dawn?) we traveled to Fishermans Paradise in Coonty. In those days you could keep one trout and rehappened to be a four and a half pound brown trout care on a yellow maribou streamer. From that day to a present, a ten year span, I was hooked.

Perhaps the thing that endeared me most to the spot that my husband would sooner break his beautiful rodit two as to fish with live bait. Any sort of creeping, craw creature turns me to jelly, whereas flies and plugs nothing more than get their hooks caught in every imagable object.

We took all sorts of camping and fishing trips and the circumstances surrounding our trips that I would to relate to you.

Not caring for inconvenience, I take along as mulusuries as possible with the least amount of grumb from the better half of our party.

I usually packed the car the night before as it's eathan doing so at three in the morning. Not only for convenience but the neighbors were beginning to sl signs of hostility.

It was my job to rise half hour early to prepare hearty breakfast necessary for the two and a half hour to Peck's Pond or the Lower Promised Land, both sparks in the Poconos—great for both bass and pick fishing.

Upon arrival, I hastened to unpack the fishing parapl nalia and loaded the boat with rods, two very large he

by PAT EISENHART





le boxes, boat anchors and seats, a net big enough to the art has a light lunch and finally the oars.

while my husband sat admiring the rising sun, I would coably be putting rods together, lining up reels, guiding is, attaching swivels and finally our "Luckey Lures," and for a friend of ours who makes them. Jim would "Jump in, time to cast off" and invariably I would find welf in the seat that is easiest for rowing. How this contally happens to me is something I can't explain. I just when I'm told it's good for the waistline.

Je rarely use the anchor and fish the shorelines and little holes around the lily pads. In the course of a day I'm pain to find myself snagged when my better half has a son—or else I'm sure to hear at least ten times "How I fish the shore when you're flying by?" or "not so close, so close!" Sometimes he's fortunate his remarks aren't purded with a wallop from the oar.

usually begin my fishing with my first cast removing husband's cap without ruffling a hair on his head. List say he's a good sport about it and rarely bats any but the mumbling and language that ensues would the scales off a fish. My second cast usually takes in a tree or snags in pads.

n one occasion, I cast about fifty feet up the shore not in the least undaunted after some remarks were ed about "not casting so far, we'll row up that way." sly remark THAT cast is going to get me my big one. It the plug sit a few seconds, gave it a twitch, left it few more seconds and on the second twitch a six old, twenty-inch bass (all the fishermen I know have

their fish weighed and measured before they land them) took my plug.

I'm screaming "Get the net, get the net!" while the fish runs wild with all that line out and then suddenly dives under a clump of floating weeds.

The line snapped, and gone was the fish and my favorite surface lure. I stood with tears in my eyes and murder in my heart while my fishing partner calmly remarked "Told you not to cast so far." Then he sent his plug sailing into the same pot hole. After a few long minutes I smile and remark that it takes a few casts for me to get my bearings.

Fishing incompatability is not grounds for divorce.

My fishing equipment consists of all articles that aren't good enough for my husband to use but are too good to discard. My rod is a spinning rod with a fly rod tip. My reel is a Mitchell 308 with a handle that was run over by a car and welded back on. My line is the kind that snaps every time you try to knot the swivel on. Even using this equipment I will, with a certainty, catch the first fish of the day, most often the biggest and surely the most. When remarks are passed about my fishing dexterity my husband merely grunts "Just luck." I completely disregard the jealousy and resentment in his voice and manner.

When it's time to eat we dine in regal style on full course hot cooked dinners which have taken me hours to prepare over a sputtering gas stove which threatens to explode or burn out every few minutes. He always reminds me to

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LEFT—FISH WARD RAY HOOVER club members Chil Broughton, Bob Carthy, Dick Wilcoxt Bob Heatley check byear's batch of first lings in one of the graces.

BELOW--SECRET. Charlie Brough daughter, and coop tive nursery coording Robert Brown at the let of water supply races, while in the ter, club trustees No Woodhouse and Ruc Fowler paint walls new race. On the Broughton and Bi look over one of three completed 12 ways.

COOPERATIVE PROJECT

MORRIS ROD AND GUN

With interest in cooperative nurseries on the upswing throughout the state another club has entered the program—and done it in a first rate style.

The Morris Rod and Gun Club in northcentral Pennsylvania's Tioga County this year is raising 10,000 trout in "some of the nicest raceways I've seen" says cooperative nursery coordinator Robert Brown.

"They've followed our recommendations to the letter and they have one of the nicest little operations in the state to show for it," Brown states in commending the club for the job they've done.

Operations were started last year after the club bought a small tract of ground along Maybe Run, a tributary to Bable Creek near the town of Morris. Early last spring a 50 foot concrete and block raceway was built and 4,000 trout were grown for stocking this spring. Once this initial supply of trout had been released club members pitched in to expand. Two more raceways 50 feet long, four feet

wide and 28 inches deep were added to give the clucapacity of about 10,000 this year.

"We've been lucky to have some good workers and spring we even had the help of some professional may who weren't even members of the club," says club secret Charlie Broughton.

In addition to donated help and material the club a spent about \$1500 on the project, including acquisit of ground.

Perhaps the attitude of one of the club's trustees, No Woodhouse of Morris best sums up the reason for a group's successful start with the program.

Woodhouse, who is 87, could be found along with Russelver, during June's 90 degree heat scrubbing down painting the raceway walls to get ready for this yes fingerlings. "The way I see it God helps them that he themselves" he said when asked about the operation.







SEWING THREAD

—NEW GIMMICK FOR FLY FISHERMEN—

Sewing thread may now be more than inething to hold the fisherman's clothing to ther, in fact the fisherman who needs some ergency tippet material may start taking clothing apart—at least if it's held together the nylon thread. According to fisherman it outdoor writer Ed Koch this new thread sops for tippets.

By Ed Koch THE GIRL doesn't come with the thread—she's Pennsylvania Fish Commission employe Carolyn Schuyler, Division of Watercraft Safety, Harrisburg. The thread is what should interest fishermen.



The old adage "necessity is the mother of invention" cls true for anglers as well as normal folk. Thousands fages of data fill the files of the Patent Bureau in Washon, D.C. If manufacturers the world over collected the papers on gadgets invented, they would fill the spire State Building from top to bottom.

uch it is with fishing. Some gadgets are so complicated takes one wonder why anyone would buy them and fr they bought it, how they could ever master the comlated thing. Others are so basic and simple you wonder they hadn't been thought of years ago.

ver the seasons, angling acquaintances have talked at and shown me numerous ideas that have become inable to me. Such is the case in point.

hree seasons ago Dick Wood of Philadelphia started ng the "fly area" on the Yellow Breeches at Boiling ngs. Dick was formerly with Gudebrod Brothers and en Reels. He is a master angler, both fresh and salt ver.

trangements were made to fish with Dick and several ids one Saturday late in June. It was mid-afternoon I caught up with him. He was having one of his

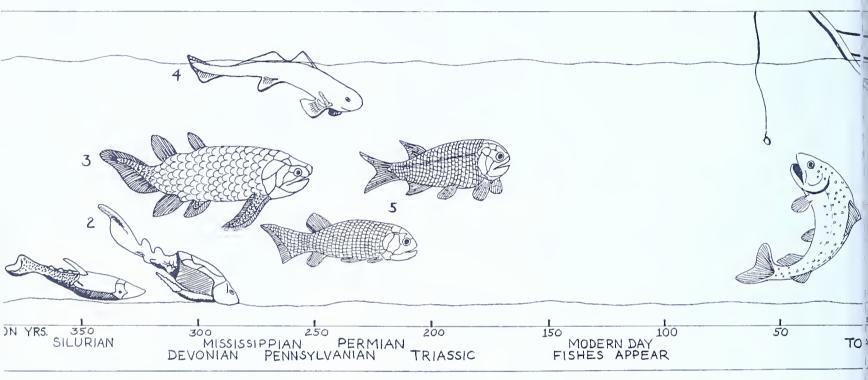
usual days; twenty or thirty trout since morning. I watched for a few minutes as he fished the far bank.

"What are you using?" I asked. "One of your Jaspers," came the reply. Jasper was Dick's name for the jassid. "Sure you are," I countered laughingly. "Look for yourself," he invited.

Wading out, I met him. He held up his fly. Low and behold—a jassid dangled from the tippet. A size 18 at that! This came as quite a surprise as none of the regulars fished the terrestrials much on this water. I quickly changed to a jassid and at Dick's insistence started fishing downstream ahead of him. In fifty yards I missed two or three trout. Dick meanwhile had raised a dozen or more—fishing on behind me! Everytime a trout rose he'd hoot and holler like an Indian doing a war dance. This act was solely for my benefit.

"What size tippet you got on?" I asked. "Sewing thread," he whispered, afraid someone might hear him. "OK, don't rub it in, what size tippet you using?" I asked again. Grinning from ear to ear he laughed, "I'm not kidding it's sewing thread."

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SOME OF PENNSYLVANIA'S ancient fishes are shown in this drawing. They are: 1) ostracoderm, 2) placoderm, 3) ancient lungfish (crossopterygian),

4) early shark, 5) early bony fishes. The relevant time periods of the earth's history are included on the scale.

PENNSYLVANIA'S FOSSIL FISHES —

THE ONES THAT GOT AWAY

state. And we have been told about them by scien who know how to read the ancient stories fixed in the ro

Some of the very first fishes on earth lived in the wathat covered parts of Pennsylvania about 350 million yeago. They were called the ostracoderms, which me "shell-skinned." As their name might imply, they had unusual appearance. They were small fishes, only a inches long, whose head region was covered with be plates and whose tail was protected by heavy scales.

In the world of fishing there is a special place for fishes that have "gotten away," and every fisherman has made at least one fish eligible for such a distinction. Some of Pennsylvania's fishes hold a unique spot in that special place, but we rarely hear about them. For they are fossil fishes—the test models that led up to the fishes of today. They became extinct long before there were fishermen to talk about them. But we know that they were here because their fossils have been found in many parts of the

EUGENE R. SLATICI

THE ONES THAT GOT AWAY—

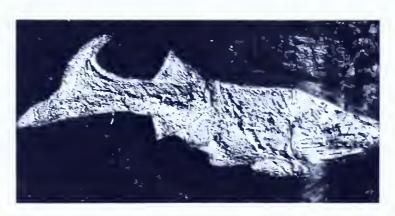
Ist unusual, they had no jaws, only a mouth. So when by fed they just scooped mud into their mouth. Inside body, the food was sorted out in the gill system. Besse the ostracoderms were bottom-feeders, their eyes nally were on the top of the head, so they could watch enemies from above. The ostracoderms became extinct but 280 million years ago, but one of their descendants she present-day lamprey. Fossil ostracoderms have been and in eastern and central Pennsylvania.

Living about the same time as the ostracoderms was aner group of early fishes called the placoderms ("platylined"). They probably were an advanced offshoot of early ostracoderm. The placoderms were also armored, the plating was hinged so that they could move their ds. In addition, their eyes generally were a little ager. Paired fins, a new feature, gave these fishes more rneuverability—as well as a crab-like appearance. But on more revolutionary, the placoderms had jaws and eth. Both were very primitive, but they enabled the fish cat a wide range of food, including ostracoderms. So, les were on the way to becoming predators. They could el on the bottom or move up to the surface. Yet despite armor, the maneuverability, and the jaws and teeth, the coderms were still not the masters of the water. They In became a meal for other ancient creatures, such as it water scorpions that sometimes were eight feet long. Vertheless, fishes were improving. Some placoderms grotesque shapes, but others were fishlike. high most of them were only a few feet long, some of n reached 30 feet. Fossil placoderms about a foot long we been found in northern and central Pennsylvania in cks that are 300-350 million years old. The placoderms id on earth until about 200 million years ago.

nother group of fishes appeared in Pennsylvania's vers about 300 million years ago. They are the ancient uzfishes, or crossopterygians ("fringe-fins"). Although by probably evolved from the placoderms, they had no r or except for a covering of thick scales. By that time, gor plates were becoming a thing of the past for new ses, and the streamlined shape had become a standard be. In the development scheme of fishes, the croso erygians are not particularly important. But there are withings about these fishes that make them noteworthy. it, because they could breath air and their fins were legthe crossopterygians are believed to have been the ises from which the amphibians evolved. Second, this rip of fishes was thought to have become extinct about Unillion years ago. But then, in 1938, one of them—a pacanth—was caught off the coast of Africa. Pennsylala has no living coelacanths, but fossils of them have 🛌 found in 200-million-year-old rocks near Philadelphia. er fossil fishes of this group have been found in northaern and central Pennsylvania.

rimitive sharks lived in Pennsylvania about 270 million res ago. They were usually only a few feet long, but cusionally some would grow to nearly 10 feet. Although leended from an early placoderm, the sharks had no aror. A few of them had spines, however. Free of cum-

bersome armor, the sharks were agile swimmers and well-suited for the role of the predator. One type of shark, the bradyodont, fed mainly on mollusks and other hard-shelled animals; its teeth were flat so it could crush shells. The appearance of the shark on earth marked another innovation in fishes—the skeleton of the shark is cartilage, not bone as in most other fishes. Because cartilage is not as "hard" as bone, it usually is not preserved as a fossil. Many fossil sharks are identified mainly by their teeth, one of their few hard parts. Fossil shark teeth have been found in western and central Pennsylvania.



FOSSIL OF A FISH that lived about 200 million years ago in southeastern Pennsylvania in what is now Bucks County. (Photo courtesy of Pennsylvania Geological Survey)

The most recent, but still far-removed, ancestors of our present-day bony fishes appeared in Pennsylvania about 250 million years ago—about the time the state's coal beds were forming. Those fishes resembled minnows and were about the same size, but they had thick scales. Because that was a time of seasonal droughts, many of those fishes had lungs so they could survive in stagnant water. As time passed, fish scales became thinner. As conditions improved, the lungs disappeared or, in some fishes, were modified to become the swim bladder. Fishes of this group have been found in rocks 200-250 million years old in the southwestern and southeastern parts of the state; those in the southeast are the most recent.

Just about all the present-day fishes in Pennsylvania stem from a group of fishes that lived about 130 million years ago. By that time the basic fish design was well established. It had been modified in countless ways, and the durability of each feature had been tested by time. Soon, the trout, the bass, the perch, the pike—all these and their contemporaries would appear. But as luck would have it, because of geological circumstances, Pennsylvania's record of fossil fishes stops about 180 million years ago. So, the great-great-grandparents of today's fishes really got away.

Looking back over the long history of fishes, a fisherman could easily feel that he belongs to a chosen group of sportsmen. For Nature spent about 400 million years developing fishes and keeping them on earth until man—fisherman—arrived about a million years ago.



SHORELINE of North Park Lake in Pittsburgh is crowded with anglers during annual contest.

GROUP FUN

FISHING CONTESTS

WHEN days of balmy sunshine begin marking the relaxing pace of summer many sportsmen's clubs throughout the state begin holding annual fishing contests.

Starting in late spring or early summer contests continue throughout the state all summer long and into the fall.

The contests, usually held to help build memberships or raise funds for club activities, have become a "looked forward to" event for many. Thousands turn out for contests held in Allentown, Pittsburgh, and other Pennsylvania cities. Some contests have been an annual "event" for many years; others are only a few years old; new ones are added to the list each year.

YOUNG FISHERMEN watch as anglers on far shore land a beauty during 34th annual contest of Lehigh Fish and Game Protective Association on the Little Lehigh in Allentown.



In Allentown nearly 4,000 anglers showed up this year for a two-day contest held on the Little Lehigh by the Lehigh County Fish & Game Protective Association. It was the 34th year for the contest.

As in Allentown a contest held in Pittsburgh at North Park Lake also attracts a good deal of interest, but here the contest is held on a lake instead of along a stream. Winners in various divisions were awarded prizes ranging from pieces of fishing equipment to a camping trailer.

Throughout the state the story is the same. Contests old and new are attracting attention and new contests are being held each year.

In 1966 seventy-nine permits for such contests were granted throughout the state with Berks County leading the list with 20. Northampton County had eleven, Lehigh County, nine, Lancaster five and Jefferson and Crawford four each.

Contests were held in nearly half of the state's 67 counties. In all, 32 counties had clubs holding contests.

At the same time another type of contest is spreading across the state. That's the one sponsored by a business, club, or community not on a day or two-day basis in a temporarily restricted water area but rather for the length of the season on a county or state-wide scale.

For example, in Potter County, the Potter County Recreation Association (a county tourist promotion group) sponsors a Big Trout Contest on a county basis. Fishernen catching big trout within the County register by aking them to a local sporting goods store in Coudersport or measuring and weighing.

At the end of the season the biggest fish registered in various categories wins.

At the same time many sporting goods stores which sell ishing tackle sponsor contests of their own. Fishermen egister catches and periodically the biggest catches are warded prizes, sometimes on a weekly basis, perhaps on a monthly or seasonal basis.

Contests of this nature don't require a special permit as lo those that close a stretch of water for a day or more.

And, although the tallies for 1967 haven't been made ret, it looks as if fishermen and their families can look orward to more contests this year than in the past.



WINNERS RECEIVE prizes ranging from perhaps a new fishing line to a new travel trailer, won by angler Frank Doan at the North Park Lake Contest. Standing left to right are: Art Schaffer and Frank Shean, Allegheny League, winner Doan, Pittsburgh Press outdoor columnist Robert Roger Latham; George B. McDonough, Director of Parks; John Kirsch, Sears Representative, and Bill Guckert.



CONTEST HEADQUARTERS are often a busy place.



ABOVE-THE LADIES join the fun.

BELOW—PARKING LOTS are often crowded with cars of contest entrants and onlookers.



CAMOUFLAGE FOR TROUT



WITHOUT CAMOUFLAGE clothing angle stands out.

ANGLER IS HARDER to spot when outfitted in camouflage clothing.

CAMOUFLAGE clothing is usually associated with crow hunters and bow hunters, but it also has a place in the trout fisherman's wardrobe. This is especially true if he likes to fish for big trout during the latter part of summer.

By the first of July most trout streams have warmed to the point where trout are seeking the coolest water available. Now the fish will move from their normal haunts in the main stream to small spring-fed tributaries where the water is much cooler.

The pools in these streams are much smaller than the pools in the main stream. In fact, they are so small one would wonder how a trout could live in such a small area—but they do live in them.

Due to thick foliage on the trees at this time of year the angler is limited in the room he has to cast. Usually he has no room, but has to get close to the pool or riffle and gently drop his bait in the water. This requires the angler to match the background, for a white sweat shirt or other colored clothing would spook the trout.

Any of the camouflage clothing that has become popular with sportsmen in recent years will work well. Some is made to wear as regular clothing while others are made to wear over regular clothing. A still newer type is made of plastic and has the advantage of being waterproof. This is satisfactory for rainy days, but one can work up quite a sweat in this material on a hot summer day.

by EDWIN L. ATTS

Before making a final selection consider the other a tivities in which you will have use for camouflage clothin Often one suit can serve several purposes.

Many sportsmen wear camouflage clothing on the bodies but forget about their face and hands. The should be darkened likewise, for trout in late summer as no longer as foolish as they were when stocked in the spring. This is doubly true if they are "natives" or have spent several years in the stream as have many be brownies. Just the slightest sign of an unfamiliar objectill send them darting for cover.

One solution for darkening the hands is to wear camor flage gloves. However, these often get in the way at the wrong times causing the angler to miss a strike. A bette choice is the camouflage cream that comes in tube or stic form. It is just brushed on in a few places to break up the white of the skin.

The camouflage cream will also work well for darkenin the face. A second choice for the face is a headnet the comes as part of many camouflage suits. The head covered with regular camouflage cloth and the face covered with a fine green mesh. It not only eliminates the glare from the skin without impairing one's vision, but protects the angler from mosquitoes and other insects the are common around water at this time of year.

The approach to the riffle or pool is the most critical part of fishing in late summer. The water is so shallow if the smaller streams that the angler has to use all available cover so he will not be spotted. This means he has to use trees, bushes, rocks, or other obstructions to break up his outline when making a stalk.

Often it is best to approach the water on hands and knees and wait for five or ten minutes before presenting your bait. Although this is difficult for all but the most patient of anglers it allows the fish to think all dange has passed.

Possibly you already have a small cold water stream in mind that is considered "fished out" after the first few months of season. Instead of taking someone's word gather some bait, put on your camouflage suit, and fish a fewer of the deeper pools. You may be amazed at what big trout can be taken from such small streams when you match the background.

GOVERNOR RAYMOND P. SHAFER starts his first shad fishing trip with guide Joe Samusevich and outdoor writer Charlie Zaimes near the mouth of the Lackawaxen on the Delaware.

GOVERNOR JOINS PENNSYLVANIA OUTDOOR

WRITERS IN QUEST FOR:

DELAWARE SHAD

One particular fishing spot on the Delaware River near ackawaxen has been renamed—it's now known to local esidents as "Shafer's Hole".

It was given the new name late in May after members of the Pennsylvania Outdoor Writers Association converged on the river for a weekend of shad fishing. With them hey brought a special guest—Pennsylvania's Governor laymond P. Shafer who, after giving trout fishing a try n April, was ready for another round with rod and reel. As it turned out he, and the writers, did okay!





NCE ON THE RIVER the fishing party did better than xpected, landing five shad during a couple hours of fishing ust before dark. Group holds up catch in the kitchen of the ane Grey Inn where the Governor stayed. With the Governor are guide Samusevich, his special assistant Bob IcCormick, POWA president Keith Schuyler, POWA workhop chairman Charlie Zaimes, and Johnny Johnson, son f Governor's special assistant Bill Johnson.

by:

TOM EGGLER
Staff Writer and Photographer
BOB PARLAMAN
Pennsylvania Outdoor Writer

Starting out late on a Friday afternoon under cool and cloudy skies the Governor, his assistant Bob McCormick. guide Joe Samusevich of Allentown, POWAer Charlie Zaimes (who organized the weekend) and POWA President Keith Schuyler pushed off and headed upstream. With them was seven-year-old Johnny Johnson, son of Bill Johnson, another of the Governor's assistants who was along on the trip, but not fishing.

Anchoring at a big pool below some rapids the group began fishing. Other boats with POWA members spread out downstream.

First to have a hit was Johnny but as he brought the fish close to the boat it suddenly turned and broke free.

Other members of the group switched to the same weight red and white darts and by evening five nice roe shad were in the boat. The Governor had caught three, McCormick one and the Johnson lad one.

Downstream other POWA members hit a few but failed to land any. The following morning the action picked up and early risers reported a number of hits. Other commitments made it necessary for the governor to leave, but with him he had the three he'd caught the night before.

As it turned out the biggest fish of the weekend was hauled in by The Governor just before dark Friday evening. It covered 25 inches on the yardstick and won him a Pennsylvania Angler Magazine Fishing Citation.

The honor of naming the particular hole where it was caught after him was bestowed by local fishermen.







CITY FISHING

The importance of water as a means of transportation early in the development of the country accounts for the geographic location of many of today's major cities on major waterways.

When these cities were nothing more than a trapper's trading post nearby rivers meant a means of moving goods from one place to another. Consequently communities grew along the banks of these streams.

Generally true throughout the country, all of Pennsylvania's big cities are located on or near major waterways.

To the city dwelling fisherman this means that there's often a lot of good water—and a lot of good fishing—right at his doorstep.

But too few fishermen realize it. Many think of fishing as something you go to the country to do and therefore miss a lot of good fun practically at home. And as the pollution of these major streams is reduced the fishing can be expected to get better.

Outdoor writer Bruce Whitman tells about some of the fishing city folks can find near home.

by
BRUCE WHITMAN
Outdoor Writer
Harrisburg Papers

Given the chance, the average angler would paint mental picture of his favorite fishing hole which in today' modern world would be quite unreal.

Such make-believe visions usually include a secluded mountain run where native trout play about in hard-to reach pools, or a broad flowing river, far from the touch o civilization, where walleyes and bass lurk, just waiting to strike.

Sadly enough, dream world fishing holes such as these are few and far between.

Today's Pennsylvania angler must take his fishing where he finds it. Many fine fishing locations are being passed up because they're right in the lap of civilization.

Tradition has a lot to do with the overall story. For instance, if as a youngster you fished the creek flowing

-DOWNTOWN PHILADELPHIA probably isn't considered of a place to go fishing but reduced amounts of pollution are ng the fishing closer and closer to the heart of the city. The strue in Pittsburgh.

If—JUST UPSTREAM on the Schuylkill at Norristown bass nen can have a ball. Some of the best bass fishing in the literally a "stone's throw" from apartment and industrial igs.

hrough a meadow on your family's farm, chances are you till size up every new fishing hole in the same way.

Little wonder that few new locations measure up to those f your boyhood days.

Or take the case of the veteran angler, who for years ished a certain river hole with great success. Then along ame a bridge for a super highway, or a new industry, viping out his favorite spot forever.

While this angler might look elsewhere for new fishing vaters, he'll still have memories of the old "hole" in the ack of his mind.

It's human nature to remember the "good ol' days" as omething special; sometimes even better than they really zere.

In looking for new fishing worlds the sportsman should oncentrate on one thing—is the fishing good? Never mind that the scenery looks like. After all, if the bass are biting, that's it matter if you're fishing 50 yards from a four-lane appressway?

Still have some doubts? Then consider these areas.

There's fine fishing fun to be found within sight of ennsylvania's capitol; in the heart of Pittsburgh; in highly opulated Philadelphia and immediate urban areas; within he city limits of Reading, and in summer resort areas which during peak use months become virtual cities in heir own right.

The Susquehanna has long been recognized as prime shing water. However, many anglers unfamiliar with the rea would hardly give that section of the river which runs om the City of Harrisburg downstream to the Pennsylania Turnpike Bridge at Highspire a second glance.

It's an area filled with people and thriving industry. nd true, it lacks the romantic surroundings of the usual atdoors picture. However, with the bang and clang of odern day living close at hand the investigating angler ill find sport fishing at its best.

Warm water fishing opportunities on this section of the isquehanna are nearly unlimited. Smallmouth bass are the prime target here, but one can't pass up the panfishing, ther.

And if you know your way about, there are walleye, and s, even muskellunge for the taking.

Pittsburgh, a hub of Keystone State industry, offers enty of fishing opportunities right within the city limits id even more in immediate surrounding areas.

Fish Warden Paul Sowers reports that on weekends om 250 to 300 anglers are fishing "The Point," where the legheny and Monongahela Rivers join. Carp, suckers, tfish and every now and then bass provide the action.

Within the City there's walleye, bass and panfish angling ound Lock No. 2 in the Highland Park section. This area aws heavy fishing pressure.

The Ohio River and its series of dams and main and back



channels provides gamefish, catfish and carp action. A great deal of catfish and carp angling is done right off East Ohio St.

The lower section of the Ohio in the Pittsburgh area has a muddy bottom and attracts largemouth bass. Sowers said catches average 16 inches.

The sight of a fly fisherman in full gear following his avocation right in the heart of Philadelphia may shake up the tourists, but its old stuff to the natives.

Wissahickon Creek, which flows right through Philadelphia's Fairmont Park, is stocked prior to the opening of trout season along seven miles of its length and receives five in-season stockings. Fish Warden Frank Rotchford estimated a turnout of some 7,000 anglers in this park for the opening of the 1967 trout season.

It's not unusual to see youngsters with their fishing gear riding buses on trips to the park.

Also within the City of Philadelphia is the Schuylkill River, which provides catfish and carp angling and a series of park area ponds which are stocked with catfish. Since the ponds have outlets to the Delawarc River, native cats turn up to fill out the stocked population.

Rotchford's district also includes Montgomery County. Once he starts talking about fishing on the Schuylkill, particularly in the Norristown area, it's hard to get him stopped.

continued on page 25



THANKFUL DUCK-

■ During the fishing contest at North Park on May 21st, Cliff Poinsette of the Allegheny County Sportsmen's League related this story:

He and a youngster, Tommy Laughner, were walking around North Park Lake when they eame upon a nesting mallard hen tangled in fishing line. Cliff told Tommy to hold the duck while he untangled the line. The duck repaid the kindness by laying an egg in young Tommy's hand.—District Warden PAUL R. SOWERS (Allegheny County).

MONEY'S WORTH!

■ Mr. Charles Arnold of Lewistown, an ardent fisherman, recently commented about our trout stocking. Mr. Arnold frequently journeys to fee fishing lakes to fish and he told me that many of his eatenes from public waters this season would easily have cost him more than \$20.00 per day. —District Warden RICHARD OWENS (Mifflin and Juniata Counties).

GOOD SPOT!

■ Edward Moffit, mailman from Honesdale was making a tour of the Pleasant Mount Fish Hatchery. A bridge crosses a stream at the hatehery where there are several large trout. The family was watching the trout and feeding some bread when the youngest Moffitt boy turned up missing. The parents looked around only to find their son running toward them all rigged up with his fishing rod.—District Warden HARLAND F. REYNOLDS (Wayne County).

AIR TRANSPORT—

■ Recently, I pieked up a shipment of Muskies at the Scranton-Wilkes Barre Airport. As the shipment had arrived late, I was very concerned as to how they had fared in their plastic containers on the long flight. I opened the containers to check the fish and the Airline Cargo Personnel came over to get a look. When they saw the fry swimming around inside the plastic bags they wanted to know what kind of fish they were. When I told them that these were Muskies, they would not believe that these small bits of matter were the famed mighty king of fresh water game fish.—District Warden CHARLES A. HERBSTER (Lackawanna and S.E. Susquehanna).

DIET CONTROL-

• One day after stocking fish I was working in a stocked area where I was out of view of fishermen who were fishing a hole that had just been stocked. Listening to the I heard the reason why fish don't always bite right after stocking.

One fisherman said the fish must have been fed ju before they left the hatchery. Another said that a day at two before stocking the diet of the fish is changed—throwing them off their scheduled feeding habits, and leaving them confused, not knowing just what they want to eat Another thought was that the fish were given something take away their appetite for a time after stocking.—Distriwarden RAYMOND HOOVER (Tioga County).

FISHING FOR FALLEN DUCKS

■ Last fall I was invited to go duck hunting with son friends at a nearby open water lake. The lake was situated



TREAM NOTES Cont.

ad constructed so the water deepened rapidly from the noreline.

As I was a guest with the group I kept quiet when we fit for the lake with no boat or dog to retrieve fallen ucks. About half way to the lake one of the fellows exaimed "Holy cow, we forgot the retriever." Returning his house, he rushed in and came out with a medium ction spinning outfit. He proceeded to explain how they sed a big surface plug to cast over the fallen ducks and pok them on the retrieve—once in a while they even uight fish. It worked fine, we didn't lose a duck that day.

District Warden THOMAS L. CLARK (Crawford County).

AST DECISION—

Observing a hole that Warden Hastings had just stocked ith nice trout a fellow ran up to the hole, made two casts, id hollored downstream to his buddy that a large number trout had just been stocked but that they weren't hitting, was amused that a fisherman could make two casts and y they weren't hitting.—District Warden BERNARD D. WBROSE (Elk County).

INGER!

Lester Selner of Clearfield caught a brown trout from e First Fork of Sinnimahoning Creek that must have been eaded for the altar. Around the middle of this fish was metal ring—evidently a top off a can that had rusted out. One-how the fish had managed to get inside this ring which had worn for some time as you could see where the flesh id been rubbed raw and had healed.—District Warden: NNETH ALEY (Potter County).

` HAPPENS!

Occasionally on road checks an officer encounters an to with adults and youngsters, and when all the kids we limits a suspicious eye is turned by the officers. But nile patrolling West Hicks Run, Game Protector Erickson d I watched a four-and-a-half-year-old boy from St. arys catch a nice limit of brook trout in just a few inutes.—District Warden STANLEY G. HASTINGS (Cameron Dunty).

ECOND TIME AROUND—

While fishing in Spring Creek Deputy Game Protector illiam Carter had a good strike. The fish put up a good the but Carter landed it—a 12 inch trout that he had tught by hooking the eye of a swivel. Someone else had sometime hooked the fish and it had gotten loose and urter's daredevil caught the eye of the swivel.—District brden CLOYD W. HOLLEN (Blair County).

SURPRISE!

■ Mr. Wilbur Negley Sr. of Newville, was fishing at the Commission's Opossum Lake for trout with salmon eggs and a number 10 hook with six pound test line from the shore.

Fishing for about a half hour, he felt a tug at his line and thought that he had hooked a trout. Much to his surprise he found that he had a much larger fish than a trout. After playing it for more than forty minutes he landed it. Still not knowing exactly what he had caught he looked in his fish law summary book and found that almost any fish over 30 inches long was legal so he kept the fish and took it to Mr. Bill Porter of Newville for identification.

Mr. Porter told him that it was a Musky—and it had taken a salmon egg!—District Warden PERRY D. HEATH (Cumberland and Perry County).

ESKIMO ANGLERS!

■ Pennsylvanians think nothing of traveling 6,000 miles to fish Alaska. Alaskan fishermen fish Pennsylvania waters also. Three native Eskimos fished Jefferson County's North Fork Creek in May. Other states represented included Michigan, Ohio, New York, New Jersey, South Carolina, and West Virginia.

The Eskimos thought Pennsylvania fishing was great, but complained they had no ice box to take their fish home in.—District Warden JAMES F. DONAHUE (Jefferson County).



HAPPINESS IS A SMALL BOAT

By Al Shimmel

When boatmen gather and the talk turns to horsepower, fuel mixtures, displacement, glass hulls, design and torque, I listen as one hearkens politely to the voice of an outlander, speaking in an unknown tongue.

A rotund stranger, wearing a new yachting cap and spotless ducks gives me to understand that the ownership of a boat has become a status symbol, but unless your boat is expensively luxurious, "You don't really belong, you know."

I wonder if this social stratification extends to Johnny P. and his partner? They run their power boat out of Chugiak and during the salmon season, rarely set foot ashore. The cannery boat brings mail, fuel and supplies, unloads their catch at sea and generally mothers them. They work their nets, coddle their motors, cook and eat in a tiny galley and sleep, when and if they find time.

French Pete, the amiable, black-bearded ruffian, who is owner and skipper of a charter boat out of Bay du Noc to the fishing grounds of the Superior, would defend his boat, his fishing grounds, his social status and his friends in joyous combat with any one having the nerve to issue a challenge. He has forgotten more about boats, engines and water craft than my yacht-capped friend will ever know. It would be interesting to observe a meeting between these two.

I fear my friend of the spotless ducks would sniff audibly at the Princess. My aged, battered, eight foot pram would hardly be a fit tender for his luxurious plaything. If it were possible to convince the portly one to spend an hour or two each day, at the business end of the stout ash cars that supply her motive power, I am sure both his figure and his outlook on life would be vastly improved.

By the way, suspecting that the girls now and then take a peep at lines written primarily for men, the above is a beauty hint you will never hear at Pierre's Beauty Salon. The Princess is more than a status symbol, she is a creation. I built every inch of her from her sturdy oak kee to her mahogany rails. I rounded her plywood bottom an fastened it with brass screws, acquiring a beautiful set oblisters as a bonus. I covered her with a smooth skin of green fiberglass . . . Well . . . fairly smooth . . . with onl an occasional rough spot proving I am not a perfectionis Who is?

How could I explain to my meticulous friend why I hav not sanded and painted out the four deep scars on her rail When not in use she rests, bottom side up on two conver ient logs at the edge of the swamp. The fish cooperate beautifully and I overstayed my time limit. I hurriedl cleaned my catch and laid them beside me on the sea while I pulled in to shore. Dusk was deepening so turned her over neglecting to wash the seat. Next day found her right side up, with claw marks and deep mudd tracks to prove that a bear had completed my housekeep ing chores.

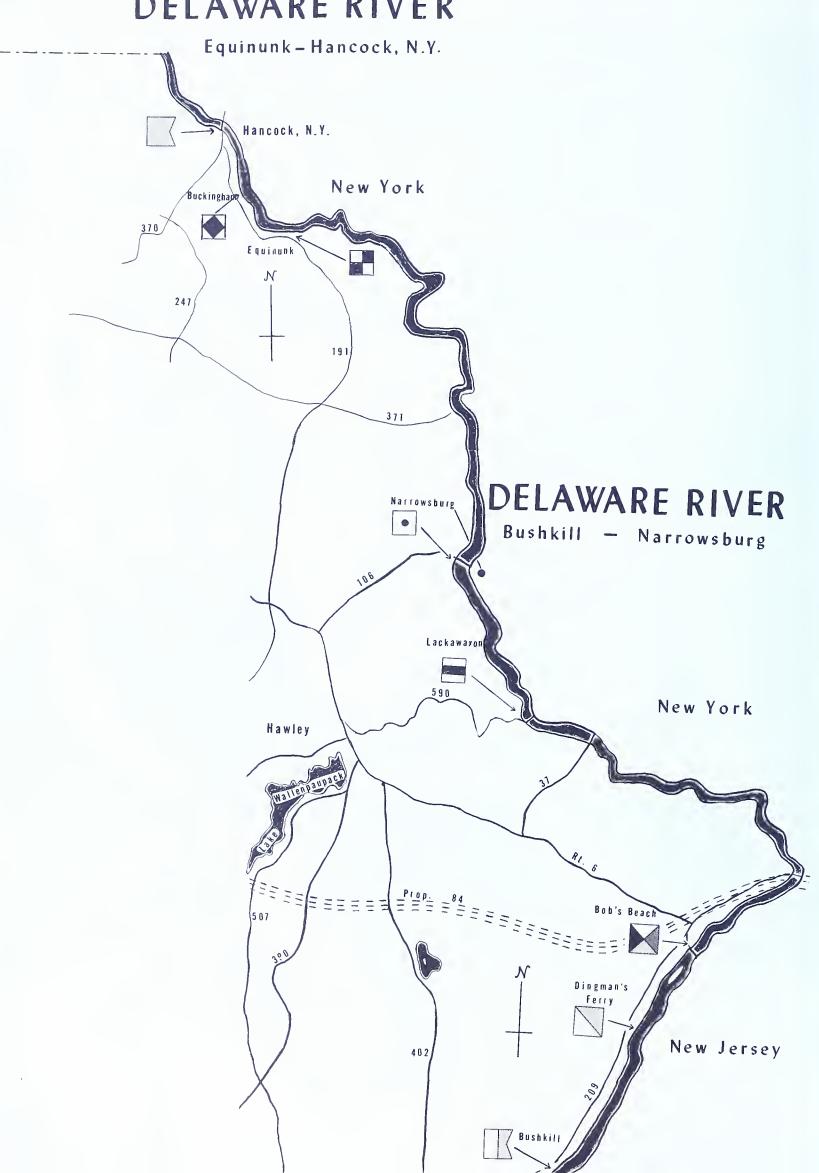
The pram draws so little water that she will almost floa in a heavy dew. One morning we explored the shallow beside the channel at the extreme end of the lake. Nea the depths a buttonbush covered with blossoms attracted myriads of insects. Many of them, gorged with necte until they fell helpless to the water. Small fry were at tracted by the insects which in turn drew an occasiona larger fish. Max sat on the back seat, his booted feet cooling in the water. He was using a huge plastic plug shaped to resemble a frog with trailing buck-hair legs that were fully four inches long. To further add to its grotesqueness, he hung a pair of tandem spinners at its head We already had a pair of nice pickerel and a bass tentered to the boat. Max was experimenting.

My attention was elsewhere when the pram lurched solviolently I almost went overside. I glanced up, saw Max tumble backward off the seat and at the same instanglimpsed a huge fish disappearing into the depths. He had been fishing the lure in slow, lazy twitches across the channel to the shallows. He was about to lift the lure for

another cast when the monster appeared from nowhere. It swirled away at the last moment.



DELAWARE RIVER



BOATING

with Robert G. Miller

DIRECTORY OF PENNSYLVANIA MARINAS ACCESS AREAS AND **BOAT RENTAL FACILITIES**

Some of Pennsylvania's most picturesque country can be found along the Delaware River, in Wayne and Pike Counties, but unfortunately the river in this area is not adequate for medium and large size pleasure craft but is more suited for canoeists and fishermen.

Access points are along Rt. 209, from Bushkill up to Bob's Beach; then off Rt. 590 Lackawaxen, and on up along Rt. 191 at Equinunk, Buckingham and on both sides of the river at the Hancock, N.Y., bridge.

A brief outline of the facilities offered at each of the areas is as follows:



Pennsylvania Fish Commission access area, north of Bushkill. Located off Rt. 209, it provides a surfaced parking area and ramp.



Narrowsburg, a Pennsylvania Fish Commission launching area. Has parking space, paved ramp for launching, no charge for use.





Dingman's Ferry, at the bridge off Rt. 209. Surface type launching ramp, parking and a fee charged for usage.



Equinunk, also owned and maintained by the Pennsylvania Fish Commission, Located along Rt. 191, facilities include parking area and ramp.





Bob's Beach, off Rt. 209, at Milford. Good shad fishing in the spring, walleye in the cool autumn months. Mostly canoeing, with aluminum canoes and one rowboat for rent, and water skiing taught. Concrete ramp, plenty of parking space, picnic tables and pavilion.



Lackawaxen, located at the mouth of the Lackawaxen River, available for public use for a fee. Good shad fishing. Situated off Rt. 590, it has a surfaced ramp and parking area.



Buckingham, north of Equinunk along Rt. 191. A Pennsylvania Fish Commission ramp, it has a surfaced ramp, parking, no charge.



Privately owned access area at the bridge leading to Hancock, N.Y. Tent and trailer camping sites in the immediate area. Fee charged.

MODERN CAMPING

bу

DEL & LOIS KERR

It's the time of year for hot, humid weather. No wonder so many people pack camping gear and head for the refreshing coolness of big-timber country. Of all state parks in northern-tier counties, those in the northwestern section of the state receive the heaviest use.

Surrounded completely by the Allegheny National Forest, Chapman Dam State Park, seven miles south of Clarendon and Route 6, has long been a welcome relief to heat-stricken, city-weary vacationers. It has been a favorite of campers, picnickers, sight-seers—and serious anglers—since its construction in 1951.

Named for Senator Leroy E. Chapman, the 625-acre park contains numerous recreational opportunities. But fishing is perhaps the largest attraction. Many outdoorsmen prefer Chapman Dam because it is centrally located to a wide variety of fishing possibilities. Tionesta Creek to the south is well-known for its big brown trout—up to five or six pounds. The Allegheny River to the north is famous for bass while the section to the west is among the best musky waters in the state.

Fine fishing possibilities exist right at the park. A dam across the west branch of Tionesta Creek has created a 70-acre lake where bass are stocked regularly. Rowboats may be rented or you may bring your own but motors are not permitted. All activities—swimming, picnicking, etc.—are conducted on the eastern side of the lake, while the west and south sides are favored by fishermen. Fine catches of trout are made in the creek at either end of the park.

Throughout the park, huge pines and hemlocks and a variety of hardwoods provide deep shade and a natural setting for outdoor enjoyment. The campground is located in a beautiful wooded section, off from the noise of picnickers and swimmers, but still well within walking distance of beach and boat livery.

You can choose from forty campsites, but to be sure of selecting a site to your liking, plan to arrive early. During prime summer weekends, not only are sites in the main campground taken, but so is the 50-unit overflow area.

The well-used 500-foot swimming beach attracts dayuse visitors and campers alike, but even on crowded weekends there is ample sun-bathing room for all. Lifeguards are on duty from Memorial Day to Labor Day.

Another park often overcrowded but one that demands a visit is Cook Forest State Park on the southern edge of Allegheny National Forest. Skirted by the Clarion River, the park with its 100-site campground draws repeat campers year after year. Again, the popular campground may be expanded within the next year or two; initially, one hundred additional sites are planned.



CHAPMAN DAM STATE PARK-a 70 acre lake for fishermen.

Sites are located in both open and wooded areas and, as you might expect, campsites are usually unavailable on weekends. The park superintendent advises arrival Thursday or no later than early Friday. Even midweek, 85% of campsites are in use at this time of the year.

Perhaps the greatest attraction at Cook Forest are seventeen interconnecting hiking trails totaling 29 miles of pleasant walking. Dense groves of immense virgin trees, especially along Longfellow Trail, date back centuries. Maps of the trail system may be obtained by writing the Cook Forest Area Vacation Bureau, Cooksburg, Pa.

Scenic drives throughout the 8000-acre park and nearby regions give access to Seneca Point, the Observation Tower, various portions of the Clarion River famous for canoeing, and many fine trout streams. Deer, bears and wild turkeys are often seen along quiet backroads. Riding stables on the edge of the park provide good horses and guides. And for the swimmers, the newly constructed park swimming pool will be a refreshing treat.

Not far to the east, Clear Creek State Park, also on the Clarion River, is highly popular with fishermen. The fifty-three site campground is located right on the Clarion where good numbers of bass, carp, catfish and occasional trout are caught. A dammed portion of Clear Creek about two miles from the campground provides a one-and-one-half acre pool for swimmers.

Clear Creek State Park is growing in popularity, but as yet it is not generally overcrowded. The park superintendent says that nearly all sites are taken during some late summer weekends and holidays, but the overflow area is rarely used. Best time to arrive is early Friday evening for weekend camping. About half of the campground is occupied during the week.

The camping area at Clear Creek is one of the few in Pennsylvania State Parks with sites available for boaters. Totally, 1,100 acres are contained in the park, but only sixty acres are developed for recreation at this time, leaving plenty of room for expansion.

CITY FISHING continued from page 17

"The fishing potential in this area is tremendous," he says. "We could stand all the fishing pressure the public wants to put on us.

"I recently talked to a Norristown fisherman who caught 1,200 fish in that area last season. Some 600 of them vere bass."

Harvey's Lake in Luzerne County near Scranton is most often thought of as a resort area in the sense of swimming, poating and water skiing. The 658 acre body of water is nuch more than that. It's a prime fishing source.

The lake was first stocked in 1885 with salmon fingerings, although the exact type is unknown. Fish Warden im Yoder reports heavy fishing pressure which reaches ts peak on the first day of trout season. This spring nearly 3,000 anglers were on hand for the trout opener.

Lake, brook, brown and rainbow trout are the top angling ttractions. In addition there are kokanee salmon and silver almon, pickerel, perch, bass and ice fishing for American melt during winter months.

Yoder reported a recent 15-pound brown trout catch in he lake and feels many more lunkers lurk in its depths, which go down as much as 100 feet.

Reading residents don't have to leave town to go fishing. Iwo lakes within the city limits provide angling action on pecies ranging from trout to sunfish.

Antietam Lake, in the Mt. Penn section of the City, ffers stocked trout, bass, perch and sunfish. The 17 acre mpoundment is fished hard according to warden Frank Kulikosky.

Angelica Lake, a former part of Reading's water supply ystem and now under the control of the city's Parks Devartment, offers catfish, bluegills and bass for the taking.

"I never go down to Angelica Lake that I don't find eople fishing," said Kulikosky. "It's a nice place to take he family, have a picnic and do a little fishing."

Add to this list Tulpehocken Creek and the Schuylkill liver and it doesn't take long to figure out that Reading pretty well fixed with local fishing locations.

"The areas within the city provide people without transortation a chance to fish," related Kulikosky. "A lot of



BUCKS COUNTY fish warden Mike Badner chats with a Delaware River fisherman. On one side of the river is Morrisville, Pennsylvania; on the other side is Trenton, New Jersey.

older folks and youngsters take advantage of the facilities."

These are just a few examples of conditions which exist in many sections of Pennsylvania. One need only keep abreast of the times to enjoy continued successful angling. Otherwise, you might be doing all your fishing in your dreams.



POLLUTION PATROL

RIVER POLLUTION PATROL pilot project co-sponsored by the Pennsylvania Department of Health and the Pennsylvania Fish Commission to investigate pollution incidents that occur along the West Branch of the Susquehanna. Certificates were given those members completing the three session course.

Seated are Daniel Bordork, Department of Health, and Franklin L. Dury, state representative from Sunbury. Standing are Charles Kuder, Department of Health; Harry Allen, Milton representative; Clair Fleeger, Region three Warden Supervisor of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission; Robert Leisnring, Northumberland representative; and Edward F. Pfeiffer, also of Northumberland.

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THE NIGHT WATCH-

continued from page 2

standard procedure for the average size ten inch brook trout. These brown fellows, it was quickly discovered, would have no part of this approach. Of course when the dry fly took the country by storm a few years later and the anglers were spun around to fish upstream, some browns started to wind up in the creel.

It must be admitted that the bait fishermen soon learned how to fool the brownie. Big minnows, nightcrawlers, and softshell crabs were all found to be good brown trout baits. The bigger trout particularly were found to be fond of these meaty offerings.



THE LATE BOB PINNEY, pioneer night fly fisherman for big trout, with one of his "two-footers". (photo courtesy Edith Pinney Cole, Coudersport)

The fly fishermen were disturbed—they just couldn't interest the larger fish in feathers. To be sure, an occasional big one made a trip to the surface and committed the fatal mistake. This was, however, all too infrequent.

"(The first brown trout that we saw here in this part of Pennsylvania were handsome fish. X shaped black spots dotted their sides and the little red spots looked like flecks of blood.)"

As the numbers of brown trout continued to increase in the Allegheny (they were reproducing exceptionally well) a strange phenomenon was observed. Beginning about the tenth of June, trout would begin to move out of the deep meadow pools and begin an upstream migration. (Experiments with tagged fish later proved that some of

these fish traveled at least 22 miles for two consecutive seasons.) Many theories have been offered to explain the migration, but perhaps the best one is that a lack of oxyge in the more morose pools which lie downstream from Condersport force the trout to seek better aerated wate. There were several pools on the way to Coudersport the would hold trout for a time, but the Goodsell Hole was the principal "way station." The whirlpool action in the center of this junction was to the trout's liking and here the fist would pause before making another upstream dash.

Doctor Phillips, a sometime practicing dentist and a incurable angler, was most interested in this trout migration. Doc was a good fisherman. He caught his share of the native brookies that were so abundant in northcentral Pennsylvania, but the brown trout were something else in deed. He caught one from time to time, but not with the regularity he wished.

Doc, as was the style of the day, fished with a string of three number 10 or 12 wet flies. We can't be certain whether it was by design or chance that he stayed on on night and gave an honest try with these little wets. What ever the circumstances, he did persist, and a few seasor of serious after dark experimentation proved to the doctor that night fishing was more than simply a way of losin sleep.

The idyllic part of Doc's fishing life was that his wif was a most accomplished flytier. She did not fish hersel but Doc more than made up for her lack of practical ir formation.

Doctor Phillips' "secret" and his fishing techniques for taking brown trout at night was discovered by the local angling talent in due time, and a page of angling histor in America began to be written.

"(Doc Phillips caught a lot of fish but I can't ever reca of him catching a real whale. Sixteen and 18 inchers hundreds of them, but I don't believe he ever caught two-footer. Of course, Doc never got to using the 4s and the 6s—he liked the smaller flies, I think ten was as bit as he used. Most of the big trout, that is, fly caught fish that come from the Goodsell, were taken on sixes.)"

For the next thirty years, the Goodsell Hole probable out produced any similar area of water in the United States. The fantastic concentration of trout, the select dozen or so night fishermen who developed there, and the ideally laid out pool created a combination that yielded an annual harvest of several hundred trophy fish—fish above the twenty inch mark!

The conformation of the pool changed a bit each yea as the result of high water and shifting gravel bars, bu seldom was the pool ever more than 75 feet in diameter From season to season the pool generally retained its circular shape. The pair of incoming streams averaged about twenty feet across, and the escaping tailwater formed flow that to many would be termed a "brook." During the peak of the night fishing season this tail would seldon

exceed thirty feet in width. Depth of the pool in its center was accurately sounded at just over twelve feet, although this did vary somewhat from spring to spring.

I wasn't fishing the Goodsell during the early night fishing "experimental days", in fact, I wasn't even born, however lady luck arranged for me to become friendly with some of the "Goodsell Greats." The process took some years, and the initial barrier to bridge was convincing the egulars I was sincerely interested in fishing. To prove this and to be "accepted" it was necessary to come to the shrine light after night after night. I count those apprentice years among my happiest, for, as a teenager, life itself meant ishing. The most skillful of my mentors and a continually tudying post graduate himself was Robert N. Pinney.

Bob had remained a bachelor for he sincerely believed hat anyone who enjoyed fishing shouldn't be distracted by anything. His almost photographic memory (he could quote verbatim whole chapters from Skues) could have ecured for him a most profitable place in the twentieth entury business world. This too would have interfered with his fishing, and he chose to remain a night clerk at he local hotel. This position offered an ideal arrangement or a fisherman. Every afternoon and evening were available. Bob made wise use of this time from his standpoint, and it is most doubtful if any living man ever knew a single piece of water as well as Pinney knew the Goodsell Hole.

"(Wives that get along well with fishermen are hard to ind. I never took much time out to look, so I didn't find ne.)"

Although he grew to prefer big wets after dark, he was qually skilled with dry-flies. He was probably one of the irst anglers to cast a dry fly—that is one tied for the pur-ose—on northern Pennsylvania waters. He obtained his rst floaters from Hardys during the early twenties. Following this initial experience with floating flies Pinney volved into a split purist. Dry flies would be fished during the daylight hours, and large wets would be used after lark. He never deviated for the rest of his life.

As in most pools trout of the Goodsell Hole had two referred feeding stations. A few took position at the two alets of the pool and the remainder drifted towards the lick tail glide as evening approached. As a rule the bait anciers preferred the inlet locations, while Pinney and thers who cast the big wets found the tail water better.

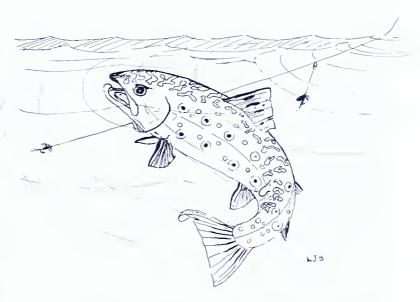
It would be possible to fill several volumes recalling amous catches of trout that came from this tiny trout factory by means of Pinney's flyrod. But the simple truth is uch episodes sound preposterous. I would probably find nem so myself if I hadn't had the opportunity to fish this iece of water for nearly ten years. During that period observed Pinney successfully land over fifty trout which xceeded the twenty inch mark and several hundred under nat length!

In addition to these fish, six other permanent or semiermanent regulars were chalking up similar tallies.

Did such a place exist in Pennsylvania? And if it did 'hy wasn't the news widely broadcast throughout the ast? Two big reasons form the answer. The Goodsell evotees weren't about to share their fishing with the crushing mob (they probably wouldn't have had to anyway which leads us to reason no. 2)—that is, there are very few fly rod owners who have the required temperament to stick out the fishless nights until their efforts are rewarded. Even the mighty Goodsell Hole which was a night fisherman's paradise, spawned but a dozen case hardened veterans. But what a dozen they were! Innovators all, each one developing and constantly improving on his favorite method of capturing big trout.

While the Goodsell was their first love and the home base for most of them, all of the disciples did on occasion fish other waters of the area. An authentic sounding rumor of a big trout in a certain pool of the Oswayo, Sinnemahoning or the Genesee was often reason enough for one of them to forgo an evening at the "shrine". But no matter how strong the lure of exotic waters and far away places, the Goodsell Hole commanded their strongest attention. And why not? On any June or July night they could be positive of casting their flies over 25 or 30 two-footers. And if they were fortunate enough to take some of these fish, the following night several more take their place.

Trout rich as the Goodsell was, it was most decidedly true that these fish were first of all brown trout. And as brown trout are everywhere they were not caught with impudence on each and every cast. Nor were they always certain to strike on any given night. They reacted as anglers the world over expect brown trout to. They were selective, sophisticated and unpredictable.



It was my good fortune to list Robert N. Pinney as a close friend. Hours spent with this angler in fishing, and talking about fishing must number in the thousands, and each of these hours is carefully catalogued in my angling treasure book. Anything I have said in the past about night fishing, or will say in the future is heavily laced with Bob's thinking. It is most unfortunate for anglers that Bob Pinney didn't write his thoughts down.

Pinney is with us no longer. The Goodsell Hole is gone too. But trout still feed at night, and there are some anglers who will search the blackness for them. Let's pursue the subject further.

continued next month

FISH'N FEMALE

continued from page 7

remind him to get a new gasket for the stove before our next trip. Meanwhile my better half has been napping after a hard day. We eat off china plates as Jim can't stand the taste of paper plates. Besides you can throw paper plates away while the others have to be washed while he stands impatiently waiting to begin our evening fishing.

My husband has eyes like an owl and can see fifty feet away in the pitch black whereas I can't see ten feet in front of me after 9 p.m. His casts are always perfect and he gets his best strikes at night. I usually sit there mumbling about the dampness creeping into my bones, yawning every few minutes and grumbling how nice it would be to be in a nice warm bed. Also the mosquitoes regard me as a combination of sugar and honey and invite all neighboring friends and relatives to the feast. After a few hours of this, in which time I've probably had twenty backlashes which I laughingly term my knitting, I threaten punishments too horrid to print. This usually brings some results and by 3 A.M. he's ready to quit and head for the station wagon.

Now the bed must be made and here come a few more of my luxuries. We sleep on an innerspring mattress, between sheets and me in pajamas. Granted it's no pleasure putting cold clothes on in the early morning but if you keep them folded under the covers with you it's not too unpleasant.

I enjoy sleeping late and feel that a morning away from the family calls for a late rise of at least 8 A.M. Jim usually pulls the covers off around 6 A.M. with a yell that we're missing the best fishing time. I lay there shivering an groaning that we just put our rods to rest at 3 A.M. an surely the fish and I need a more prolonged sleep. But m sportsman can't be swayed in his efforts to see that h bests me.

During the day, after many minor disagreements about some of my fishing habits, I'm reminded of the old adage that "Proximity breeds contempt." You can't be more proximate than two people in a twelve foot boat.

On our departure for home that evening my husban stands and enjoys the sunset while I unpack the boat an load the car. This usually entails a great deal of effort a Jim is a perfectionist and each article has it's place. He chagrined if I goof off and try to throw things in har hazardly as I'm apt to do.

Our arrival at home is greeted with shouts from or children as to who caught the biggest or the most. Jir usually sits and tells them about the trip while I unpac the car and clean the fish.

One day, after just such a trip, my neighbor remarke good naturedly "Hey Jim, what do you do to help?" M dear husband remarked nonchalantly "Why I take he away from her work so she can go relax and enjoy herself.

Sometimes I wonder if ten years ago I should hav minded my own business. Of course I would have misse all the enjoyment and peace that comes with sitting in boat away from the worry and noise of every day life.

To me, fishing is a sport that requires nothing more that perseverence, patience and a sense of humor. Perhaps should mention that those admirable qualities are required in a husband especially if the wife wants him to take her along.

"UNICORN" FATAL TO FISH

While working in the field of fish pathology one encounters many different causes of death in fish. However, recently a rather unusual cause of death was discovered on several rainbow trout fingerlings brought into the Benner Spring Research Station from a commercial fish hatchery for pathological diagnosis.

Closer observation revealed that several of the trout had a unicorn appearance. Photograph "A" reveals the general appearance of the fish. It was quite evident that the object responsible for this appearance of the fish was some type of seed. It was surmised that these small fish were attempting to feed on these seeds as they apparently were blown into the water. The intact seeds were found only in the head area of the trout which made it appear that they were attempting to eat them.

Photograph "B" shows a closer view of the actual seed that caused the disorder. The seed was identified by Dr. Herbert Wahl of the Pennsylvania State University to be from a plant of the Genus Bidens.

The seed itself did not cause death but it enabled fungus to develop on the fish. The two factors in combination caused a slight mortality.

by COURTNEY GUSTAFSON Fishery Biologist

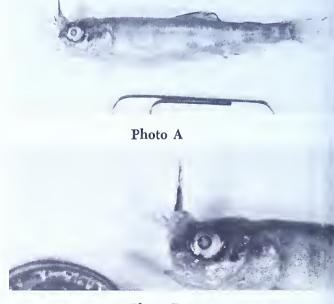


Photo B

NEW COMMISSIONER

Frank E. Masland, Jr., Carlisle, has been named to the Pennsylvania Fish Commission by Governor Raymond P. Shafer.

In making the appointment Gov. Shafer stated:

"All Pennsylvania sportsmen can be happy that a man with the stature of Frank Masland in both the conservation and business worlds has agreed to serve them on the Fish Commission."

Well known as a conservationist, Masland is currently a special consultant to Interior Secretary Stewart Udall on conservation matters, and has served as chairman of the department's advisory committee on national parks, historic sites, buildings and monuments.





REAM IMPROVEMENT discussion is held by Norm ckles, assistant regional warden supervisor of the northest region, at a spring Conservation Camporee held at imp Olmstead near Warren. Some 15 troops took part i the program.



RIVER RESCUE PROCLAMATION is signed by Governor Shafer in Harrisburg, declaring June 12 as River and Rescue Squad Day "in honor of our many Rescue Squads and their great humanitarian contributions in Pennsylvania."

Pictured are: standing, Robert Vallati, Middletown Fire and Rescue; Gus Spagnolo, Harrisburg River Rescue; Harvey W. Cook, Duncannon Rescue; John Sviben, Sr., Steelton River Rescue; R. O. Sultzaberger, Steelton River Rescue; Barry Senseman, Middletown Fire and Rescue; Cdr. E. R. Tharp, Pennsylvania Fish Commission, in charge of Watercraft Safety.

Seated are the Hon. Raymond P. Shafer, Governor; and Bernard A. Carnes, New Cumberland River Rescue.

SEWING THREAD

entinued from page 9

By now he was standing beside me. Reaching into his aders he threw a spool at me. "Here, see for yourself." caught the spool, opened my hand and stared in mazement at—you guessed it—a spool of sewing thread. It asn't ordinary sewing thread, it was nylon! "The company is making the stuff for women to sew with. It's the lst tippet material I've picked up in years," he reported I gazed in disbelief at the spool in my hand.

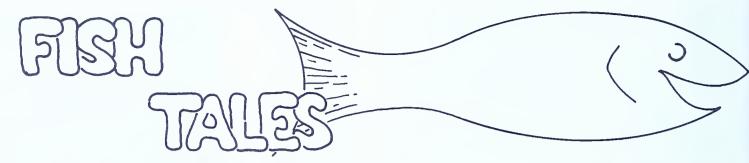
Cradling the rod under my arm I tore a 2 foot length om the spool. Checking it against my 5x tippet it turned to be almost identical in size. Off came my tippet he new secret was attached, a size 16 japanese beetle engled from the end. In the next half hour I raised, loked and missed almost as many trout as Dick. Was

this stuff really that good? Was the tippet making the difference? As with anything new, it was hard to accept the fact that something better had come along than what anglers had used for years.

The rest of that season and the following one provided a real testing period. Time and time again the new sewing thread was used in place of the regular tippet material. The results were phenomenal. I fished nymphs, steamers, dries and midges with it. It worked—always. I know at least a dozen fly fishermen who can verify that fact today.

It comes in two colors. Clear and black. The black is best—I think. Guess what? You get 150 yards for 29¢ plus tax! You can find it at sewing notion counters of department and discount stores. Remember it's only tippet material, not something to be used as a regular leader. Then, you may try it and not feel the way I do, but it's worth finding out.

Go get a spool—and good luck.



A FISHING FEATURE FOR FISHERMEN -

- FROM FISHERMEN



"CHIPPER" WALTERS, eight-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Graydon Walters, entered this 20 inch rainbow in Potter County's Big Trout Contest this summer after he caught it on a minnow from the Brookland Branch. (photo by The Potter Enterprise)



shad he took from the Delaware this spring while on a Pennsylvania Outdoor Writers weekend fishing workshop. With him is Game Commission Information and Education Officer Keith Hinman. (photo by Bob Parlaman)

HARRISBURG

SURANCE agent and outdoor writer John

Plowman holds a nice



BUTLER COUNTY'S Meredian Dain produced this pair of crappies for 12-year-old Dennis Stokes of Butler.



THIS RAINBOW weighed 5 pounds, 1 ounce when fisherman Bill Stachowiak took it from Harvey's Lake on a nightcrawler.



ALLEN MORROW won a Pennsylvania Angler Citation for this 30% inch, 15 pound 2 ounce brown trout which came from Harvey's Lake. He was using a homemade trolling rig when he hit the big fish.



BOB FORREST, son Angler Editor George Forest, proved that fishing ran in the family when opened the season this ye with a 17½ inch rainbefrom the Yellow Breech in York County. He was pinning shortly after to opening hour when leaught it.



LADY ANGLERS Mrs. Peg Rund and Mrs. Elizabeth Carlson hol stringers of rainbows taken from Harvey's Lake—including one which measured 17 inches. (photo by a sistant regional warden supervisor Walter Lazusky)



A FISHING FEATURE FOR FISHERMEN

- FROM FISHERMEN



TATION WINNING brook trout is held by rtunate fisherman Donald Steese of Lewiswn. It measured $17\frac{1}{2}$ inches and weighed so pounds. It was caught from Little amokin Creek.



NOWINGO LAKE produced this inch crappie for fisherman M. endilf of Lane.



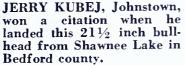
ALBERT SCHNEIDER, Matamoras, holds a nice black crappie salvaged from Forest Lake and restocked in Children's Pond at Matamoras.



ANGLER READING Art Coleman won a citation with this crappie he caught from Ontelaunee Lake in Berks County. measured 17½ inches and weighed 3 pounds.



TWENTY FOUR pound carp which measured 32 inches was caught on dough bait by angler John Veneziale of Lansdale. With him is daughter Christine.



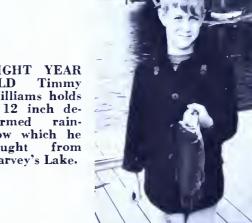
QUAKER LAKE gave up this 18 inch rainbow to 14-year-old fisherman Mike Yodsnukis early this



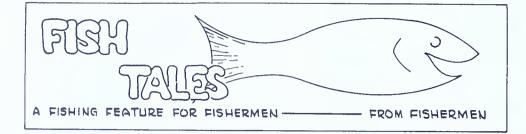


CHARLES ROHRBACH holds a 22 inch largemouth bass that bit off more than it could chew. It had tried to gobble up a 91/4 inch bluegill.











THIS MUSKY came from Tionesta Dam near the outlet. Murrysville fisherman John Janetka caught it. It measured 36 inches. (photo by Steve Szalewicz)

BROTHERS Tony and Joe Valesha hold stringers of rainbows they took early this season from Harvey's Lake in Luzerne County. Most were taken on worms and cheese. (photo by assistant regional supervisor Walter Lazusky)



FOUR YEAR OLD Scott Keeler of Mechanicsburg hooked and landed this $15\frac{1}{2}$ inch rainbow by himself while fishing along the Yellow Breeches near Bowmansdale.



SIGN ME UP FOR THE-

PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER

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☐ TWO DOLLARS (For One Year)	☐ FIVE Dollars (For Three Years)		
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WET WADING



When fishing in deep water you need a boat to get from one place to another. When fishing in cold, shallow water you need boots. But in warm, shallow water you can get along very nicely without either. You simply wade around in an old pair of shoes and swimming trunks or jeans and let 'em get wet. It's called "wet wading." Wet wading doesn't sound very fancy, but it permits you to get around in places too shallow for a boat, it lets you sneak up on the fish, and its cool and comfortable on a hot summer day.

Of course, you must be careful. Look out for slippery rocks, swift water, and drop-offs. Always wear shoes to prevent cutting your feet on sharp objects. Stay out of farm ponds, quarries, and other deep places with steep sides, and never fish alone. If you follow these precautions wet wading is safe and fun.

Many streams, from creeks to large rivers, have slow, shallow sections that can be wet waded and fished, and even lakes can be fished from shallow bars and ledges near the shore.

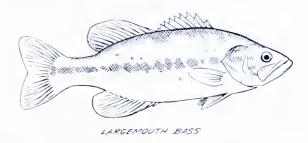
Lures can be carried in a plastic box. Drill a hole in one end, insert both ends of a shoelace, and knot on the inside. Hung around your neck the box will stay dry and handy. Flies or bass bugs can be carried in the same manner. Include a few snap swivels, fly oil, split shot, leader material, or whatever you might need. If you intend keeping some fish hang a few stringer snaps from a cord attached to your waist. Fellows who just can't bear to leave their tackle boxes at home can transfer the contents to a waterproof war surplus ammunition box or a watertight plastic box and tow it by a cord. Be sure to fasten the lids securely, as some of these boxes flip over in the water.

TWO KINDS OF BASS

Nearly everyone knows there are two kinds of black bass in Pennsylvania, the smallmouth and the largemouth, but surprisingly few anglers know how different they really are. The smallmouth can be identified by its jaws, which do not extend farther back than the eye. The largemouth's mouth is larger (that makes sense, doesn't it?). The smallmouth's markings usually form vertical bars on the sides; the largemouth has a dark line running along each side, although in some fish these markings are faint or absent. There are other differences, too, but those that interest the fisherman are the ones that determine where to find them and how to catch them.

The smallmouth likes colder water than the largemouth—creeks, rivers, and cool lakes with rocky bottoms. The largemouth likes warmer water with little or no current. Farm ponds suit him fine, and he prefers mud bottoms and weed beds to stones and ledges.

Both can be caught on surface lures, but the largemouth usually prefers his standing still or moving very slowly. In the same lake or stream, the smallmouths are usually found in deeper water than the largemouths. The largemouth grows bigger, but the smallmouth usually fights harder and docs more jumping. Both are excellent game fish and well worth fishing for.





HEY KIDS! SOMETHIN' NEW

Now everyone under 16 years of age is eligible to receive

Pennsylvania's Junior Angling Award For Catching a Trophy Fish in Pennsylvania's **Public Waters**

A PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER MAGAZINE

MINIMUM CITATION SIZES:

Species of Minimum Le Fish in Inche	5		Minimum L	0	•	Minimum L in Inch	_
American Shad Bluegill	10 14 18 14 25	Crappies (and whi Eel Fallfish Lake Trout	atfish includes blac te) n Bass	14 30 14 24	Northern P Rainbow T Rock Bass Sheepshead Smallmouth Walleye	e	25 18 10 20 18 22

Fish must be caught in Pennsylvania public water by legal methods during seasons open for the tak ing of the species involved.

Fish must be measured, weighed and recorded b fishing license issuing agent or tackle store withi the state by the owner, manager, or an authorized agent of the respective establishment.

Photographs are desirable as further proof of catch but are not required.

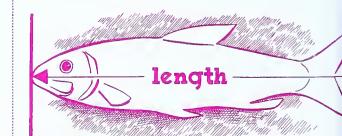
Non-residents as well as residents are eligible fo citations if fish are caught under the above con ditions.

Only fishing citation applications received withi 90 days from date of catch will be honored.

HOW TO MEASURE:

APPLICATION FOR PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER JUNIOR FISHING CITATION

The Editor— Pennsylvania Angler Pennsylvania Fish Commission, Har				
Please send me the Pennsylvanic data listed below: Name (please print)				
Address	City	State		
Species	Length	Weight		
Type of Tackle				
Bait or Lure Used				
Where Caught	in	County		
Date Caught Catch Witnessed by				
Measured and Weighed by				



SEPTEMBER 1967

HE PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER

OMMEMORATES THE:

Golden Age of Bonservation



WITH THE

PALOMINO STREAMER



GOVERNOR RAYMOND P. SHAFER, as he dedicated the "Palomino Streamer" fly to commemorate the GOLDEN AGE OF CONSERVATION in Pennsylvania. At Governor's right is Pennsylvania Fish Commission member Clarence Dietz, Bedford. On Governor's left is nationally known sportsman Samuel Slaymaker, Gap, Pennsylvania, who designed the streamer, and Robert J. Bielo, executive director of the Commission. The ceremony was part of the signing of the proclamation for "Let's Go Fishing in Pennsylvania Week." The streamer has palominocolored wings with a brilliant gold tinsel covered body, a pattern designed to tempt all species of game fish in Pennsylvania Waters.



Any good monthly mail column of any good publication contains letters of comment, compliment AND CRITICISM of material carried in the publication.

Do Angler readers have anything to say?

Letters should be clear and concise. Address them to LEAKY BOOTS, The Pennsylvania Angler, The Pennsylvania Fish Commission, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania 17120

WEEDLESS SPOONS

... where in the world did Don Shiner procure the plastic spoon described on page 18 of the June issue of the Angler?

I have been an incessant scanner of fishing ads (and I get practically ALL the outdoor magazines) and I have been unable to see anything remotely resembling it! I would like to purchase a few . . .

Incidentally, I just recently spent two weeks in North Dakota where I fished the Garrison Reservoir and a week in Virginia fishing the Smith Mountain Reservoir and a week fishing the many mill ponds in the lower Delaware, all highly publicized—but no better, if as good, fishing as in Pennsylvania! . . .

WILLARD F. TOWNSEND HARLEYSVILLE, PA.

In answer to several letters like Mr. Townsend's Mr. Shiner reports he bought his first "Weedless Spoon" while on a fishing trip in Canada. He says the rig along with several other weedless lures—are manufactured by the Jeffers & Bailey Inc. at 5575 Air Terminal Drive, Fresno, Calif. 93727. On page 21 this month readers will find another article on weedless rigs—this one for plastic worms—of a somewhat different nature by fisherman Arthur B. Troup, Jr.

POOR FISHING

I am writing you this letter concerning fishing in Pennsylvania. Recently I have heard more and more talk about the poor fishing and poor operation of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission.

I have even read articles by "so-called" authors about the "good old days." I have been fishing almost 21 years and to the best of my recollection the fishing today isn't any worse than it was then.

I am sending you this picture as proof. The fish meassure 18, 18½, 19, and 20 inches. They are only a part of 26 legal bass taken one morning on the Allegheny River at Lock and Dam number 9 at Rimer. I will be the first to admit that this is an unusual catch, but the fish are still there to be had.

Perhaps a little story or article in the Angler might help our cause. We have been trying to disprove these stories for some time.

> RICHARD SADULSKI BRACKENRIDGE,

The August issue of the Angler contains a story called City Fishing—it's about some of the excellent fishing available in or near our larger cities which, it seems, not many fishermen know about. We hope to carry more stories in the future about some of these practically undiscovered "hot spots."

Mr. Sadulski's picture as "proof" is on page 31 of this month's issue under our Fish Tales section.

KEEPS NOTES

For three years I have been keeping notes or a diary of my fishing dates and the weather but so far my only important conclusion concerns the fishing in open sunshine and in shallow water for largemouth bass. The only conclusion is this: largemouth bass do not like the intense rays of the sun and therefore seek the shady spots to duck the sunlight.

Most fishermen with whom I have spoken either keep no notes on weather or are not interested in data on what makes good fishing or bad.

With me, a cloud cover is most important as I have caught largemouth on nearly everytime I was out using plastic worms as bait. Even on mostly sunny days I have noticed that most hits come when the sun is behind a cloud.

The creek fisherman can look for the shady spots on open sunny days but in lakes and lagoons I say, stay home and mow the lawn.

FRED W. HUSTER ERIE, PA.



"His secret lure is a five dollar bill on a six pound line dangled in front of a small boy."

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PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER

Published Monthly by the PENNSYLVANIA FISH COMMISSION COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA

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SEPTEMBER 1967



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Cover Art—John Clark

POSTMASTER: All 3579 forms to be returned to The Haddon Craftsmen, Inc., 1001 Wyoming Ave., Scranton, Pa. 18509.

The PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER is published monthly by the Pennsylvania Fish Commission, South Office Building, Harrisburg, Pa. Subscription: One year—\$2.00; three years—\$5.00; 25 cents per single copy. Send check or money order payable to Pennsylvania Fish Commission. DO NOT SEND STAMPS. Individuals sending cash do so at their own risk. Change of address should reach us promptly. Furnish both old and new addresses. Second Class Postage paid at Harrisburg, Pa. Neither Publisher nor Editor will assume responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts or illustrations while in their possession or in transit. Permission to reprint will be given provided we receive marked copies and credit is given material or illustrations. Communications pertaining to manuscripts. material or illustrations should be addressed to the Pennsylvania Fish Commission, Harrisburg, Pa. NOTICE: Subscriptions received and processed the 10th of each month will begin with the second month following.

HATCHERIES AND MANAGERS

BELLEFONTE—J. L. Zettle, superintendent BENNER SPRINGS RESEARCH STATION, PRODUCTION UNIT—Ray McCreary, superintendent CORRY-UNION CITY—Le Roy Sorenson, superintendent HUNTSDALE—George Magargel, superintendent

LINESVILLE—Shyrl Hood, superintendent PLEASANT MOUNT—Merrill Lillie, superintendent REYNOLDSDALE—Warren Hammer, acting foreman

TIONESTA-Albert Carll, foreman

HIGHWATER MARK

by HELEN HIGHWATER

EVER SINCE MY STORY, "Women on the Water," appeared in the September, 1966 issue of PENNSYL-VANIA ANGLER, I've felt like a celebrity. People sent me mail... and a number of anglers have asked to read about any additional fishing experiences I've had. I'm not so sure I should write about them because some don't make the Cave-man half of our marriage look too good. On the other hand, if he gets troublesome, I'll tell how many times he's chopped his trolling lines with his own outboard motor.

Of course, if Bill—that's the Big Cheese's name—ever takes the advice of a friend of his . . . he may quit fishing in the usual way. This "friend" is a mountaineer called Swampy McCoon and he writes these crazy letters to my husband. In one he asked Bill's advice on an invention. He wrote:

"I have invented something that everybody would like. I call it a fish faucet. It works like this. You have seen a fish ladder where a fish can climb over steps of runnin' water to go someplace. I rigged up one of these so it runs right into our kitchen . . . and then hooked up the spring so we can turn the water on and off.

"Now—whenever we want fish—we open up the pipe from the spring, the water runs down the steps into the crick—and the trout come runnin' back up.

"I got the last step fixed with a bucket under it and when that fish gits up speed his last jump puts him right in that there bucket. We just turn on fish whenever we want some!"

The only trouble I can see with Swampy's idea is that we live twenty miles from the trout stream and this would take a pretty long fish ladder to start with. Besides I'd miss the fun of fishing. Incidentally, I'd like to know who this "Swampy McCoon" really is. My husband says that Day Yeager knows—but won't tell! When I asked Day he just said, "O, he's a worm fisherman you wouldn't like anyway."

"Well," I started to reply, "I like Bill and he. . . ." but I figured I'd better—just this once—keep my mouth shut.

Actually, my brute is what you might call a 90 per cent purist when it come to flies and fishing for trout. If opening day is preceded by a lot of rain and he is sure the streams will spill over their banks . . . well, he will use red worms.

He came home with a batch last year about a week before the opener and said he was going to scour them.

"Not in my kitchen!" I screamed, hiding the scrub brush and the steel wool.

His face got real dark—reddish blue I guess you'd call it—and his eyebrows came down into a tight knot over the spot where his big nose meets his forehead. He pointed a finger at me and started to say something. Then he just sighed—real deep like—and said, "O, what's the use?" And walked away.

I later found out that the way you scour worms is to turn them loose in a box of damp sand for about a week. They get real firm and light in color—AND wiggly. It really works.

This past summer he used worms too—nightcrawlers this time—when we went up to North East, on Lake Erie, to fish for walleye. They call them "yellow pike" up there. I asked the man at the boat livery if it was because they were afraid to come out and fight. He went on talking to Bill just as though they'd never heard me.

Believe me, there are times when I hate *all* men . . . including the domesticated baboon who sat in the boat with me an hour or so later taking a three pound walleye off the June-Bug trolling rig with which he'd just caught it.

"This is obviously a female walleye," he said wisely as he held it up to inspect it before putting in on our stringer.

"How can you tell?" I fell into the trap.

"It's mouth is open!" he guffawed and almost fell off the seat in appreciation of his own sense of distorted humor

Well, he thinks a woman will forget a nasty remark like that. He doesn't know that the next time I went shopping I almost bought him a new fishing jacket but just when I had picked it out those words came flashing back across my mind and I went into a different department in the store and bought a big, floppy-brimmed EXPENSIVE hat instead. For ME, of course.

Sometimes I get the last laugh in other ways. Like the time we opened trout season in about six inches of snow. We knew the water would be cold and between us we had enough underwear for three deer hunters. In advance we decided not to wade any water we couldn't negotiate with hip boots.

There is one pool on the Big Brokenstraw out of which Bill usually takes his first trout on opening day and you've got to get in a bit over your knees to fish it correctly. He can't remember our first date . . . or our anniversary . . . but he can spout out the details of every first-day trout he's ever caught. Proving, I suppose, that he is an extremely

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OPEN HOUSE OCTOBER 7 and 8!

"LET'S GO SEE THE FISH"

Fishermen and their families will again this fall have a chance to visit the Pennsylvania Fish Commission's Centre County fisheries complex during a two-day open house scheduled for Saturday and Sunday October 7 and 8.

Facilities to be open to the public for the informative event include the well-known Benner Springs Research Station, the Pleasant Gap and the Spring Creek hatcheries. The Spring Creek hatchery is located adjacent to the famous "Fisherman's Paradise," one of few Fish-For-Fun projects in the state.

All of the facilities are within a few miles of each other and throughout the weekend guides will be on hand to direct visitors from one installation to another as well as to explain the operations carried out at each.

This colorful and instructional event is scheduled each fall to coincide with the autumn changing of the leaves so travelers can combine a visit to the complex with a weekend of touring the glittering mountains.

On display both days will be demonstrations of modern methods of fish spawning, egg incubation, trout rearing, anesthetizing fish, branding, mechanical feeding, and transportation.

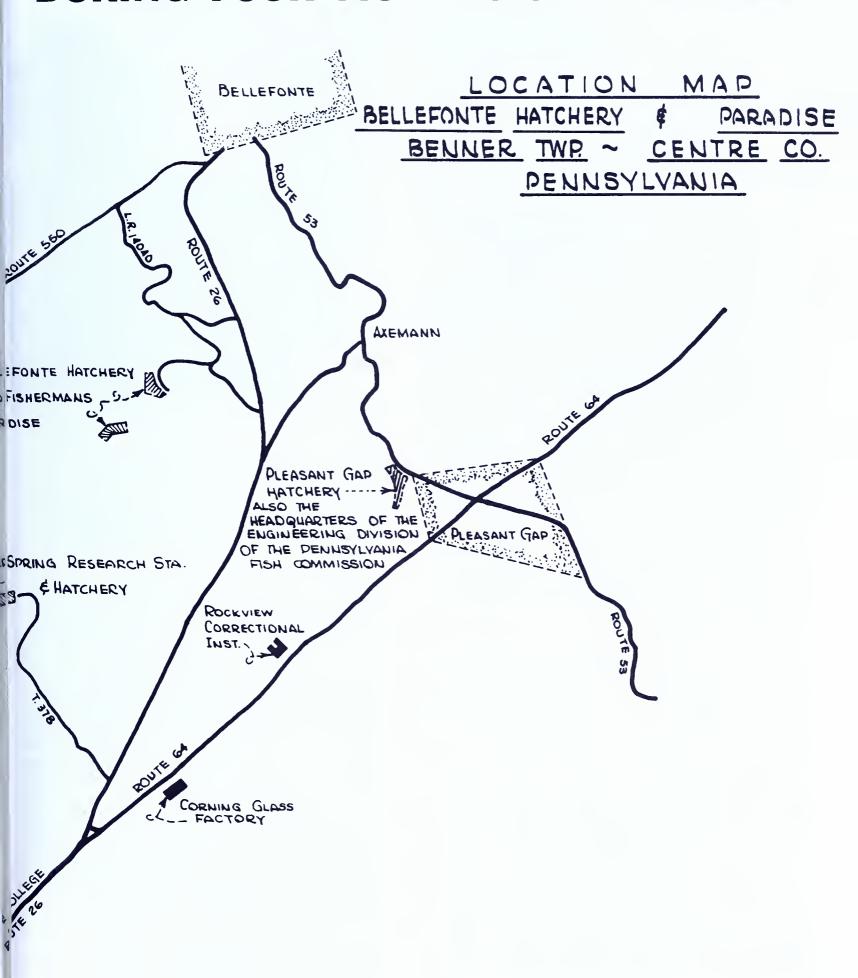
Visitors will also see all kinds of fish—large trout, albino and the new palamino trout, Kokanee and Coho salmon, as well as rare hybrid fish, turtles, salamanders and other unusual aquatic life not often seen by the average fisherman.

Located in the center part of the state, the complex is only a few hours drive from the furthest reaches of the state. The map on the next page will help visitors locate the area.

Programming for the two days has designated Saturday as "Children Day" especially for children, parents and school groups.

INTERESTING displays will attract attention of visitors to the 1967 Open House such as the group of students above found last year. To the left visitors at the 1966 Open House wander along raceways at the Benner Springs Research Station, one of the three installations open during the two-day event.

TAKE THIS LOCATION MAP ALONG DURING YOUR VISIT TO OPEN HOUSE



OUTDOOR WRITER JIM HAYES RECALLS THE

GOOD OLD DAYS

AN ANGLER CONTRIBUTOR FOR 25 YEARS

In December 1952, the *Pennsylvania Angler* published an article on native brook trout fishing under the byline of Jim Hayes. It marked the start of an association that has continued to the present day.

Since that time, Jim has gone on to become a frequent contributor to Field & Stream, Outdoor Life, Sports Afield, Sportfishing, Pennsylvania Game News, and other publications.

He is the author of a book on trout fishing, and his works are represented in *Great Outdoor Adven*tures and other angling anthologies.

A graduate of the University of Pittsburgh, and recipient of a Golden Quill award "for distinguished achievement in journalism." Jim lives with his wife and three children in Butler County. He works as editorial director of a Pittsburgh public relations agency.

ON THE OPENING day of trout season, I fished from the first light of dawn until long after the sun went down behind the mountains. When I came in off the creek, I realized that I was tired—stiff, sore, aching, boneweary tired. It was the first time I could remember getting tired from fishing.

There have been other more subtle clues that the years are catching up with me. Like when I try to buy a telescopic rod or a leader can—you remember, the flat, rounded tin cans you carried gut leaders in, between two damp pieces of felt, to soften them. The stores don't stock them any more. And whatever happened to lures like the Tin Liz, the Weezel, and the Flutterfly?

Gradually, the realization is sinking in that the world I grew up in doesn't exist any more. I've never been aware of its ending. It seems to have just phased out a chapter at a time and passed along like Izaak Walton once said of a couple of his old-time fishing partners, "Even as a shadow that passeth away, and returns not."

It occurs to me that there is a proper age at which a man becomes qualified to write his angling memoirs, and that 43 isn't it. Edward R. Hewitt was 80 years old when he published A Trout and Salmon Fisherman for 75 Years. His era, 1871 to 1946, covered a lot of history. He could write lines like, "In 1918, I realized that the growing use of the automobile would soon spoil all public trout fishing. . . ."



JIM HAYES

While it is true that I have a-ways to go to attain Hewitt's venerable age, I'm told that more than half of the people in the United States are younger than I am. It seems to me that those younger people—as well as those my own age and older—might find it interesting to join me in looking back in the world I grew up and fished in.

In terms of years, this once-upon-a-time wasn't really so very long ago. But in terms of how much the world has changed, then it was a long time ago no matter how old you are, and in that respect justifies the telling.

The green years that I look back upon began a full decade after Hewitt arrived at his conclusion about automobiles and public trout fishing. Automobiles still had running boards. They were started by inserting a crank in the front end and turning the crank handle until the engine kicked over. Then you hurried around and jumped inside and worked the choke to keep the motor running.

If all went well, you chugged away on a narrow, winding blacktop road that inevitably led into a dirt road. If it was summer and you had a long, steep hill to cross, you stopped halfway up and fetched water from a hill-side spring to pour into the radiator to cool the engine.

To refresh your memory, the era I'm writing about was that of Will Rogers, Babe Ruth, Jack Dempsey, Charles A. Lindbergh, and Sally Rand. It was the time of prohibition, of the escapades of John Dillinger and the Al Capone mob, the Teapot Dome scandal, the advent of talking movies.

Then came the stock market crash, the bonus march on Washington, the election of Franklin D. Roosevelt, Pittsburgh's St. Patrick's Day Flood, the Spanish Civil War, and the rise of Nazi Germany. All that and a lot else.

But to begin at the beginning, there was, incredibly enough, no television. In fact, most families didn't even own a radio. We didn't. There were no dial telephones, electric refrigerators, gas furnaces, frozen foods, supermarkets, juke-boxes, or drive-in movies. Horse-drawn delivery wagons were more common than airplanes.

There were no fiberglass rods, spinning tackle, monafilament, automatic reels, plastic lures, or double-tapered fly lines. Fly rods, and even most bait casting rods, were made of split bamboo. There were two kinds of reels—metal fly reels and the single-action, nickel-plated bait-casting reels. Level wind and anti-backlash features had yet to be invented.

It was the custom in those days to go for a drive in the family automobile on Sunday afternoons. This was not for the sake of going anywhere in particular, but just to take a drive. Sometimes my dad drove us to a mill pond several miles from home.

My father was not a fisherman himself, but he figured that fishing would be great fun for a boy like myself. Little did he realize what he was starting. He rigged up a willow pole, a length of twine, a metal washer for a sinker, and a fish-hook. For bait, he brought along a can of worms he'd dug in the garden.

Since the mill pond was teeming with pumpkinseed sunfish, I caught fish everytime we went there. I can still remember the erratic dips of the cork bobber, my heaving back on the willow pole, sunfish arcing through the air, and the fishy smells of them. It was great sport for a five year old.

One day, dad drove me to Darby Creek to fish for trout. It was spring. I remember the green freshness of earth, the tall trees, birds singing, how the creek gurgled, all the wonder and excitement. We sat down on the grassy bank and I began fishing. I'd toss the worm upstream, watch the bobber float down on the current, and cast again. Finally the bobber surged under, I heaved back, and a silvery, spotted trout landed flopping in the grass. I pounced and grabbed it in both hands. It must have been all of six inches long.

During the depression years of the 1930's, we used to spend the summer—after school was out—at my grand-mother's farm in Bedford County. Mountains and sky. The caw-cawing of crows. Buckwheat fields. Huckleberry pies. Corn-on-the-cob. Fetching spring water in buckets. Kerosene lamps. Homemade root beer. The Sears Roebuck catalog. Once-a-week trips into town. Church. The general store. Penny candy. Fly paper. The old barn. And the fishing—most of all, the fishing.

The farmhouse was only a mile away from the Raystown Branch of the Juniata River. You went down the old road, followed the hollow around, cut across a cow pasture, and there it was, coursing down the middle of a broad mountain valley, slipping from rocky riffles into pools which emptied into another pool. I fished it every day.

At that point, two miles below New Baltimore, the Raystown Branch is a piddlin' small stream, mostly shallow and several jumps wide, just the right size for a boy. There were no trout that far down then. But there were smallmouth bass, rockbass, sunfish, suckers and fallfish. If you were lucky, you might also catch a pickerel, which we called duckbill pike. You caught them mostly on frogs or minnows.

My early tackle consisted of a hickory pole, a line, bobber, sinker and fish-hook. For bait, I used grasshoppers, crickets, live frogs and helgramites. My favorite fish was the smallmouth bass. I rarely caught any over a foot long, but they were fierce fighters, jumping repeatedly when hooked. On a good day, I'd return home with a stringer of one or two bass and a half dozen fat rockbass and sunfish. We didn't eat the fallfish.

Trout weren't so easy to come by. To get trout, I had to hike three miles over dirt roads into New Baltimore, and then another two miles above town to the Breastwork Run. I'd get up early in the morning, walk five miles to the brook, fish until mid-afternoon, and hike back to the farm. It was worth the walk.

If you started to fish at the first bridge above town, you could easily catch a creelfull of native brook trout. They weren't big, averaging only six or seven inches. But they made up in beauty what they lacked in size. I nearly always caught my limit of ten brookies.

When I was 10 years old, I acquired a split bamboo fly rod, a reel, and some flies and spinners. My line was a length of stout twine which I waxed with paraffin. With this outfit, I used a six foot gut leader and a black gnat dry fly. After I caught my first brookie on a dry fly, that became my favorite sport.

Except for one stretch of Breastwork Run which was posted by a sportsmen's club, I had the Breastwork and the Raystown Branch pretty much to myself those days. I'd rarely meet another fisherman except maybe another country boy like myself. Even in later years, after they started the construction of the Pennsylvania Turnpike, I could fish all week without seeing another fisherman.

Except for those summers at the farm, I never got to go fishing as much as I wanted. But if I couldn't go fishing, at least I could read about it. Every Christmas,

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FISHERMEN SURROUND three and a half acre pond on club grounds.

SPORTSMEN'S CLUB OF INDIANA PRESENTS—

TWO HOPEFUL anglers await the lucky moment (above) while to the right Curt Reed, event chairman, and Mary Ann Bunyek, 6, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Bunyek of Heilwood, with the 16 inch trout she caught. Below (left to right) Jack Summerfield, club president; John LaMontia, life and charter member and a club director; Ronald Fowler, 11; and Arthur Walker, Indiana County district warden with the 13½ inch trout caught by the 11-year-old fisherman.



FREE FISHING DAY

The three and a half acre pond of the Sportsmen's Club of Indiana was an active place this summer as over 400 persons registered to fish during a one day fishing contest.

Located on the club grounds of 110 acres, the pond was stocked with trout ranging from nine to 20 inches before the contest began.

It was the twelfth annual such contest sponsored by the club which is affiliated with the Indiana County Fish and Game Association. Club membership is approximately 500.

Of those registered 364 were children who had first fishing honors of the day from 1:00 to 4:00 p.m. when the adults took over for a two hour session.

Big winner of the day was 12-year-old Margie Bernard of Indiana who landed a 19½ incher. Her sister, Kathleen, 10, took third spot with a 15¼ incher while second spot went to Mary Ann Bunyek, 6, who landed one 16 inches.

Seven other prizes were awarded for other places in the children's division.

In the adult division Gus Oravic, Vintondale, and William Bruchell, Commodore, both took first places while two second place awards went to George Armstrong, Ernest, and Ken Daugherty.

In addition six other prizes were awarded entrants in the adult division.

Prizes given winners were donated to the club by a division of the Montgomery Ward Company.



EDUCATION PAYS!

■ Fred Tyres, a fourteen year old lad from Linesville, Pennsylvania attended not one, but two fishing clinics held in this district last winter and it was obvious his enthusiasm was genuine. I didn't see this youngster again until the second morning of Bass season fishing alone in one of the many marshes found near his home. By that time he had landed ten legal Bass and was working for twelve. Of all the other fishermen I had checked since the opener this boy had landed more bass than any of them.—District Warden T. L. CLARK (Crawford County).



IT MUST HAVE LOOKED REAL!

■ A Fulton County angler caught a beautiful fifteen inch Brook trout at Cowan's Gap Dam. The fish had a leader hanging from its mouth and the fisherman assumed that the spunky fish had won a previous battle from some unlucky angler. While he was cleaning the fish, much to his surprise, he found a rubber nitecrawler about seven inches long in the stomach of his trout.—District Warden JAMES T. VALENTINE (Huntingdon and Fulton Counties).



FLY FISHING FUN!

■ It is more evident each year more and more fishermen are fishing for fun and are spending more time on Fly Fishing Only streams. I have checked fasherman after fisherman that says he doesn't kill trout anymore unless the fish has been injured to the extent it will die. My Fly Fishing Only streams have had the heaviest pressure this year of anytime I can remember. All hatches were late, but when they came on they all came at once and the fishing was excellent.—District Warden KENNETH ALEY (Potter County).



TROUBLED LITTERBUG

■ While on law enforcement on the Tionesta Reservoir I noticed an object being thrown out of a vehicle. After further investigation the person who threw it (beer can), said he was sorry. I told him I'd visit him in the next few days. So after three days I went to his home and found one of the most embarrassed persons I have ever met. He told me he didn't care about paying a penalty because he knew he was wrong but when he went to

work his fellow employees had posters nailed up around the shop, stating: Smokey ??????? Please don't litter our Forests and Streams.—District Warden JOSEPH KOPENA (Forest and Clarion Counties).



FOR FLAT FISH?

■ Many strange items turn up in garbage cans located at the Fish Commission owned Access Areas. The one I would nominate for the most ridiculous was found at the Raystown Access Area in Huntingdon. What would anyone be doing with an ironing board on a fishing or boating trip?—District Warden JAMES T. VALENTINE (Huntingdon and Fulton Counties).



NEW EXCUSES!

■ The following story was related to me by John Newman of Sunbury.

Since rod and reel repair is his business he has heard just about every reason or excuse that is possible for a



"KEEP YOUR FINGERPRINTS OFF THE FISH"

STREAM NOTES Cont.

broken rod, or at least thought he had until last week. In the past week there have been two rods in need of repair. The first was a rod owned by Pete Cameron of Irish Valley. Pete's rod was broken, believe it or not by a curious cow. The second rod was owned by William Snyder of Northumberland, and Bill claims it was broken by an angry snapping turtle. So if you are a cautious fisherman you might add cows and snapping turtles to your list along with car doors, trunk covers, etc.—District Warden ROBERT J. PERRY (Columbia, Montour and Northumberland Counties).

SECOND CHANCE!

■ Mr. Albert Fenstermacher of Hughesville, Pa. was fishing on Grays Run in Lycoming County when he had the following experience. He was fishing with flies and in one pool a fine Trout hit the fly and in the course of the battle the leader broke. Mr. Trout went away wearing one of Mr. Fenstermacher's flies and dragging another one and a piece of leader material. After fishing upstream for a while Mr. Fenstermacher was returning to his car and stopped at the pool where he had the previous encounter. He again cast his flies in and this time after a hard strike he landed his fish. It was a 13 inch native Brown Trout. In its mouth the other fly and leader were still attached. The first fly the trout had taken was a Light Cahill and the second fly was a Pink Lady. —District Warden RAYMOND HOOVER (Tioga County).

WIFE FINDS FISHING FUNNY!

■ Jake Altmiller, one of our local game protectors, has really gone all out for fishing this year and he is attempting to mold his wife into a fishing partner. The other day he finally talked her into going fishing with him on the river. Before leaving he told her grand stories of all the fish that they would catch and that he would teach her just how it was done. After long hours on the water, Jake's big chance finally came. He had a real big one on the line and it was the first of the day. He played the game very cleverly explaining each move to wifey as the great battle went on. Finally the moment of truth came as the quarry was brought up to the boat.

How long did it take to get the hook out of the turtle's foot, Jake? He did prove to Mrs. Altmiller that fishing can be fun because when she told me this story she was laughing.—District Warden CHARLES A. HERBSTER (Lackawanna and S.E. Susquehanna).

FEARS FEMALE JUSTICE

■ While on patrol on Lake Wallenpaupack, accompanied by Warden Herbster, we observed a man fishing from a dock. As we approached, he turned and started to run off of the dock and threw his rod into the brush. Our Patrol Boat has a Public Address System on it and we called over it for the man to "Stop where you are." The volume was turned up and he must have thought we were about to grab him by the back of the neck and he stopped and returned to the dock. Naturally he didn't like to pay the fine for fishing without a license but his biggest worry seemed to be that his wife was going to be harder on him than we were. —District Warden JOSEPH E. BARTLEY (Pike County).

TOO MANY FISH

■ On June 24th, Robert Brown, Cooperative Nursery Coordinator was inspecting the Elk Creek Trout Club new Cooperative Nursery when I was approached by an avid trout fisherman from Fairview, Pa. The fisherman explained that he had just returned from a vacation in Warren County and he did all trout fishing. He stated that the Fish Commission should be ashamed of how heavy a stream in Warren County was stocked. He said that this stream had so many trout in it that when wading the stream you could feel the trout hit the sides of his boot and he caught over thirty and released them in two days of fishing and the fish were all nice size. This being a very unusual story or complaint for a fish warden to hear, I had to refer this fisherman to Robert Brown for the answer, while I took a walk around the cooperative nursery talking to myself. -District Warden NORMAN E. ELY (Erie County).



"IF I WAS FISHING FOR JUST THE SPORT OF IT I'D HAVE PICKED A BETTER SPOT THAN THIS."

STREAM NOTES Cont.

AN INCH A MONTH!

■ On May 19, 1965, we made our initial planting of muskellunge fry in the Juniata River hoping of course for a successful stocking. On June 17, 1967, this Officer had opportunity to examine a muskellunge specimen, taken near Port Royal, Juniata County. The fish examined was 25½ inches long. Accurate aging at our Research station for this fish was 2. plus years. 25 inches in 25 months certainly should remove all doubt of successful plant.—District Warden RICHARD OWENS (Mifflin and Juniata Counties).



BULLHEADED BULLHEAD

■ I had a report of a fisherman at Stevenson Dam who while casting a wet fly caught a very nice fish, which is not an unusual event, but when the fish is a bullhead it is a little unusual. This bullhead actually took a wet fly on the surface and was landed by the fisherman.—District Warden STANLEY G. HASTINGS (Cameron County).



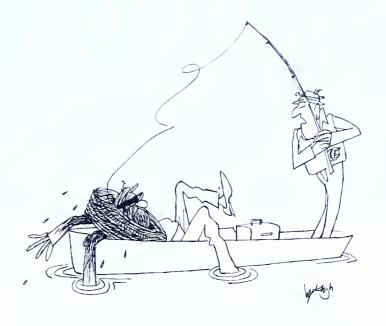
EYES ARE BIGGER THAN STOMACH!

■ Recently, when talking to Donald Fisher, Conyngham, Luzerne County, Pa., he told me of an interesting occurrence. On May 20, 1967, while fishing at Fishing Creek, he found a dead 23½" brownie. The fish had 12"-15" of snake sticking out of its mouth. The snake, according to Donald, must have been better than two foot long. Evidently the meal was just too much for the big old brownie. —District Warden FREDERICK W. OHLSEN (Carbon County).



JUST SMELL THAT WAY!

■ The phrase "fishermen never die they just smell that way" reminded two fishermen from Butler who were camping along the Yellow Breeches in Cumberland County that perhaps it was time for them to take a bath after living in pup tents for four days without the benefit of running water. They had had excellent success in taking trout from the creek, but they were not aware that it also produced an excellent minnow population. Waiting until dark they slipped from their tents to a nearby tributary to bath in the sparkling limestone water, but instead of getting rid of the smell they had more. It seems that every time they wet their wash rag they also caught a minnow in the process. Not being able to complete their task they went to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Lee Farner who also run a small grocery store nearby and told them of their problems. Mrs. Farner being an avid fisherwoman invited them to use their private bath in order that they could return home and be accepted by their wives.-District Warden PERRY D. HEATH (Cumberland and Perry Counties).



"SORRY"

GOOD TRAINING!

■ Many persons make the statement that the Carp isn't good for anything, but while patrolling along French Creek I ran into a lad that had different ideas. As we approached a protected cove in the canoe we could hear sounds that might have been native to Africa or South America along with considerable splashing and thrashing. Upon investigation we found a fifty pound boy with a half dead carp that went into the twenty-five pound class. Now this boy wasn't taking any chances with his "Alligator" as he pinned the fish to the bottom then threw it high into the air and pounced on it again. We watched this operation for some time until the boy's father appeared and explained he was training the boy to wrestle alligators for the circus. Of course he had his tongue in his cheek.—District Warden T. L. CLARK (Crawford County).



ROAD KILLED TROUT!

■ After completing stocking of Spring Creek, the truck driver and I were coming back to the hatchery along the road that runs along Spring Creek. At several places the road is very near to the stream and, as we were approaching one of these areas, I saw an angler make a strike and give the fish the old "heave ho." The timing was perfect; the hooked fish sailed through the air, landed on the road at just the right spot, and the wheels of the truck met the fish on the road and SPLAT! Result, one completely flattened trout, one disappointed angler and two delirious Fish Commission employees laughing all the way back to the hatchery.—District Warden PAUL ANTOLOSKY (Center County).

SEPTEMBER—1967



POLLUTED RIVERS—

A polluted stream doesn't have to be wasted. It's water may not be suitable for fish life but it can still provide fun for folks willing to take advantage of what it offers.

Such is the case with the West Branch of the Susquehanna. It passes through miles and miles of scenic country and picks up the flow from a good many good small trout streams. Unfortunately it also picks up the flow from a good many polluted streams.

Coal mining in the drainage basin of the West Branch has taken its toll but the river can still be used. The Pennsylvania Fish Commission's Chief Aquatic Biologist Keen Buss tells about a weekend trip he and a friend took on the West Branch.

HIGHWAYS TO ADVENTURE

GREAT RIVERS drain most of our coal mining areas, but fortunately not all mountain drainage contains coal. Every now and then a tributary to these rivers escapes "man's progress" and cascades from an unpolluted watershed. Because of intensive mining and the destructiveness which follows the removal of every coal-laden bucket, the natural tendency for those who love the outdoors is to shun these areas even though some still hold their primitive beauty.

I, too, shunned these areas until circumstances led me into rediscovering trout streams and beauty along the West Branch of the Susquehanna.

Last summer the local scout master Bob Moore invited me to take a canoe trip with him and his fourteen-year-old son Robin. With an ulterior motive in the back of my mind, I readily accepted the invitation to take a weekend float trip between Karthaus and Renovo.

Robin had been well trained in canoeing and camping, but since dad wasn't a fisherman, Robin still had his first

THE BEAUTY of West Branch is evident everywhere that man hasn't defiled the surface in the above photograph while at right Bob Moore and son Robin with Robin's first catch. On the opposite page an old cold cellar stands as a monument to a bygone era.

by KEEN BUSS
Chief Aquatic Biologist
Pennsylvania Fish Commission



trout to catch. As a next door neighbor, I felt rather obligated to introduce the potential Eagle Scout to another aspect of the "Great Outdoors." When I packed more than one set of fishing poles my ulterior motive, like the proverbial slip, was showing.

A float trip on the polluted West Branch would seem the most unlikely spot to teach the satisfaction of angling to a boy. However, in reality, this was an ideal trip. The labor of paddling, the excitement of rapids, the beauty, the wildlife, the history, and practically unexploited brook trout streams made this portion of the West Branch an ideal spot for such an initiation.

After first parking one of two cars at Renovo, we drove to Karthaus and put the canoe in about 9 a.m. on a Saturday morning in the late spring. In our anxiety to fish, the ten miles we needed to canoe to reach the first unpolluted tributary, seemed the longest ten miles of the trip. The first, small, picturesque stream entering from the southeast was Spruce Run. I felt a particular attachment to this stream since I had killed a nice eight point buck up near its source on the old Girard Estate. I felt this was a lucky area for me and I was right. The very first hole produced a brook trout and although this trout wasn't legal there were many more to be had, including plenty of legal ones.

Before we arrived at our camping spot on Yost Run, we had taken nice trout from Bougher, Moores and Fields Run. At Fields Run, the last stop before we came to Yost Run, we got a shock. The first cast produced a twelve-inch brookie; the second, a ten-incher. These were exceptionally large trout for such a mountain environment. We thought that they might have been stocked. A later check showed, indeed, they had been stocked; but, miles above near the headwaters. After we caught a highly colored eight-incher we assumed a native, we concluded our half-hour stay.

At Yost Run, seven hours after leaving Karthaus and fishing in four tributary streams, we set up camp. To complete the day and make a pan full for the evening meal, we fished Yost Run, took three more trout, and spent an interesting evening investigating the remains of a by-gone era. At Yost Run, as well as at the mouths of other streams, there was evidence of the by-gone lumber industry. Overgrown and washed-out tram roads over which trains had hauled logs followed the valley. At each location, old foundations, partially cleared areas, and apple trees indicated that someone had once called these now remote areas their home. Since this is one of the few areas where a highway doesn't follow along a major river, only someone traveling by water would come across these remains.

It was a comfortable tent that Robin and his dad set up for the night, but sleep was replaced by the assessment of the day's trip, or more than likely a feeling of guilt. The beauty of this region could compete with any resort area in the East, yet we were alone. The reason was quite obvious, as obvious as the reason that we fished only the



tributaries from the southeast and not from the northwest. Those entering from the northwest had been ruined ruined by the bite of the strip mine power shovel. Not only had the countryside been destroyed for fishing but for all resort businesses. It seemed strange that fishing should have such an impact on an area since it has been calculated that 20 percent of the total population are anglers. Yet it is as if that one-fifth of our citizens control the vacation habits of all the fun-seeking people. On a trip such as this, one couldn't help but picture the utilization of this area if it had remained unspoiled. Bustling hotels, roadside restaurants, gas stations, garages, and the inevitable novelty shops would supply livelihoods for thousands. The sound of laughter might drown out the throb of engines and the creaking of draglines. Best of all, this land would remain for an eternity to supply enjoyment and a living for our expanding population.

It wasn't the sound of laughter which woke us up the next morning, but an old tom turkey gobbling not more than a hundred yards away. In a lazy mood and enjoying the concert, we let the old gobbler serenade us and drive the depressing thoughts of the previous evening from our minds. Finally hunger drove us from our sleeping bags and we crawled out to prepare for our journey down river.

We had some unfinished business ahead since Robin still hadn't caught a trout. The previous day he had been content to watch while we fished, but now I could see the eagerness in his actions. We fished Fisher and Burns Run, but Robin didn't connect. It was on Little Jews Run that the Scout joined the angling fraternity. I didn't know who was more excited he or dad—or perhaps me! It was remarkable how a seven-inch trout can cause so much excitement.

Time was running out, so after taking an immodest swim, we headed for Renovo. Thirty-three miles from our starting point, we pulled the canoe from the water. The trip had been pleasant; we had seen deer, turkey and grouse, we had caught fish; and we had had fun investigating the remains of a past social order.

This river, although polluted, is a highway to good fishing and adventure for the man with a canoe or survival raft.

SEPTEMBER—1967 13

ANOTHER SPECIAL—

"HOT" BASS, TROUT FLY

On rare occasions a new fly is born that will fool not only big trout, but big bass as well. The fledermaus is one of them.

The fledermaus was originated by a successful Western fisherman some eighteen years ago. At first, its primary function was to provide a big juicy fly for that time just at dusk, when the bats start to prowl. The name "fledermaus" means "bat" in German, hence the fly's name.

My first experience with this fly was on New Jersey waters in the mid fifties. My first trout on the fledermaus, a husky 3 pound rainbow, inhaled the big fly just at dusk. I was sold from then on, and during the course of that season a good number of respectable trout were fooled by the ugly monstrosity.

I did find, however, that this fly, even in the larger sizes,

could be as effective during daylight hours as it was at dusk. The first time I tried the fly at Fishermans Paradise the water was on the high and cloudy side. Sweeping that big fly past most any trout nearly guaranteed a pass and more times than not a vicious strike. Trout would swing up to the fledermaus so fast that it was nearly impossible to take it away from them. All that was well and good, but what about the low water conditions of midsummer? Results were even more fantastic. Trout not much larger than the fly itself would try to capture it. Not only that, but the big boys seemed to go crazy over it too. Trout of four pounds or better were not at all uncommon at the Paradise on the fledermaus.

Who but a real dunce would use a size number one fly on a 6X leader? I must admit that I was the dunce. Here's how it happened. I had taken off the fledermaus, lengthened the leader to 6X and put on a number 24 floating black ant to fool a particular trout that was surface feeding.

by ED SHENK



HERE'S HOW-Insert hook in vise, attach thread in normal manner, then wrap thread back to bend of hook forming a loop as shown and wrap thread about halfway up the hook shank. Next cut a clump of muskrat fur including guard hairs and insert fur crosswise between the thread forming the loop. Third step is to pinch hackle pliers to end of loop and twist until you have formed a hairy chenille. Wrap twisted fur forward on hook keeping it packed close together. It will take about three clumps of fur to form the entire body. When body is complete take some squirrel tail hair (gray squirrel) to form a wing no longer than the length of the hook. Whip finish the head and lacquer. Last-go try it on some fish.

With that accomplished I noticed a large brown lazily finning just downstream from a fair sized boulder. He just wasn't interested in a tiny ant, so without thinking of the consequences I took off the ant and tied a big fledermaus on the 6X tippet just to see if the trout was interested. The fly swung past the brown and he lazily started to follow it. I increased the speed of the fly to get it out of the water and re-tie it to a more suitable tippet. As the fly picked up speed the trout increased his speed also. I fairly ripped the fly across the water, but the trout caught it and the extra sharp hook slid into some soft flesh. Needless to say, I played the trout gingerly, and was finally able to release all twenty-four inches of it without breaking the tippet.

But what about hard fished water, where big trout are not so plentiful as they are at Paradise? It works there, too. I have taken good sized trout on it from Penns Creek and the Yellow Breeches as well as various other streams in Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, Montana and Wyoming. It won't fool every trout nor will it work every day, but the fledermaus, more days than not, will add fish to your catch that you otherwise might not fool at all.

Because of its rough, ugly looks it seems to closely resemble a crayfish. Fish it with the swift jerky motions of a fleeing crab and it sometimes can drive a fish into a fantastic display of greed and pugnacity. Cast it upstream and let it drift slowly back towards you, preferably close to the bottom, and the trout will mouth it with complete confidence. Splat it across and downstream from you just at dusk, retrieving at a very slow pace, and hold on to your rod. A monster might swing slowly up from the bottom and inhale it softly, but more often than not he'll hit it with such power that the rod might be jerked from your hand.

Since bass love crayfish, why not the fledermaus for bass? Why not indeed? The Susquehanna River is literally crawling with smallmouth bass, and I've seen very few of them that disliked this big, juicy fly. The thing that amazed me was the fact that the bass sometimes would pick up the fly and "run" with it as they do when taking live bait. The most productive way I've found to use the fledermaus on bass was to make a long cast across stream and retrieve very, very slowly. This fly will also work well in lakes for largemouth bass. Splat it up near the bank and retrieve just fast enough to keep it barely under the surface of the water.

The ingredients for this fly are only two: Gray squirrel tail hair for the wing and muskrat fur for the body. Hook sizes from #1 to #12, 3X or 4X long. The pictures should explain the method of tying, which is simple once it is practiced a little.

Whatever you do, don't overuse the fly on my pet waters. I don't have too many "secret" patterns left.



POPPA GETS some water while young "camper" rides along. Be-

low, three campers look out

over part of the campvention

SUMMER FUN!

NCHA CAMPVENTION

by: **Photographer**

TOM EGGLER Staff Writer and

In an age of long hair, hippies, and happenings it may be unusual to have fun doing something as simple as camping—but some 6500 camping families seemed to be having a lot of fun at the nationwide campvention of the National Campers and Hikers Association held at Pennsylvania's Prince Gallitzin State Park this summer.

Located on the 1640 acre Glendale Lake in northern Cambria County, the park overflowed with campers during campvention week in July. An opening day estimate of people at the park made by park personnel was 51,000. That included the campers as well as the curious who came to watch them. Total campers were estimated at 20,000-25,000.







WATER PROVIDED recreation for campers who toured the lake on excursion rides as well as for those who had brought along their own boats. In the background is part of the campvention area.

A 200 acre site of the 6,000 acre park was set aside for the group—the eighth annual affair held by the organization.

A whirl of activity during the entire seven days found the campers forming spontaneous parades, parties, and songfests. Just about anytime of the day or night the rattle of tin plates being beaten with anything handy, the blast of bugles, and the roll of drums could be heard as the campers kept things rolling.

Campers from all over the country as well as from Canada gathered around the clock to meet, talk, sing, and move on to another spot to meet someone new.

Camping fishermen and boaters turned to the lake for a few minutes or hours of watersport while excursion boats ran tours throughout the day. Meanwhile swimmers shuttled back and forth to the beaches.

New arrivals were greeted daily by campers lining the entrance with greetings of "hello there, where are you from?"

Displays erected by participating camping groups, camping equipment manufacturers, and state agencies drew a continuing flow of campers from dawn to dark. A display erected by the Pennsylvania Fish Commission featuring, among other things, a live black snake, attracted camper after camper who watched fascinated as district fish warden Cloyd Hollen of neighboring Blair County showed how to "handle" the reptile—while Cambria County warden Tom Qualters as well as other wardens circulated among the crowds explaining where the out-of-state campers might go fishing or boating in the state.

Biggest near-disaster of the week was a heavy rainfall early in the week which made vehicle travel throughout the area troublesome. But, with an ability to turn disadvantage to advantage, the campers—especially the young ones—took off shoes and socks and waded into the nearest mud hole. One teenager, standing ankle deep in one big puddle may have summed up the whole week for the whole crowd with a "this is great."

Ray Martz, park superintendent, who was still on duty after midnight one evening put it another way—"These people really have fun!"



VISITORS bought supplies at "store" set up in a barn on the park grounds.



NIGHTIMES found various camping groups providing entertainment for others.



A SNAKE, part of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission's display, attracted attention.

17

by DON SHINER

GO HAVE A

FALLFISH FESTIVAL

A shabby old book on fishing on my bookshelf, printed some sixty-years ago, contains much information that is applicable today. One chapter, for example, describes a freshwater fish which fishermen—of that era—looked upon as simply a big, overgrown minnow, hardly worth catching.

Oddly, times have not changed. Half a century later, the fish is viewed in a similar manner today.

The specie is found in most streams throughout Pennsylvania where it grows to a respectable size, occasionally reaching a length of 18 to 20-inches. One reputable lure manufacturer has used it as a trademark for many years.



STEVE KNORR of Nescopeck, lands a fat fallfish on bass-casting tackle.

The old volume mentions that most young anglers enjoy catching this fish, but their interest wanes as they observe older fishermen paying more mind to trout and bass. The author suggests adults should put prejudice aside and go have a ball catching this specie. They're sporty on light equipment and fill in nicely when trout are uncooperative. Flesh has numerous small bones to contend with, yet it is tasty when prepared on backyard grills.

What is this fish?

It is fallfish, Semotilus corporalis, known by such aliases as creek chub, white chub, Appalachian whiting or simply "chub." It is one of the largest minnows in North America, with some 250 species found in the U.S. The group includes Hornyhead chub, river chub, Dace, Fathead minnow, Red Shiner, and Shiner, most of which seldom exceed five or six inches in length. Fallfish is one variety that grows to 18 or 20-inches in length. A Western member of this minnow family reaches a length of nearly three-feet.

FALLFISH FESTIVAL—

Fallfish range from Canada southward to Virginia, with a stronghold located east of the Appalachian mountains where it prefers medium size streams, rivers and, at times, lakes. It has a cigar-shaped body similar to that of trout, but broader head and snout, and deeper forked tail. Color varies from bronze to green on the dorsal side, bright silver sides and snow white undercarriage. Pimples or "horns" develop on the forehead of some males during the breeding season. Smaller fry are considered good bait fish since they live well in a bucket and have tough mouths to withstand hooks.

One reads very little, if anything, in print about this fish today. This may account for the lack of interest shown by many anglers.

So let's take a long and close look at the big chub. Is it worth the time to catch it with rod and reel? In the first place, why is the big fallfish classed as a minnow?

Technically these fish are catalogued as minnows because (1) they have fins with soft rays, the latter numbering 7 to 9, and (2) because they lack teeth in the mouth. Some species have teeth located deep in the throat, in the esophagus region for masticating food. Lips are thin and not suited for sucking as are those of the sucker, which incidentally is also classed as a minnow. Scales are soft and without spines.

As a family of fresh water fish, minnows are important. A primary function of chubs is to maintain a balance in the numbers of smaller aquatic animals, and in turn, become food for a higher echelon of predators in a complicated pyramidal food chain. Those which manage to escape from being eaten, continue to grow in size until they reach substantial proportions. Too large now to serve as food for other fish, they, themselves, become predators and compete with game fish for food.

Some fishermen degrade all chubs because of this competition with game fish for food, thinking that, without chubs, there could be more trout or bass in a stream. Further, most are of a size that give little or no excitement when hooked on rod and line. Admittedly, small riffle chubs are annoying when working flies for trout. On the other hand, however, big fallfish are sporty on light tackle and can fill in nicely during a morning when trout are not available for one reason or another.

Not all anglers, of course, scorn chubs. A retired school administrator of my acquaintance, considers big fallfish gratifying to catch. Prof and I fished an old nostalgic grist mill dam in an upstate Appalachian stream on numerous occasions. More than once Prof caught a basketful of chubs, most of good size, with some measuring 17 to 18-inches in length, while I concentrated on trout. I caught two, maybe three small trout on flies. No stretch of the imagination is necessary to guess who had the most fun, purely from the standpoint of catching fish.

Prof agreed with me that no few fishermen harbor

prejudice against chubs. This apparent lack of popularity stems from their limited stamina, compared to trout, in the fight to be rid of the hook. Now and then a chub fights like a demon, even jumping a time or two, but this is the exception.

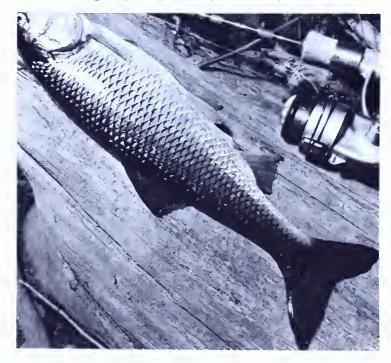
We agreed that light trout gear gives chubs a chance to perform better.

I thought I knew a thing or two about catching chubs, but Ned Naugle, another fishing acquaintance, demonstrated an efficient method for catching them. Ned uses macaroni for bait. Impaling a cooked noodle or two on a snelled hook, Ned lets this drift with the riffles. Chubs hit as though eating is going out of style. He claims cooked macaroni is top bait for catfish and carp as well.

Fallfish have an interesting spawning habit. They build nests consisting of large piles of stones. Some measure over five-feet in diameter. Males labor to build the mound of stones. When completed, the female drops spawn on the downstream side. Other minnows in this family either dig small depressions in sand or gravel, or deposit spawn among aquatic vegetation. The small fry, upon hatching, congregate into schools and this behavior trait is continued by larger chubs. This is a good tip to remember. Where you find one creel-size fallfish, you are apt to find others nearby.

A woolly worm trout tie in brown, green and yellow combination or all white pattern, with or without a small spinner, is an excellent lure for fallfish from early spring through summer. In the bait line, grasshoppers, crickets and white grub worms are tops. Chubs have an affinity for white grubs of the June beetle which may explain the macaroni.

To reiterate the words of that old fishing book, put prejudice aside. Spend some morning fishing for this overgrown minnow. You'll discover that those of respectable size will give you a run for your money.



THE FALLFISH, or chub, is considered a minnow, but offers sport on light tackle, and delicious fish fries.

HIGHWATER MARK

continued from page 3

sentimental guy. Hmmmm!

We pulled into the usual parking place . . . where you can see the pool in question at the bend of the stream below. There were a few other fishermen standing around on the banks and my selfish mate was so afraid someone would beat him to his favorite spot that he put the flyrod together while half running, half falling down the hill.

Getting there first he waded right in with a big wide grin of victory (it looked more like a leer to me) on his face. This expression changed rapidly, however, as he sheepishly backed out of the icy water—both boots full. He'd forgotten to adjust from the kneesnaps to hip height.

If you're interested in just how long it takes to dry out wet trouser bottoms, underwear and fishing socks over a car heater going full blast . . . would you believe three and a half hours?

To make matters worse, one of the other fishermen moved right into Bill's old stand and caught five trout the first half hour. I didn't say much but you can figure what I was thinking.

We fished the same pool later—on a warm, summer day. It had rained the night before and the banks were slippery. Bill went sneaking along the side of the stream ahead of me . . . all crouched over like an Indian spying on a wagon train. He whispered:

"In trout fishing, probably the most important thing is caution!"

"Yes," I said, "especially if you are the trout!" I felt real quippy. But only for a moment.

At that point I lost my footing and on the freshly-



laundered seat of my best pair of fishing pants slid all the way to the water's edge. After he helped me to my feet and saw that only my pride was damaged, Bill started to laugh. I followed his gaze and saw that his laughter was caused by the rather broad trail I had left in the mud on the way down.

"You have established a new Highwater mark for this stream!" he pronounced. Instead of hitting him . . . I laughed, too.

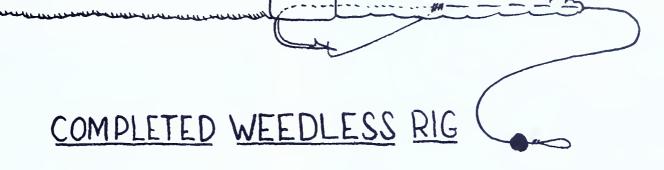
HATCHERY POACHER CAUGHT IN ACT



When fish are congregated in large numbers they collectively form an invitation for disaster. In trout hatcheries this invitation is always there to poachers of all genera including *Homo sapiens* with his little collapsible rod.

Potential wild predators on hatchery trout in central Pennsylvania include raccoons, kingfishers, an occasional osprey, and the worst of all the purple grackle. The latter is the worst since their numbers are constantly increasing and they outnumber all other predators combined. The loss of 50,000 fingerling trout in one raceway has been attributed to these black marauders. No sort of deterrent seems to discourage them. The accompanying photograph reveals the determination of this species. Even in death, this poacher tightly clasped the fingerling trout. Even with a good lawyer and his Constitutional Rights, this poacher could not have been saved because he was caught *dead* to his rights.

Keen Buss, Chief Aquatic Biologist



WEEDLESS RIGS

THE EFFECTIVENESS of plastic worms, properly rigged and properly fished, is well established. Fished on the bottom very slowly, and with a slight twitches, bass simply do not refuse them.

What is not so well established is just how much snagging and consequent breaking off a fisherman can endure before he shatters his equipment over his knee and arrives home to kick the cat and mutter for days about the world being made up of sticks and stones. For, if one is fishing for bass, that is where the worm must be . . . down on the bottom among the sticks and stones.

The traditional rig for plastic worms is to run the point of a snelled, bait-holder, #6 or #4 hook into the tip of the worm and continue through the worm, keeping the hook covered, until the point and the barb are exposed at about the collar. This gives a wiggly, twitchy action to both ends of the worm which 'ole brer bass finds irresistible. This rig is still best for uncluttered bottoms; however, anyone who has fished it in water similar to the Pennsylvania's Fish Commission's Hunter's Lake near Eagles Mere will attest to the fact that the lake gets at least one lure for each bass it gives up.

There is a better way. Since most commercial weedless models of the worm are sterile in their wiggle, I propose that you should make your own. They are cheaper, more effective, you can select a larger variety of colors, and you can preserve the enticing shimmy at both ends.

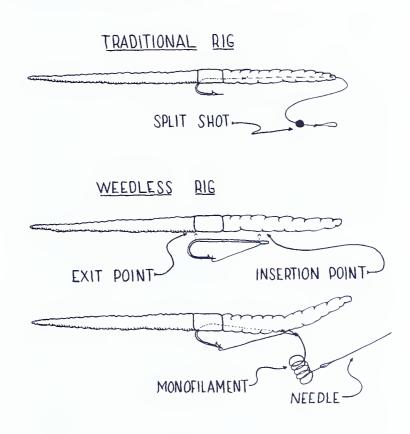
How? Easily! Several manufacturers make weedless models of hooks; I prefer a Weber's #1/0. The very nature of a weedless hook makes it appear difficult to use in any way but a "tip-end" insertion, but such is not the case. As the accompanying illustrations show, insert the hook point into the bottom of the worm midway between the head and the collar and run the worm onto it, keeping the hook covered, until you expose the point and barb at about the collar. Do not bury the eye at this time. Take a short, 12"-14", section of monofilament, clinch knot it to the eye of the hook, tie a loop in the other end and with a bait or "minnie" needle draw the monofilament from the insertion hole of the hook through to, and out of, the tip of the head. Pull it snug and work the eye of the hook into the hole and out of sight. Done!

The dark colors, blue, black, and purple, seem to catch more bass than do the light colors, white and natural. However, the light ones, fished behind a June Bug spinner and snaked through the weeds make pike and pickerel

FOR PLASTIC WORMS

greedy. Bass do not always hit the lure in the same way. Last summer a three pound largemouth toyed with the worm, and I suspected a very small fish. After pulling it away from him twice, I let him run with it a bit and finally hooked him. This past Fall a three and one-half pounder took one in a great, splashing gulp right at my feet and headed for the hills. We were both surprised!

Make up some weedless rigs and get down on the bottom where the bass are. You'll be surprised too!



by ARTHUR B. TROUP, JR.

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TODAY'S GOODSELL HOLE is no more—a concrete raceway protects the town of Coudersport from high springtime waters. The Goodsell hole was located here where the Allegheny and Mill Run meet.

NIGHT WATCH

by L. JAMES BASHLINE

continued from last month

The willingness of trout and—especially big trout—to strike large wet flies at night cannot be explained entirely. There are times, of course, when nocturnal hatches of mayflies create a natural feeding condition. Ephemerella Guttulata is a sometimes night hatching insect, and so are some of the big hexagenias. June bugs, various types of moths and several hard shell insects are also "night runners." This miscellany of surface food satisfies most anglers when attempting to explain the surface rise at night. If no surface food is available, and trout are in a feeding pattern, they will search out underwater prey, which takes the form of crayfish, minnows, helgramites, burrowing nymphs and whatever else is available.

The combined experience of many thoughtful night fishermen make me wonder if food is always the motivating factor for the rod banging type of strike that occurs quite frequently at night. Autopsies performed on dozens of large night-caught brown trout revealed that their stomachs were practically if not entirely empty. Natural food was there for the taking, but yet they would have none of it, and seemed to be waiting for that colorful wet fly to drift close by.

"(Last night we took about a dozen big trout from Goodsell's, same kind of night tonight and nothing stirring. I'm sure the moon has something to do with it.)"

When considering the flies used in night fishing by the somewhat opinionated artists of northcentral Pennsylvania, there cannot be a more thought-provoking subject. The patterns which have proven effective missiles cannot be considered trout flies in the usual definition which prevails today. A popularity poll of night flies during the era of the Goodsell Hole would have turned up such names as: Montreal Silver, Governor, Silver Doctor, Hardys Favorite, Professor, Grizzly King and an assortment of Salmon flies with their full regalia of exotic plumage. The famous Yellow Dun would have undoubtedly topped Pinney's list during the early days, but alas its body material formula has not been duplicated for at least twenty years.

"(Mrs. Phillips' Yellow Dun was hard to beat. I don't think there has ever been a fly like it. I tried for years to get Hillie to come up with the right body material. So far we haven't got it. Maybe we never will.)"

This is probably a good place to reflect for a moment on this so called "lost" pattern. Much mystical significance was attached to this fly. Some of this legerdemain was justified, for many fishermen who knew of it swore by all that was holy that it was the greatest wet fly ever concocted. That it originated in the vise of Mrs. Phillips is not known for sure, but it was her tie on her husband's rod that won the creation its initial fame. His astounding catches of brook, and later brown trout at night, made such an impression on local fishermen that his wife spent little time tying any other pattern. The fly consisted of lemon woodduck wing, a dark ginger hackle, a snatch of black and white woodduck for a tail,—and a fleshy pink hued fur body. The fur was the secret ingredient, and while many suspected it to be dyed mohair, no one to this date has laid his reputation on the line to absolutely declare what it was! When dry, the fly might be taken for any ordinary pink bodied attractor. When wet the mystic quality became quite evident. The body was pink-and yet it wasn't. It was a bloody swatch of something alive. Anticipating the day that Mrs. Phillips would no longer be tying this fantastic fish producer Pinney (and others) laid in a good supply of this pattern. Following her death the storehouse of Yellow Duns was gradually depleted. I used a few of these originals myself, and I must admit that it was a most amazing fly. But unfortunately, according to the style of her day the wet flies that the dentist's wife prepared were tyed directly to genuine gut snells using eyeless hooks! The gut deteriorated on most of these, and it is doubtful if many of these flies exist today. I managed to salvage two of these original ties, and count them among my most treasured possessions.

"(Jimmy, if you could come up with a yellow dun that would match the old one you would be famous. Of course, we couldn't just let everybody have the pattern.)"

The bright tinsel laden flies, such as the Silver Doctor, Professor and Grizzly King might possibly be taken for small minnows. The darker patterns, more closely resembling a real insect can be more easily explained, especially when there has been some surface activity before dark. As with emergence charts, which the daytime anglers dearly love, there is a preference pattern of sorts which night feeding trout seem to follow. The darker, more realistic patterns like the Governor, Hardys Favorite and Lead Wing Coachman seem to be the preferred types during the beginning of the night fly season, which in most eastern states commences about the first week of June.

As the season progresses, the flies which produce most of the action become more brilliant. During the last week of July and all of August the silver bodied flies will outfish the more conservative ones by a wide margin. There is an exception of course (as there must be when trout are concerned) and that occurs when a summer rain swells the stream to several inches above its usual hot weather depth.

On certain nights trout show a marked preference for minnows or crabs, but even then they can usually be coaxed into taking a feathered creation. On most nights however, if there has been some surface activity, or if the trout are casually fanning in that perplexing summer doldrum attitude, the serious fly fisherman will be the "top rod".

The methods of fishing the big wets at night are similar to those used during the daytime with the added requirement of CONSTANT attention to the rod-to-hand connection. The most productive routine is a slight quartering cast upstream and while the flies are drifting freely with the current, handtwisting the slack line into loose coils in your left hand. Unless there is considerable surface feeding at night little fly action is necessary. As a general rule the slower flies move through the water the more effective they will be. As in daytime fishing, it is best to keep the rod pointed at the ten o'clock position. This will make it easier to keep in sensitive touch with what's going on at the business end of your cast—and it puts the rod in a better striking position.

The rod used for night fishing should first of all have a sensitive tip. That "tip-in-hand" feeling is a most important factor when using flies at night. Weight and length of a good night rod is secondary to subtle tip action. A long whippy rod is not the answer, but rather one of the so-called "modern" dry fly rods. These, if made by a good maker, possess resilient tip action but have ample power in the butt section. Not much false casting is done at night, but the weight of the heavier flies will quickly sap the strength of a less noble rod. An eight foot rod will handle most situations.

The leader for night fishing should be a strong one. During the early days of the Goodsell Hole, and for that matter all American fly fishing it was customary to use a level leader with dropper loops which accommodated the snelled flies. Some fine night work can still be done with this combination, but a short tapered leader of no more than six feet dropping quickly to OX or about six pound test is just about right. Even hard fished-over browns will not show reluctance to latch onto a fly attached to a heavy leader after dark. They just don't seem to believe that any fisherman is out to fool them after dark. Droppers with a leader of this type can be fashioned by simply ex-



A NICE NINE POUND brown trout taken on Fantastic Yellow Dun number six wet fly. This was one of Bob Pinney's best flies as well as one of his best catches. (photo courtesy Mrs. Edith Pinney Cole, sister of the fisherman).

tending one end of a blood knot at the midway point on the leader.

The use of a dropper will greatly increase your chances for success after dark. Depending on the type of water you are fishing, the dropper should be regulated at a distance from the lead fly so that it will gently "tickle" the surface of the water. This takes a bit of experimentation to determine just where this dropper should be tied on. The character of the water, the speed of your retrieve and the length of your rod are all factors in deciding where to attach the dropper. About three feet from the head fly is a good place to start.

With all types of trout fishing the outstanding fact that seems to emerge time after time is the inability of the fisherman to predict anything with any degree of accuracy. The vast bulk of my night fishing experience has been practiced on the waters of the upper Allegheny and predominately on the Goodsell Hole. After that wonderful place passed into limbo (the victim of progressive thinking engineers) I was forced to find some other waters that would provide after dark sport. While nothing matched the Goodsell for sheer numbers of fish, lessons learned there have proven to be valuable in selecting other pools that might offer night fishing possibilities.

continued next month

MODERN CAMPING

bу

DEL & LOIS KERR

WALLENPAUPACK

EARLY MORNING may call for hip boots and a fly rod. Charging, swirling streams are plentiful. Afternoon may warrant a boat, casting equipment and deep-running plugs or spoons. In the evening, spinning gear with ultralight lures skittering across a quiet, mirrored pond may coax that grumpy mossback into action. Later, crackling music from a warming campfire will blend rhythmically with lapping waves at your shore-edge campsite ending a perfect day.

Sound too good to be true? It's not only possible but common in the lake-studded region of Wayne and Pike counties. The Leni Lenape Indians had a word which means "swift and slow waters"—Wallenpaupack. Hundreds of lakes, countless streams are found in the area surrounding Lake Wallenpaupack, a focal point for camperfisherman activities.

The scenic Wallenpaupack Creek valley dramatically changed in 1925, when the Pennsylvania Power and Light Company constructed a 70-foot high, 1,280 foot long dam to back up 70 billion gallons of recreational water. The largest man-made lake wholly within Pennsylvania is thirteen miles in length and provides 52 miles of shoreline.

The Pennsylvania Power and Light Company maintains four private campgrounds strategically located around the lake. Included are Ledgedale, Wilsonville, Caffrey and Ironwood Point. The four parks provide a total of 300 well-kept campsites. Each site includes a picnic table, fireplace, parking space; electric service is available and drinking fountains nearby. All parks have lakefront picnic grounds, anchorages, boat launchings, electric laundry facilities, modern sanitary facilities, hot showers and completely stocked stores.

Campers will enjoy some of the tinest fishing in the state. Lake Wallenpaupack is famous for its smallmouth and largemouth bass, rock bass, walleye pike, pickerel, brown trout, yellow perch and bluegills. The state record was shattered recently when a hulking 24-pound brown trout came to net for a happy angler.

Varying depths throughout the lake provide good fishing at any season of the year. Lake Wallenpaupack contains 5700 acres of pure enjoyment for campers who wish to combine boating and fishing with outdoor living.

Water from the lake flows through the largest steel flow line in the United States, 14 ft., 1 inch in diameter—big enough to drive a truck through. The dam is open for guided tours Wednesday through Sunday. A hydro-elec-

tric power plant at Kimbles can be visited Wednesday through Sunday. Groups leave from the Wilsonville Superintendent's office.

Campers may also want to take advantage of 3000-acre Promised Land State Park on Pennsylvania Rte. 390. This popular region has three separate camping areas totaling 316 campsites. The 50-unit overflow area is used holidays and some weekends during prime season. Promised Land is one of the few state parks having both water-edge campsites and swimming beaches at the campground. Officials advise arriving no later than Friday afternoon for a good weekend campsite.

Not one but two lakes are located within the park. The Pennsylvania Fish Commission stocks largemouth and smallmouth bass, pickerel, bluegills, sunfish, yellow perch and catfish for the angler. An additional 200 campsites should be ready in the near future.

Among the many lakes nearby which offer excellent fishing and boating is Peck's Pond. Primitive type camping has been permitted in the area, but there is no organized campground. Lackawaxen Creek flowing into the Delaware River has been rated as one of the 100 best fishing streams in the United States. The entire region is picturesque with its mountains—older than the Rockies—its deep valleys, crystal clear lakes and bubbling waterfalls.

Thirty miles from Lake Wallenpaupack is Bushkill Falls, 200 feet high and known as the "Niagara of Pennsylvania." Two lakes with a picnic area are located there. Other nearby cascades are Wangum Falls, Winona Falls, Dingman Falls, Silver Thread Falls and Buckhill Falls.

Interesting attractions in the vicinity include the gravity railroad coach, used in the 1800's, which is on display in nearby Hawley. In Honesdale, 12 miles away, is the replica of the Stourbridge Lion, the first steam locomotive used in America. Historically, the American Railroad was born at this spot August 8, 1829 when Engineer Horatio Allen made a three-mile test run.

A popular attraction on Route 507 east of Lake Wallenpaupack is the display of an Indian dugout war canoe. This was discovered in the Wallenpaupack Creek bed after a severe flood in 1955. Ingeniously, these war canoes had plugs in the bottom which enabled them to sink their own craft and recover it from the river bottom later, rather than have it seized by the enemy.

Campers, boaters and fishermen have all found something special in the land of the swift and slow waters. The beautiful Pocono Mountain area, long known as a tourist and resort region, has much to offer in pure outdoor enjoyment: Plan a visit soon.

GOOD OLD DAYS

continued from page 7

I received a gift subscription to the *Pennsylvania Angler*. One of my uncles had a subscription to *Field & Stream*, and a neighbor received *Outdoor Life*. I'd get their copies after they'd finished reading them.

My favorite writers were Gordon McQuarrie, Arthur MacDougall, and Ozark Ripley. In the Angler, I read stories by Alex Sweigart, Fred Everett, E. Lloyd King, Charles K. Fox, A. G. Shimmel, N. R. Cassilo, and Sparse Gray Hackle. Charles M. Wetzel was writing a series on "Natural Insects and Their Imitations."

I got so much enjoyment from reading those magazines that it seemed to me the greatest thing in the world to be able to write fishing stories and share such wonderful adventures with others. To write up a fishing story for a magazine like *Field & Stream*—that to me was the height of ambition, greater even than being a fireman or President of the United States.

Of course, I wrote away for all the free catalogs offered in the magazine ads. I rarely had money to send for tackle, but at least I could read and dream. The Dave Cook catalog was one of my favorites—page after page of rods, reels, lines, creels, flies and lures.

When I was in my early 'teens, a couple neighborhood boys and myself used to camp out every summer at a lake in the country. Their father drove us there in their Terraplane. We lived in a tent, cooked our meals over a campfire, and fished and swam every day.

We used telescopic rods with bakelite bait casting reels with level wind. We caught largemouth bass, perch, bluegills, and catfish. We cast for bass with lures like the Bass-O-Reno, River Runt Spook, Pikie Minnow, and Junebug spinners.

During the spring, we'd go on one-day trout fishing trips whenever we could find someone to drive us. I waded wet in those days—wading in in a pair of tennis shoes, even in the coldest weather. I never owned a pair of hip boots until after World War II.

After the war, when I came home from military service, I returned to a changed and fast-changing world. There were more roads, more cars, and more fishermen. The old-time country general stores were disappearing. So were covered bridges. Small, quiet, sleepy country villages began growing up. More homes, stores, and schools were built. Spinning tackle began making its appearance. Fields where I had run my hound dog on rabbits were taken over for supermarkets and apartment buildings.

For a time, I found a temporary retreat, a kind of world between worlds, in the Wharton area of Potter County. The road from Sinnemahoning to Wharton was a twisting, one-lane road clinging to the mountainsides. When you went there, you left the rest of the world behind.

We stayed at the Wharton Hotel, at that time a fishermen's boarding house operated in the old-time tradition. Most of the fishermen who stayed there had been coming for years. If Archie Burkett, the proprietor, didn't like your looks, you didn't get in.

One night, a visiting fisherman dropped in at the hotel bar. "What kind of tackle you been using?" Archie asked. "Spinning outfit," the man replied.

"Then you spin yourself right on out of here," Archie said. "We don't serve spinning tackle fishermen at this bar."

It was that kind of a place.

Today, of course, Wharton is still there. So are the hotel and bar, the general store, the half dozen homes and summer cottages. The compressor station of a huge natural gas storage area—developed since Archie's demise—has been constructed on the outskirts of the village.

Down the First Fork, the First Fork Dam and surrounding State Park draw thousands of tourists and visitors into the area. Hundreds of newcomers have built cottages up and down the valleys. In some places, summer cabins are so close together as to resemble small settlements or villages. A long stretch of the road, all the way from Sinnemahoning to the Potter County line, had been rebuilt into a fast highway. On the Fourth of July, traffic jams have been known to occur at the Wharton bridge.

All of which brings us to today and to this awesome population explosion of the 1960's. And this, we're told is only the beginning. It brings us to a world of jet airplanes, astronauts, man-made earth satellites, beatniks, the Beatles, LSD, Twiggy, mini-skirts, automation, and—what else?

Speaking of automation, there's a fishing reel on the market that permits you to cast out your lure, push a button, and the lure is retrieved automatically. There are lures that have their own action, built in, electronically or by chemical action.

You don't have to be able to "read" the stream or dope out a lake to locate fish. There are sonar devices that let you know on instruments if fish are under your boat. And there are special kinds of sun-glasses that cut the surface glare so you can see the trout in the water.

And yet, amazingly enough, fish are still smart enough, despite all our inventions, to present a challenge to our skills. And this challenge, or sport, or art—whatever you call it—is sufficient enough to keep us coming back, year after year, until inevitably, I suppose, we'll reduce it to a mathematical equation or a kind of automation that eliminates even the fisherman.

There aren't many secluded mill ponds left these days, but I know of one, well off the beaten path, where a small boy can go with his dad on Sunday afternoons to catch pumpkinseed sunfish, undistracted by the jazzy blare of transistor radios. So I take him there, my boy, and we fish together, him with a willow pole and a length of twine, a cork bobber, and a worm-baited fish-hook. And we smell the green freshness of earth, listen to the crickets, and watch the clouds drift by. Therein I have found the greatest of all angling pleasures.

Someday, perhaps in a world that I can't even contemplate, my son may reflect back on his first fishing trips, and write a story about his early angling adventures. And he'll doubtless marvel at how the world can change so much in so brief a time.

Anyway, here's a toast to him—to my boy—and to your son, and here's to fishing, and as old Izaak Walton said, "Here's to us, and to all that love us, and to the honest art of angling!"

HONORED AT DINNER-



BRITTON

William W. Britton, recently retired chief fish warden of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission, and William Brinkman, in charge of the City of Philadelphia's Department of Recreation children's fishing area, were awarded commendations in recognition of their devotion to outdoor conservation by the Pennsylvania State Fish and Game Protective Association at its annual meeting this spring.

The awards were made for "dedicated service to Pennsylvania Sportsmen." To the left Britton received his award while on the right Brinkman receives his.



BRINKMAN



DELCO CLUB MAKES AWARDS

The DELCO Anglers & Conservationists have announced winners this year for awards given by the club. In addition to "Minnie Awards" made to those pictured on the left was the "Conservationist of the Year" given to Ed McCorkle for having done "the most . . . for the county." Also honored was Bucky Sakers "for outstanding effort on behalf of the club in our trout raising program."

MERCERSBURG SPORTSMEN HOLD DEDICATION

The Mercersburg Sportsmen's Association has dedicated its lake in memory of one of its late members, Earl L. Peck. The club's trout hatchery was dedicated at the same time in memory of T. M. (Mac) Sironen. Both dedications were made Memorial Day.

In making the dedications the club announced it was making the dedications as "both of these men devoted their lives to the idea of 'what can I give?'"

Both had served the club in a variety of jobs. Principal speaker was William W. Britton, recently retired head of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission's Law Enforcement Division.



OUTDOOR RECREATION BOOM ACCELERATES

Public participation in major outdoor recreation activities has increased by a booming 51 percent since 1960 and the trend is accelerating, Secretary of the Interior Stewart L. Udall has announced.

"Outdoor Recreation Trends," compiled by the Bureau of Outdoor Recreation and based on a nationwide survey of summertime activities, estimates a four-fold increase in recreation participation between 1960 and the year 2000. Until today's report, the Government had been predicting a three-fold increase.

"This surge to the outdoors is highly gratifying," Secretary Udall said, "but it creates multiple problems. We will need to combine new and novel methods with our traditional approaches to supplying needed public and private recreation opportunities if we are to meet the demand.

"No American of this or future generations should be denied access to his outdoor heritage through our failure now to make adequate provisions," Secretary Udall stated.

The Bureau of Outdoor Recreation compiled the statistics on outdoor recreation participation for use in preparing a long-range nationwide outdoor recreation plan. A first version of the plan is due in the spring of 1968. The statistical information is useful in estimating need for various outdoor recreation opportunities and in arriving at recommendations for meeting the needs.

Copies of "Outdoor Recreation Trends" are available for 40¢ from the Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington, D.C., 20402.



CONSERVATION HONORS

CONSERVATION HONORS were bestowed on district warden Anthony Discavage by Carl A. White, legislative chairman of the Pennsylvania Federation of Sportsmen's Clubs and Armstrong County Conservation League delegate, on behalf of the organization as "1966 Conservationist of the Year." The plaque was presented at an annual banquet of the league this spring.

Discavage was lauded for his "outstanding efforts of conservation cooperation between sportsmen and the fish commission." He has been district warden in Armstrong County for 16 years.



RETIRE

RETIRING EMPLOYEES Philip Stark and Merrill Lillie, foreman and superintendent of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission's Pleasant Mount Hatchery, were honored recently by fcllow employees at a retirement dinner.

Both men had worked for the commission for over 40 years, each starting in 1927. Fellow hatchery employees, maintenance division employees and district wardens from the northeast region attended the dinner.

Mr. and Mrs. Stark will remain in Wayne County while Mr. and Mrs. Lillie plan to return to Corry.



CONSERVATION HONORS

KENNETH GRILLEY was awarded the Victor H. Steckel Memorial Award this year by the Lehigh County Fish and Game Protective Association for "Outstanding Contributions to the Promotion of Conservation and Sportsmanship in Lehigh County."









VENANGO COUNTY CRIPPLED CHILDREN'S SOCIETY were guests for a day of the Venango County Council of the Pennsylvania Federation of Sportsmen's Clubs. Part of the group pictured at left include: first row; Gerry Crawford, Gordon Bickel, Judy Morris, and Doug Offutt: second row; Stephen Harry, Dixie West, Jimmy Hoover, Rodney Strickenburg, Mark Kulasza, and Cecil McKean: third row; Linda Norman, Jimmy McCord, John Dunkerly, Gary Russell, Cheryl Shingledecker, and Kirt Smith: fourth row; Mike Hoover, Sandy Highfield, Bill Nadig, Bobby Knox, Ray Smith and Mike Hays. In the second picture district fish warden Clarence Shearer looks over Linda Norman's catch. In the third shot Doug Offutt lands what turned out to be the day's biggest fish while in the last picture author Virg Schwimmer helps young fisherman Cecil McKean. (photos by Steve Szalewiez)

VENANGO FEDERATION HOLDS CHILDREN'S OUTING

by Virgil W. Schwimmer

The Venango County Council of the Pennsylvania Federation of Sportsmen's Clubs held the first day outing for The Crippled Children's Society at the club grounds of the Oil City Chapter of the Izaak Walton League early this summer.

Mrs. Mary Louise Mook, executive director of the Children's Society and members of her recreation committee were present for this "Lend a Hand Day." Mr. D. O. Davies, chairman for the "Lend a Hand Day" Committee of the PFSC, N.W. Division, has been working on this type of project for several years and guided the program from its Lawrence County inception until it has now spread to

FRANK WEAVER



Two employees of the Bellefonte Hatchery of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission have retired. They are Frank P. Weaver who went to work for the commission in 1954 and retired as a security officer and Alton P. Confer who started work in 1939 and retired as an equipment operator.

Both men retired February 17. Weaver is married to the former Stella Jane Wance and lives in Aaronsburg while Confer, married to the former Eleanor S. Houser, lives in State College.

ALTON CONFER



Venango County with Forest County planning a program for Crippled Children.

Thirty-one children attended the event. Coming early, festivities were off with a fishing derby from 10:00 a.m. to noon.

Norm Sickles, assistant regional warden supervisor of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission, and Clarence Shearer, Venango County district warden showed color charts of Pennsylvania Fishes, pointing out the various species of fishes caught during the derby.

Representatives of the Pennsylvania Game Commission demonstrated various types of modern rifles, giving examples of the power and shocking ability of modern ammunition as used in these rifles.

The Fishing Derby and boat rides were resumed following a lunch served by the organization and the day was over at 3:10 p.m. when everyone returned to the clubhouse for awarding of prizes.

Winners included Douglas Offutt, John Dunkerly, Sandy Highfield, Ray Smith, Dixie West, Stephen Harry, Judy Morris and Rodney Strickenburg.

MORE PUBLIC ACCESS



IN A CONTINUING program of developing more public access to streams within the state the Pennsylvania Fish Commission has purchased a parcel of land in the Borough of Newton Hamilton from Mr. and Mrs. Norman Bilger. It is located immediately downstream from the Newton Hamilton Bridge on the Juniata. Shown here (left to right) are district fish warden Dick Owens of Lewistown, Mr. and Mrs. Norman Bilger, property owners, and Robert B. Brugler, attorney who handled details for the commission.



A FISHING FEATURE FOR FISHERMEN -

FROM FISHERMEN

VENANGO ANGLER Bob Huya holds 50 inch, 28 pound muskellunge he caught on a nightcrawler while fishing French Creek below Cambridge Springs. It's one of the biggest caught this year.





FRED HANN, Springdale, holds pair of bullheads he caught from the Allegheny River in Allegheny County. One measured 25 inches and weighed 5 pounds; the other 21 inches, 3 pounds.

BEAUTIFUL LARGEMOUTH caught by fisherman David Gilberry measured 23½ inches and weighed 6 pounds, big enough to win him a Pennsylvania Angler Fishing Citation. He was using a homemade plug when he caught the fish from Tippetts Swamp in Carbon County.

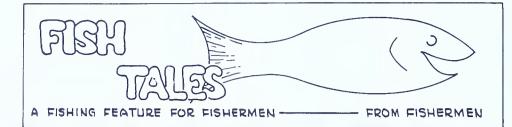




DUTCH FORK Creek in Greene County produced this $18\frac{1}{2}$ inch, 2 pound brown trout for Steve Hogya. He was using cheese as bait when the fish hit.



SPINNING GEAR in the hands of 14-year-old Tommy Knappenberger brought this $16\frac{1}{2}$ inch brown trout ashore from Buckwa Creek. It hit a nightcrawler for the angler who comes from Jim Thorpe.





TIOGA COUNTY Hills Creek Lake produced this 31 inch, 8½ pound walleye for fisherman Joe Tenaglia of Collegeville. He was spinning with an artificial nightcrawler when he caught the citation winner.

CITATION winner Ronald Garlitz holds 203/4 inch smallmouth bass he landed from Potter County's Sinnemahoning Creek. He was dry fly fishing when he hit the 4 pound, 4 ouncer.

ANNVILLE angler Dale Waybright, 11, was fishing Marquette Lake in Lebanon County when he connected with this 18 inch brook trout.



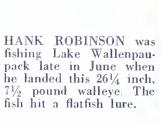




NESHAMINY CREEK, Bucks County, was where angler Alexander Buben caught this 18 pound, 8 ounce carp. It went for some cornmeal bait being used by the angler.



BIG ONE was this lake trout caught by fisherman Henry Poterjoy of Forest City. He was fishing Crystal Lake in Lackawanna County when he caught the 20 pound, $37\frac{1}{2}$ inch citation winner. It hit a spoon.

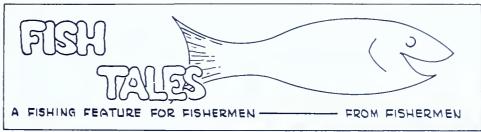




JAY BABICH, Monessen holds limit of large-mouth bass from Virgin Run Lake. All of the bass were from 93/4 to 14 inches and weighed up to 3 pounds. They were all caught on a rubber night crawler.







HERE'S THE PROOF Richard Sadulski, Brackenridge, speaks about in his letter to the Leaky Boots monthly mail column this month. They went from 18 to 20¾ inches and were only four of 26 he caught at Lock 9 at Rimer.

CHARLES GIBSON, West Chester, says he had fished the West Chester Reservoir for many years and it "finally paid off." That 5 pound, 22 inch largemouth bass proves it.





RICHARD GLOSSNER, Yardley, holds 261/4 inch brown trout he caught at Fairview Lake in Pike County. It weighed 71/4 pounds.



COBBS Pond in Wayne County produced these largemouth bass for Francis Masiewicz of Scranton. One measured 15 inches; the other 17.



THE DELAWARE RIVER produced this 21 inch, 5 pound smallmouth bass for angler Bob Porvaznik of Hokendauqua. It hit a shad dart on a spinning outfit.





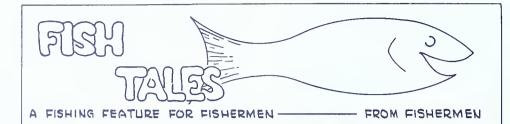
SEVEN-YEAR-OLD Philip Karl holds 16 inch, 2 pound bullhead that won him a Pennsylvania Angler Junior Fishing Citation. He caught the fish on a worm from Cumberland County's Yellow Breeches. On the right Eugene Gray, Garreth, holds the 23 inch, 6 pound 7 ounce largemouth bass that won him both a junior and senior fishing citation. The 13-year-old angler caught the fish from Lake Somerset.



WAYNE COUNTY'S Prompton Reservoir produced this 18 inch, 3 pound largemouth bass for 13-year-old Alexander Hinko, Scranton, who won a citation for his catch.



JUNIOR CITATION WIN-NER Fred Lewis holds 19 inch bullhead he caught from Saucon Creek in Northampton County.





VINCENT VERA caught this 27 inch, $7\frac{1}{2}$ pound walleye from the Susquehanna at Wertz Landing in Washington Borough.



JACK DAMBACHER, Greenville, with the 46 inch, 26 pound musky he caught at Pymatuning this summer. It went for a nightcrawler.



THIS MAP TURTLE was picked up along the west shore of the Susquehanna by Bill and Mark Barninger of Wormlesburg while they were walking along the river earlier this year. The turtle, rarely found, weighed 4½ pounds and measured 10 by 7¾ inches.

JUST WONDERING by THOMAS QUALTERS District Warden, Cambria County

For nearly a half-century it seems "seven" cardinal objectives have been accepted as a basis for education. Two of these—health and the wise use of leisure time—are urgent and timely in modernday living.

The field of health, physical education, and recreation can provide opportunities for all students to acquire skills, attitudes and appreciations that satisfy life-long needs. Outdoor education is one of the best answers, for the outdoors constitutes a great learning and living laboratory.

The more than 32 million anglers leaves no doubt as to the popularity of fishing as an outdoor sport. No sport is more adaptable to all age groups and to all types of activities than is angling. Unfortunately, too often casting and angling have been crowded aside by competitive games and sports, all of which in their own right are good. But it is now time that more attention be devoted to those activities that have "carry over values."

Of course, these items in the Wonderful World of Sports are part of the American Way of Life and must not be questioned. They prepare our young men and our fair womanhood for citizenship and teach True Sportsmanship.

I do not question these virtues. But thinking aloud on a personal basis: I quit playing basketball 15 years ago and quit dreaming of stardom long before that; I haven't tossed a baseball for five years; I haven't engaged in fisticuffs since high school.

But I still go fishing and hunting. Nobody every really taught me these sports which I can now practice as a middle-aged man; coaches were busy trying to develop a hook shot or pick-off play to first base.

I wish, now, someone had taught me how to fish a little better, because that sport will be open to me as a participant for a good many years yet—God willing.

So at the risk of being disloyal to the sports sections of the American press, I'm wondering—not suggesting, just wondering—if a course in plug casting might be more useful after boyhood has become manhood; might even teach a man or a woman to live with themselves better than they would learn by watching matched teams beat each other's collective brains out.

It's hard to understand why so many schools resist Hunter Safety and Fishing as "specialized interests" while paying a football coach more than the Dean of Men to instruct one-fiftieth of the student body.

I'm not griping, you understand—just wondering if a course in using the outdoors wouldn't be as useful as a class in folk dancing.



THE TASTY WALLEYE

In many of our deep, clear lakes and larger rivers lives the walleye. In some areas it is called walleyed pike, in others Susquehanna salmon, but it is neither a pike nor a salmon. Actually, it is related to the yellow perch, having the same separate spiny and soft dorsal fins. It averages 1½ or two pounds in weight, but some Pennsylvania fish reach eight or nine pounds.

The walleye's long, slim body is usually dark above, whitish below. The sides are washed with gold or brassy and flecked with black. There is a black smudge on the rear of the spiny dorsal fin. The eyes have a glassy, "blind" appearance, from which it gets its name.

In hot weather walleyes are usually found in schools in the deepest water, except when they come inshore to feed on bars and along drop-offs at night. In the fall, however, they can sometimes be caught in shallower water, and on rare occasions, are taken on surface lures. In streams the long, deep holes are best, especially at the foot of falls or rapids.

Trolling is the most common method of fishing for walleyes. A red-and-white Daredevil, a night crawler or minnow behind a June-bug spinner, or an orange-and-black Flatfish are the traditional walleye tempters. A sinker is attached to the leader ahead of the Flatfish—the others can be weighted or not, depending upon the depth of the water. Trolling speed should be SLOW.

Walleyes can be caught by casting, too. A red-and-white spoon, yellow or orange plug, yellow jig, or a gold or silver spoon with a pork rind strip are all good lures. The important thing is to keep the lure close to the bottom. When you catch one don't try to pick it up by the lower jaw, as you would a bass, for their teeth are sharp as needles.

TRY CRICKETS

Common black field crickets, often found beneath boards and stones, are excellent bait for many fish, especially small-mouth bass. They are delicate, so use light wire hooks and cast them gently. Most anglers fish them underwater, and often impale more than one on the same hook.



WAS THAT A RISE?

Bass, both largemouth and smallmouth, do a lot of surface feeding in September, and the smart angler will watch for signs of feeding fish. The right lure cast to these spots will often result in strikes.

When bass feed on minnows in the shallows the usual clues are minnows skipping over the surface and the splashing and V-shaped wakes of the pursuing bass. Tossing a plug into the disturbance and twitching it like a crippled minnow will usually get results.

Floating insects are sometimes taken gently, leaving only widening rings on the surface. At other times they are taken with a splash. A fly, bug, or small surface lure will often take these fish. Do not mistake the splash and rings made by skimming swallows for those of feeding bass.

Inexperienced anglers sometimes get excited about a large, yellowish or coppery fish that lunges out of the water with a splash and a crash, and frantically try to catch it with every lure in their tackleboxes. They are wasting their time, however, for what they saw was a carp. When bass clear the water they don't usually smack the surface broadside, and their greenish coloring and clean white bellies are usually apparent, even at a distance.

HEY KIDS! SOMETHIN' NEW

Now everyone under 16 years of age is eligible to receive

Pennsylvania's Junior Angling Award
For Catching a Trophy Fish in Pennsylvania's
Public Waters

A PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER MAGAZINE

Junior Fishing Citation

MINIMUM CITATION SIZES:

Species of Fish Minimum Length in Inches American Shad 20 Bluegill 10 Brook Trout 14 Brown Trout 18 Bullhead, Catfish 14 Carp 25 Chain Pickerel 23

Species of	Minimum Length
Fish	in Inches

Channel Catfish	20			
Crappies (includes black				
and white)	14			
Eel	30			
Fallfish	14			
Lake Trout	24			

Largemouth Bass 18

Species of Minimum Length Fish in Inches

Muskellunge	30
Northern Pike	25
Rainbow Trout	18
Rock Bass	10
Sheepshead	20
Smallmouth Bass	18
Walleye	22
Yellow Perch	12

RULES:

Fish must be caught in Pennsylvania public waters by legal methods during seasons open for the taking of the species involved.

Fish must be measured, weighed and recorded by fishing license issuing agent or tackle store within the state by the owner, manager, or an authorized agent of the respective establishment.

Photographs are desirable as further proof of catch but are not required.

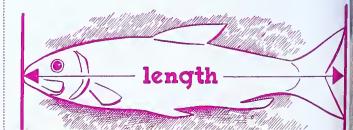
Non-residents as well as residents are eligible for citations if fish are caught under the above conditions.

Only fishing citation applications received within 90 days from date of catch will be honored.

HOW TO MEASURE:

APPLICATION FOR PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER JUNIOR FISHING CITATION

lhe Editor—Pennsylvania Angler	Date	
Pennsylvania Fish Commission, Harri	isburg, Pa.	
Please send me the Pennsylvania data listed below:	Angler Magazine's Fishin	ng Citation with the inscribed
Name (please print)		Age
Address	City	State
Species	Length	Weight
Type of Tackle		
Bait or Lure Used	••••••	
Where Caught	in	County
Date Caught	atch Witnessed by	
Measured and Weighed by		



1.6 V. 36, sw.10

Pennsylvania Joseph Cotober, 1967 Dennsylvania Joseph Cotober, 1967 Pennsylvania Joseph Cotober, 1967



THINKING?



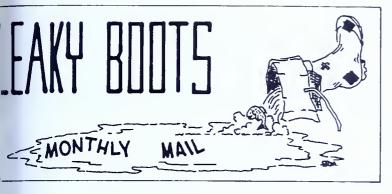
WAITING FOR A BITE?

photo by O. A. SMITH JR.

Don't think or wait any longer! Grab your pen and pocketbook, fill out the subscription blank on page 32 of this month's magazine along with a check or money order for two dollars and become a regular subscriber to the Pennsylvania Angler. Make it five dollars if you would like it for three years—and if you're already a regular subscriber fill in a friend's name.

THE PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER

THE PENNSYLVANIA FISH COMMISSION - HARRISBURG, 17120



FISH'N FEMALE" AND SEWING THREAD"

ear Editor,

A few lines of encouragement for you, specifically as to w much I thoroughly enjoy this publication. Not the fish ries in themselves, but the vital information as to where d when for boating, launching, type of craft, facilities, and especially the maps which take the guessing game tof it.

Not being an Indian, the names are a mouthful and ficult to remember, not very easy like Lake Haptacong Muskenetcong etc. found in Jersey. For an out of stater, e myself, until I build at Lake Wallenpaupack, I do preciate this information.

My hat's off to Pat Eisenhart for her article "Fish'n male." The whole family got a kick out of this humors tale. It's so true to life. I pledge my vote to give her 'Fishing Citation' for her "Stick to-itness."

One other thing. "Sewing Thread" by Ed Koch is a rific idea, however he didn't mention what number ead to use. I don't know whether to use extra fine or a heavy. Perhaps you can help me.

HAROLD L. HERMANNI BRANCHVILLE, N.J.

We're glad the boating information is useful to you. It Eisenhart has written another story for us—it will appar in the coming March edition and is titled "Leave the lines in the Sink, Girls." Would suggest picking a nylon line thread as described by Ed Koch heavy enough handle the fish you hope to catch. The pack of thread used for the picture didn't have any information about strength but it felt like about four pound test.

ANTS MORE ON FISHING!

ar Sir

just wondered if you had noticed that only 15 of 32 ges of the July edition are devoted to fishing information.

hope this trend does not continue.

Inclosed is my renewal check.

R. L. Bomberger Lancaster

The July edition of the Angler is traditionally devoted boating. In 1966 the July issue carried 12 pages on ing and 16 on boating and in 1965 11 pages were loted to fishing and 17 to boating. Both were 28 page tions whereas your 1967 Anglers are now 32 pages.

Ve're glad you had enough faith in our future editions tenew. Thanks!

CITATION THANK YOU

Dear Sir,

I wish to thank the Fish Commission for my son's Citations. He certainly is proud of them and appreciates the presenting of them by Mr. Joe Dick, the fish warden, and the Pennsylvania Angler magazine.

Thank you very much, and we appreciate the time that was taken for all that was done. We are very grateful.

Mrs. Betty Gray Garrett

FINDS MISTAKES

Dear Sirs:

In your July issue you seem to have made a few mistakes. On page three, Mr. Miller states that a Sunfish and Sail-

fish sells for about \$200 and \$300. Mr. Miller must have used an old price list, they are virtually double as per enclosed price list.

On page 18, Mr. Miller's map shows that the Pennsylvania Fish Commission supports a ramp at Upper Black Eddy in "New Jersey." Also about the Bethlehem Boat Club, "available to the public at a slight fee."

A friend of mine wanted to put his boat in at the Bethlehem Club and wasn't even allowed to drive on the property. As for Frick Boat Club, of which I am a member, the only charge there is your membership.

Incidentally, congratulations on a beautiful cover.

DAVID KESHL HELLERTOWN

Maybe you're dealing with the wrong outfit—Mr. Miller states his prices on "Sunfish" and "Sailfish" are from a pamphlet "One-Design Sailboat Classes" published by The National Association of Engine and Boat Manufacturers Inc. Then too as fast as prices on everything else seem to be going up they may well be double now the price listed in the pamphlet.

You're right on page 18! The Pennsylvania Fish Commission doesn't own any access areas in New Jersey or any other state for that matter! We suspect that arrow pointing to the New Jersey side should have been made a little longer so it would have been pointing on the Pennsylvania shore.



"I DON'T KNOW IF I'M GETTING OLD, OR IF IT'S THE POLLUTION, BUT I'VE HAD IT!"

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PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER

Published Monthly by the
PENNSYLVANIA FISH COMMISSION
COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA

Raymond P. Shafer, Governor

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OCTOBER, 1967



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Cover Art—Chuck Ripper

POSTMASTER: All 3579 forms to be returned to The Haddon Craftsmen, In 1001 Wyoming Ave., Scranton, Pa. 18509.

The PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER is published monthly by the Pennsylvania Fish Commissi South Office Building, Harrisburg, Pa. Subscription: One year—\$2.00; three years—\$5.00; 25 coper single copy. Send check or money order payable to Pennsylvania Fish Commission. DO N SEND STAMPS. Individuals sending cash do so at their own risk. Change of address should reus promptly. Furnish both old and new addresses. Second Class Postage paid at Harrisburg, Pa. additional mailing offices. Neither Publisher nor Editor will assume responsibility for unsolic manuscripts or illustrations while in their possession or in transit. Permission to reprint will given provided we receive marked copies and credit is given material or illustrations. Communitions pertaining to manuscripts, material or illustrations should be addressed to the Pennsylva Fish Commission, Harrisburg, Pa. NOTICE: Subscriptions received and processed the 10th of emonth will begin with the second month following.

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UNIOR FISHING CITATIONS

HUSKY MUSKY CLUB

PENNSYLVANIA'S YOUNG FISHERMEN are proving neir skill with rod and reel. Nearly 50 had applied or this magazine's Junior Fishing Citations given in recognition of sizeable catches by the end of August.

At the same time another project sponsored by the Pennlvania Fish Commission is getting under way—its the ew Husky Musky Club for fishermen catching Pennsylunia's biggest sport fish, the Muskellunge.

The Junior Citation program is patterned after the regular employed and angler Citation awards, only fish sizes are mewhat smaller and only those under 16 years of age e eligible. At the same time the regular Citation awards ogram is continuing to grow with a total of well over 10 expected by the end of the year for the four-year-old ogram. The Junior Citation Program was started this mmer.

Fishermen of any age catching a muskellunge are eligible r membership or honorary membership in the Husky usky Club. Catches 30 to 40 inches qualify the fisheran for an honorary membership certificate in the club hile catches 40 inches and over are eligible for a regular ub membership certificate and a shoulder patch.

Fishermen who in the past have received citations for



Musky catches automatically became eligible for regular membership in the club—for citation size for Muskies in the past was 45 inches up.

Young fishermen catching regular citation size fish can qualify for both regular citation and a junior citation, according to Nancy Mohler who is in charge of handling all Citation and Husky Musky Club awards for the commission. "In fact," she says, "a fisherman 15 years old or younger who catches a Muskellunge of 45 inches or over could receive all three awards."

Fish entered for any of the awards must be caught in Pennsylvania public waters by legal methods during seasons open for the taking of the species involved. They then must be measured, weighed and recorded by fishing license issuing agent or a tackle store within the state by the owner, manager, or an authorized agent of the respective establishment.

Non-residents as well as residents are eligible so long as the catch meets all other requirements. All applications must be received within 90 days from date of catch.



FISHERMEN under 16 years of age such as 12-year-old Gary Ransom of Genesee, Pennsylvania, who catch big fish can qualify for the new Pennsylvania Angler Junior Fishing Citation. Anyone catching a Musky 40 inches or over qualifies for regular membership in Pennsylvania's new Husky Musky Club. Shoulder patches, such as the one shown on the left, are given to regular members. Musky 30 inches to 40 inches qualify the fishermen for honorary membership in the club.

3



JUST IN CASE YOU CATCH AN HERE'S HOW TO GO ABOUT

HANDLING BIG HSH

by BILL WALSH

BIG FISH—

Every fisherman longs to catch a truly "Big One." Even the most casual sun-soaking, bankwarming cane pole devotee of lethargy will stir himself to battle a monster. But most of us, for a reason best put down as "human nature" . . . will wait until the line screams off the reel to wonder how—once hooked—we'll handle such a fish. Let's look at some of the factors, or rules if you will, you can make your mind up to in advance.

Tactics vary with the species of Leviathan you have hung. You "handle" a big river trout with more deference than a big river walleye of the same size. Either fish may give you some stream-bank, obstacle course exercises if he gets into your backing. But the differences loom larger than the similarities after that.

For one thing you'll let the fly-hooked trout jump in order to spend some of his rod-fighting vitality in the air. The walleye, however, with a heavy lure hanging at the corner of his jaw, will be slapped down unceremoniously. Reason: the fly won't shake out, but in the air, the lure has leverage which can . . . and often does . . . loosen the hooks.

Of course, walleyes rarely jump and you don't have this problem with them so often. Perhaps northern pike or nuskies would be better examples for comparison with a pig trout in river fishing EXCEPT that it's important to remember that while walleyes seldom jump they sometimes lo... and that more often than that they'll shake the lure in the manner described right at the edge of the boat while the fisherman is congratulating himself on his victory.

The main point is you can't wait until after the jump to lecide what to do. That's often too late! To allow that pig river trout we're talking about to jump so that you're nandling him you've got to give him line at the instant of he beginning of his leap. Generally, lowering the rod tip and surrendering the coils in your line hand will suffice.

To shorten the airborne career of the walleye, muskie, northern or bass you must begin to pull him back into the vater just a half-second BEFORE he tries to leave it. In hallow water this isn't easy but you usually get some inlications of a jump before it happens. Except, perhaps, or some of those mad-dash first-hooked acrobatics a blue-fill will startle you with.

If you're like me, these "right-away" leaps leave you tanding there in a "which way did he go" open-mouthed ttitude. If the fish is still on when you come to life, you ake it from there.

The brown trout in the West Branch of Tionesta must ave once been crossed with baby tarpon . . . for they were amous "jump-right-away" fish. I once hooked into one of hese just at the moment a friend of mine was snapping a hotograph of me and the pool in which I fished. Although e clicked the shutter at 1/125th of a second, the hooked rout jumped three times so fast that when the picture was eveloped it looked as though I had three fish on the line. Vell . . . would you believe . . .TWO?

In some respects the equipment you start out with overns the extent to which you can handle a large fish . . . r whether the potential trophy will handle you. A fisher-

man may find himself in this situation because he put himself there (the ultralight spinning bug for example) or the situation may be accidental. I remember a time when it was purely uncalculated.

While casting for bass in Thompson's Bay—off Presque Isle State Park—I drifted my canoe past an anchored boat in time to observe both occupants bringing in carbon-copy yellow perch in the 12-inch bracket.

"How long has that been going on?" I shouted.

"Ever since we got here," one of the men grinned. Noticing the envy-green of my complexion even at some distance he goodnaturedly added, "Drop your hook. There's enough for everybody."

And there was! We'd lucked into a prayer-meetingfull of what the Erie area fishermen call Lake Perch . . . big, boldly striped sweet smelling fish the sight of which sends your mind off into the near future and a fryin' pan full of butter.

Well, I threw my anchor in and rigged up the flyrod, keeping the bass rod close at hand in case the action didn't materialize. I needn't have worried. Those perch committed suicide eagerly and happily with such speed that when I counted my catch a short time later I had 13 fish in the bucket. Since I am *not* superstitious I had the choice of throwing one back or catching another since this was in the neighborhood of all I wanted to clean and sufficient for my needs.

Incidentally, I'd caught the perch on salted minnows which was the closest thing to perch fodder in my gear. They were stashed down in one pocket of the fishing jacket, wrapped in foil, and were leftovers from a trout fishing trip earlier in the year. But the perch thought they were the genuine article. And so did the 14th fish I caught.

I wasn't prepared for it, though . . . or I'd have rigged the other rod. When what I thought was a perch began to swim off with the minnow I let it go for a second or two then set the hook. This time, however, there was no "give" at the end of the line—and the fish kept right on going as though he hadn't received my message.

Actually, it had heard every word but wasn't about to pay the slightest attention. Well, I'd tangled with an eight-pound-plus bowfin (dogfish) in Thompson's Bay under similar conditions and figured I had tied into another one of these brutes. As in the other situation . . . this fish was handling me more than I him what with me being armed with a light flyrod to begin with; anchored in a canoc in which I could not stand; the fish trying to wrap the line around the anchor rope, and ten tons of weeds for it to get tangled in on all sides.

I tried to bring the anchor in with one hand while holding the rod-tip high with the other. This is like taking one step uphill and two down on icy pavement. So I strained the outfit to what seemed like the breaking point and finally succeeded in heading the fish in a different direction—UP! Better than a yard of northern pike suddenly came half out of the water and wiggled like a belly dancer. At least I now knew what I had.

I may as well confess now that I didn't subdue the fish in the classic tradition. It bored down into a bed of weeds; got it and the leader all tangled up and eventually I got the

continued on page 26

SAFE BOATING WATER SHOW



by CAPTAIN JACK ROSS

SEVERAL THOUSAND SHIVERING spectators braved unseasonable temperatures and gusting winds to watch the Pittsburgh Safe Boating Committee's annual water show at the Allegheny Wharf this summer.

Scheduled just before National Safe Boating Week, the annual event by the Pittsburgh group underlines boating safety with displays and demonstrations of various aspects of watercraft operation.

Members of the U.S. Coast Guard Auxiliary Division VII used a trailered boat to demonstrate the Courtesy Decal examination, while the Pittsburgh Power Squadron used two cruisers in a towing demonstration.

Available for public tours were the U.S. Coast Guard Buoy Tender "POPLAR," and the U.S. Army Engineers CROWDED WATERFRONT—Vessels of the UCoast Guard and Army Corps of Engineers line Wharf at Pittsburgh as the crowd watches the nual water safety show.

Motor Vessel "CHARTIERS," a typical Western Riv towboat.

The Pittsburgh Fire Department, under Chief Ha Keller, provided a demonstration of fire-fighting technique and types of extinguishers. A spectacular appearance was made by the Pittsburgh Fire Boat "C. D. SCULLY," showing streams of water from all nozzles as it steamed by.

Watercraft Safety Officer Bill Sterling and Ward Joseph Dick of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission's Sour west Region were on hand with a display of local game for and boating safety folders, while Allegheny County Ward Paul Sowers aided with the patrol that kept spectator bo off the area where on-the-water demonstrations took pla

FIRE FIGHTING-Members of the Pittsburgh Fire

Department use a marine type dry chemical extinguisher to snuff out a tank of burning gasoline in one demonstration, while below (left) a towing demonstration is held with the TRUDIE 2, skip-pered by Dan Smyers and the SALLY R III, owned by Commander Al Danks in the Pittsburgh Power Squadron's portrayal of a typical river assist. Below (right) Col. James E. Hammer, Former chief of the U.S. Army Engineers' Pittsburgh District speaks to the group.

A demonstration of the small boat distress signals—wavng the arms vertically while extended at the sides, and a ed flare for nighttime use—was staged by members of JSCGA Flotilla 7-1.

Speakers included Col. James B. Hammer, chief of the Army engineers' Pittsburgh District; Cdr. Leonard M. Jnterein, Coast Guard officer in charge at Pittsburgh; Cdr. Edward R. Tharp, assistant executive director of the Pennylvania Fish Commission, in charge of Watercraft Safety; City of Pittsburgh Safety Director David B. Craig; William AcFarland, chairman of the Pittsburgh Safe Boating Comnittee and the Power Squadron representative, and others.

Following the program, some 300 of the spectators were reated to a free ride on the Three Rivers aboard the excursion boat "GATEWAY CLIPPER."

The shows have been staged each year in Pittsburgh at he Point since 1958, when a committee was formed under ponsorship of the Western Pennsylvania Safety Council to plan a public observance of the newly-proclaimed National afe Boating Week.

Two of the earliest members of the committee are still ctive; Robert W. Parkins, now District Commodore of the Coast Guard Auxiliary's 2nd District, and Dale K. Williams, hief of technical liaison for the Army Engineers.

The membership of the group has grown over the years

until it includes virtually every group and organization with an interest in boating safety.

Besides staging the water show each year, the committee serves as a liaison agency, bringing together representatives of government, boating groups and commercial navigation interests at its monthly meetings to discuss problems of safety on Pittsburgh's busy rivers.

The group also offers information services for news media and the general public.

Earl E. Stephan, who recently retired as head of the Safety Council, told the audience at this summer's show that the Pittsburgh committee "composed of dedicated individuals close to the pulse of boating activity on our rivers, have made, and will continue to make, an important contribution to safety in one of our most popular sports."

As evidence of the group's wide recognition, they were awarded the annual citation of the National Water Safety Congress last year, for their outstanding efforts.

Other organizations active on the committee, in addition to those already mentioned above, include the American Red Cross, Pittsburgh Chapter; Pittsburgh Waterways Assn., an organization of commercial towing interests; Pittsburgh Propeller Club, a social organization of commercial navigation people, and Three Rivers Boating Guide, a river handbook publisher.





DCTOBER—1967

THE CARP ROUGH, TOUGH FISH

MY FIRST EXPERIENCE with a fairly large carp taken on light bass tackle was sufficient to prove to me that he is truly a "rough, tough" fish. The carp which grabbed a hold of my baited hook —and held on for nearly half an hour—was 14 pounds and seven ounces.

I had tossed a soft craw into the water at the base of a 10 foot dam—and it was really boiling from the fall. Frankly, I hoped there would be a nice, large bass waiting for my baited hook. But the craw no sooner hit the water and started to settle to the bottom than it began to move. My first thought upon tightening the line was that I had hooked a rock. It wouldn't move. Then I realized that the bait had moved several feet along the base of the dam.

When I finally realized my hook was being moved and held by a fish of some sort, I immediately set the hook hard and the battle was on. Perhaps, I neglected to tell you I was fishing from the floor of a bridge which was 18 to 20 feet above the water and some 50 feet below the dam. So, vou can see I really had my hands full. Without the assistance of a fishing companion I doubt very seriously if I ever would have landed the fish. After battling the fish for several minutes—and never succeeding in getting the big fellow to come to the surface—it became apparent to both of us that my only chance of getting the fish was to "beach" it. Naturally, the only spot where the fish could be successfully worked into shallow water was at the opposite end of the bridge.

Two main problems had to be solved before I could work my way to the abutment overlooking the shallow water. I had to "get around" the upright supports of the bridge upon which I was standing. The second, considerably more serious than the first, was the "how to" of getting across the second half of the bridge. This portion of the bridge was a cantilever type. There was only one solution, I had to walk along the top of the cantilever support holding the rod in one hand while my companion held onto my other hand. Keeping the line tight and at the same time maintaining my balance was not easy.

You can bet my companion headed for the shallow waters below the bridge just as soon as he was sure I was safely across. I headed for the abutment and then the real "horsing" of the fish began. All this time we didn't know what specie of fish I had hooked. Despite the fact that I was at least 20 feet above the water and the additional fact I was never more than 50 feet from the base of the dam, we still hadn't seen the fish.

Then it seemed no more than a second or two until it was over. The fish swam into the shallow water and I finally managed to pull it to the surface long enough to see it was a carp. The carp then headed downstream, and it would soon have been all over except it just happened to swim right between my companion's legs. He immediately grabbed for the carp's head, got a tight hold and raised it clear out of the water—just as the hook pulled loose.

If you have any idea a carp is not rough on fly fishing tackle try catching them that way. I have the most fun fishing for carp with fly tackle at a time when mulberries are falling into the water. In most cases I found a black gnat works well. However, I never yet have found that pattern—or any other—which would stand up for more than three or four carp of two to four pounds. If you do decide to try to catch some carp on fly tackle be sure of a couple of things. First, be certain, if possible, of what the carp are hitting and second be sure you have a sufficient supply of the particular pattern in your tackle box.

Baiting for carp is another means of fishing for them. All an angler needs do is to place some corn—either fresh or canned will do—at a spot where he wants to take the carp. Naturally, this only works where carp already exist. Usually it works best if the corn simply is poured over the spot where the fishing is to be done. Sometimes the angler may find it satisfactory to leave the corn in the bag. In any event, the corn should not be left too long without a check being made on the carp population within the area. There may be times when it will be best to distribute the corn the day before the fishing is to be done. At other times only a short time will be required for the carp to clean all of the bait from an area.

Don't overlook the sport of spearfishing or archery fishing for carp, either. There is little restriction on either type of fishing. Of course a valid Pennsylvania fishing license is required. Other than that, about the only regulations facing the spear fisherman or the archery enthusiast are that the spearfishing must not be done at any time in a trout stream and the bow and arrow fisherman must stay out of trout waters from March 14th until the official opening of trout season each year.

It will require considerable skill to stalk and hit the carp. This is true whether a spear is used or a bow and arrow. The races below the power dams on the Susquehanna River, at certain times of the year, are favorite spots for the bow and arrow fishermen. Almost any water is good, however, if carp are present. Spawning season undoubtedly is the most productive time.

IMPROVE THE MANUFACTURED PRODUCT!



BETTER "FISH TRAPS"



by

WILLIAM J. PORTER

BUILD A BETTER MOUSE-TRAP and the world is supposed to do all sorts of strange things to beat a path to your door—to paraphrase an old adage. Actually there is a good bit of truth in it. Take some of the excellent lures on the market, for example, and let me show you what I mean by building some better "fishtraps."

There's a fine plastic crayfish with a weedless feature and a bit of weight that keeps it in an upright position in the water. The lure works well in the current of a stream, but I found strikes and, particularly, hooked fish few and far between in the quiet waters of a lake or a pond. To this "fish mousetrap" I added a small treble hook (bronzed) at the tail. One point of this hook rode upright on the back of the lure. By a slow and varied retrieve, bass hit the crayfish and more were hooked than before the addition was made. The lure did lose some of its weedless features so in the current I went back to the manufacturer's original design.

Some mice might be fussy about the color of their traps and so it is with fish. There are some excellent, time-tested, plugs that seem just a bit better with a home-made brand of color. For example, the lures pictured are in the manufacturer's finishes. The adjusted "fishtrap" is in milk chocolate brown with black spots irregularly spaced over this background. Many Juniata and Susquehanna River fishermen are familiar with this do-it-yourself color pattern that can not be purchased as such.

A Pennsylvania firm produces realistic plastic minnows in various sizes and finishes. All are proven fish attractors, but not always is the attracted fish hooked. To remedy this condition, another "fishtrap" innovation is brought into effect. The manufacturer's single hook is removed and a variety of rigs substituted. A double hook on a length of nylon is one pattern. A double hook on a wire rig with a swivel is another. For short strikes, a small double hook, threaded on nylon through the body, is attached at the tail. Another slightly larger double hook is attached to the same nylon near the center of the body to complete this third variation. In all cases I have found better success with more fish hooked per strike than with the original single hook.

As a final example of building a better "fishtrap," there's the popular flatfish-type lure with its traditional small hooks. The only adjustment here is to vary the size hooks based on what you hope to catch. I substitute larger ones for pike and muskies than those included by the manufacturer. For bass I add a larger tail treble and leave the others alone. In some instances I'll drop down to even a smaller size than the original equipment for trout and panfish. It is true that the action of the lure may change a bit, particularly with the heavier hooks; but a variation in the retrieve will usually make a satisfactory adjustment.

Don't be afraid to experiment—you might make a good product better, at least for your own fishing situation.

OCTOBER-1967



S.O.P. FOR by DALLAS P. KERR JR. CATCHING WALLEYE

As the title infers, this article was written to take a good look at the walleye from every angle, and to discuss tactics for going after them. Readers with a military background will recall that S.O.P. means "Standard Operating Procedure." I don't want to appear foolish and say that by setting down some basic guidelines you'll catch walleye everytime you dunk your line; but, as in every offensive operation and this includes hunting and fishing, a complete knowledge of your quarry's habits and position will greatly increase your chances.

This excellent table fish merits special attention. In the walleye we have a fish of an ideal size and a flavor as delicate as that of the trout, but with a minimum of pesky bones.

The walleye is called by many names: walleye, walleyed pike, jack, but you who call the walleye a pike-perch have come closest. The walleye is the largest member of the perch family (percidae).

This fish was so named because its large eyes are opaque and almost blind looking. A mature walleye is rather long, ranging up to 32 to 34 inches. He's wider up front and tapers back gradually over the length of his body. His basic color is greenish-brown on the back, pure white on the underbelly and dull brassy on the sides, which are splashed with dark blotches and may be barred with numerous greenish-yellow markings. His dorsal fin has 12 to 14 spines and he's well equipped at the business end with a large mouth that is full of needle sharp teeth, including canines; and his gill covers have sharp bones on them. It follows that one should use caution when handling these fellows.

The average-size walleye in the northeast (primarily Pennsylvania, New York, Ohio, Michigan and West Virginia) runs one to three pounds. In Canada and in parts of the extreme southern range they will run slightly larger. Although more prominent in the northern states, the U.S. tackle record was a 25 pound fish taken from Old Hickory Lake in Tennessee!!

The western range of the walleye is Arkansas and they range as far south as the Carolinas. This infringement of the walleye into western and southern waters is the reason for the record fish coming from Tennessee—a non-typical walleye state. The warmer climate provides almost year-round feeding and growing seasons which, in turn, adds pounds and inches at a much faster rate than the shorter seasons of colder northern lakes and rivers.

Although many rivers contain excellent walleye fishing, lakes outnumber rivers by a wide margin. This article pertains primarily to lake-fishing. When possible, this fish prefers clear water and likes hard bottoms of rock, gravel or sand.

The walleye spawns in the early spring immediately following ice-out, over rocky, sandy bottoms or over underwater rock or gravel bars. They need moving water, such as channel currents or vigorous wave action over shoals or beach areas, to broadcast their eggs. Due to the definite conditions they require for spawning, walleye will often migrate great distances in order to find an adequate deposit area for their eggs.

After ice-out, if you can find a feeder stream or river that enters a lake these areas can be exceptionally productive during spawning. If you're fishing in a shore bound lake

S. O. P. FOR CATCHING WALLEYE

head for the rocky sandy beach areas that are apt to have plenty of wave action.

Once the female walleye deposits her eggs she's through; the male will then spread his sperm and will leave the scene also. From this point on, the eggs and subsequently the fry, fingerlings and yearlings are at the mercy of all predators. Suckers and carp play havoc with the exposed eggs. And northern pike, bass and musky take a dreadful toll of the young fry and fingerling walleye.

When they reach yearling size, six to nine inches, the small walleye start to hold their own pretty well. They become voracious feeders—eating everything: minnows, crawfish, tadpoles, insects, worms, snails and even their own smaller brethren. As they become mature, small mice, shrews and chipmunks are added as table fare. It is generally accepted, though, that medium-size minnows are the main source of feed for walleyes.

Whether fishing from boat, bank or in lakes or rivers, tackle and terminal gear will be pretty much the same.

Any type of reel such as spinning, spin cast or casting will do a fine job on old "pop-eye." I would suggest that the ultra light reels and rods not be used. Granted, they give you more action and are considered more sporting, but a heavy, four or five pound walleye will strip the gears on many of these reels. Although he's not considered a great fighter, a lunker can really give you a run for your money, and when caught near the bottom will sulk there and use bulldog tactics to stay where he is. Once you have him on the way in he will come pretty easy, but be careful of that last three or four feet—your lunker will almost always save some energy for a final lunge to the bottom.

About the sporting end of it—well, walleye are considered number one as far as table fare goes, and I find it hard to eat "sport"!!

Any medium action rod five and one-half to six and one-half feet matched with a good reel will give you plenty of action and still have enough backbone to bring these fish off the bottom. Another reason for sturdy, medium weight tackle is that many of these fish are caught while trolling. A 14 or 15 inch walleye can really jar your rod and put gear tearing pressure on your reel. Many of these toothy bulldogs will run 25 to 30 inches and weigh four to seven pounds.

More than once, while trolling with one hand on the motor handle and a light grip on my rod, I've had to lunge over the back of the boat to retrieve a fast disappearing rod.

When trolling or plugging it's best to have your drag set tight so when you set the hook there won't be any release of line to unseat it. After the fish is securely hooked I loosen the drag and play him until he is tired enough to net.

As for line, I prefer six or eight pound test monofilament line of a good quality, such as Garcia Plytal or Stern.

For the type of lake-fishing I do I've chosen three outfits that gives me the ultimate in what I'm looking for. One is a Mitchell "300" spinning reel, strung with eight pound test Plytal on a six foot—medium light action "True Temper" spinning rod. Another is a casting reel I found last year, that hadn't been too modernized and is light enough to use on bass or panfish if I want to take a break from walleye (which isn't too often). It is an Ambassaduer—Model 2050—narrow-spool casting reel rigged with six pound Plytal monofilament. For this reel I selected a light weight, fast tip, six foot Shakespeare casting rod that allows me to use lures in the one-eighth to three-eighths ounce class.

A couple of years ago while shopping I ran across number three—an old Model 22 Zebco spin cast reel. When I found it, it had been on the display counter for probably four or five years and I promptly talked the manager out of it for under \$5.00. Then I sent it to the Zebco Company and they reconditioned it for \$2.00. When it came back it looked like a gem; I wouldn't take \$20.00 for it now. This reel is strung with ten pound mono which isn't too heavy for trolling, casting or still fishing, and in case I tie into a musky or northern I'll have a fifty-fifty chance of landing him.

Now I realize there are probably hundreds of methods used for catching walleye. Some of you wouldn't think of using live bait; others wouldn't dream of using anything else. In the years I've been fishing for walleye, I've tried all methods and I have come up with a combination of live bait, lures and most of all I've studied this fish and have tried to adapt my lures, bait and my fish sense to his habits. Most important, remember that walleye are where you find them!! I fish what is probably one of the best known walleye lakes in the eastern United States; it is Pymatuning Reservoir which is located on the Pennsylvania-Ohio border about 35 miles south of Erie, Pennsylvania. Even on this great lake there have been days when I was ready to chuck it all—but, for the most part, I've been able to get my share. Some of these rigs and methods that have paid off for me are what I would like to talk about in the following paragraphs.

Trolling with a two or three bladed June Bug Spinner and a couple of big night crawlers is my favorite rig. I use an old fashioned June Bug lure that has June Bug shaped blades, usually gold or silver with eyes painted on them and two or three number four or number 1/0 hooks trailing behind. On these hooks I implant two or three large night crawlers—being careful to leave only an inch or so of their tails behind the last hook. If the tails are left dangling too far and the fish are hitting short, you'll miss more than you get.

Always start trolling with little or no weight on your terminal rig; this is in case they are feeding at mid-depth or close to the surface. If you don't get any action attach a three way swivel to the end of your main line and use a three or four foot drag line, using a one ounce bucktail jig as a sinker. I always make this drag line out of monofilament two or three pounds lighter than my main line so if it hangs up it will break first. The reason for the jig, instead of a plain sinker, is that jigs are top notch for wall-

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A DAY IN THE FIELD

FISHING

WITH THE MASTER

As a Fish Warden in Pennsylvania, I have had the opportunity, through the course of duties, to observe thousands of fishermen pursuing their favorite pastime. Of these, some are good, some are fair, and some are rather poor, giving further emphasis to the established theory that 25% of the fishermen catch most of the fish.

Recently, I had the privilege of going fishing with a fisherman who is definitely in this 25% group; indeed, I am well convinced that he is at the top of even this select group. His name—familiar to anyone that has done any amount of trout fishing—is Mr. George Harvey of State College, Pennsylvania.

An associate professor in the Physical Education Department at the Pennsylvania State University, he is credited with establishing the first accredited fishing course in the

by PAUL ANTOLOSKY
DISTRICT WARDEN—CENTRE COUNTY

United States for students on the college level. He has given thousands of demonstrations with the fly rod and casting rod to all types of groups, and is in great demand prior to every trout season in Pennsylvania.

When I have presented the newly established Pennsylvania Fish Commission Fundamental Fishing Course locally, he has always generously contributed his time with an impressive demonstration at each school. When former president Dwight D. Eisenhower came to Pennsylvania for some trout fishing, George was selected to accompany him. Also known nationally as a famous fly tier, George Harvey's creations are the ultimate in this highly professional field. Many of his productive patterns are imitated by ardent fly fishing enthusiasts everywhere.

George and I had been trying for some time to get together for a day of fishing, but either he was busy when I

FISHING WITH THE MASTER

was free or vice versa. Finally, we did manage an agreeable date, and an eye opening experience began for me.

George had decided that he would like to fish for native brook trout on this trip so I suggested a stream that was off the well-beaten path, off of the Route 144 Ridge Road in Centre County.

Arriving at the stream and assembling our equipment, we proceeded downstream. A brief shower had just ended and the entire forest smelled beautifully sweet and fresh. After about a half hour of walking downstream, I showed George where I would start and he said he would go further downstream and fish upstream toward me. This being in mid-June, I had an ample supply of fresh small garden worms, threaded one on my hook, and approached the low, clear stream cautiously. The day was warm and bright, and looking at the first pool I could see three or four brookies fanning in the shade of a huge hemlock tree. A careful cast, a short drift, and bang, I was into a fast fighting native. Up and out he came, a keeper of about seven inches, with beautiful coloration. I could see others scurrying about the pool and decided they were too excited to bite after the commotion just caused, so I moved further downstream. A careless stumble on the bank resulted in seeing other fish scooting for cover at the next hole. A couple of small undersize brookies were caught and released from the next two holes, and then another keeper. Keeping fairly well back from the stream, I was approaching in a crouch when I saw two nice brookies finning side by side, one a little larger than the other. I flipped the worm, oh, so gently and as it hit the water, the smaller one grabbed it and dug for cover. After a short, but determined

fight, he was soon mine and I could see the other trout at the lower end of the hole. Another fresh worm was nervously threaded on the hook, a gentle cast and zing, he took it and came up wriggling and twisting all the way. After creeling him, I walked further downstream and there spotted George, in a half crouched position, false casting a fly. On his final cast the fly landed gently on the water, floated downstream for about five or six inches, a quick swirl, and a fish was on. George reeled him in and it was a beauty of about eight inches. He checked his fly, took a few more steps upstream, looked around and in back of him, and started casting again. Another perfect cast, a short float, and a smaller brookie was reeled in and released. So intent was George on his fishing that he had not yet seen me, so I stepped further back into the woods and continued to watch him working his way upstream. Passing a short shallow stretch, he looked over the area ahead of him, quickly glanced behind him, and then crouching way over to his right, he made a few false casts and the fly landed on the water twenty-five feet or so ahead of him. He made two or three casts to the same spot, received no action, and moved further upstream. Another cast, a short float, a quick take, and another brookie released. I then walked up closer to him and asked how he was making out. He had creeled six beautiful brookies and had released about twenty-five using a small deer hair fly. I noticed that he was perspiring profusely and was thoroughly wet. After watching him earlier for about fifteen minutes, I could see that this guy really worked at his fishing with zeal. We

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FUN IN

Philadelphia's Department of Parks and Recreation provides a place for city youngsters to have some fun fishing!

PHILADELPHIA

SUMMERTIME FOR CITY CHILDREN can be a lot of streetside games with little or no opportunity to go fishing like their country cousins.

But for Philadelphia children—or at least some of them —fishing isn't something they have to go to the country to enjoy, thanks to a program conducted by the city's Department of Recreation.

Utilizing a former Pennsylvania Fish Commission installation which the commission had leased from the city until 1956 the department provides a place for young anglers to learn and enjoy their sport.

Located at Linden Avenue on the Delaware River the

old Torresdale Hatchery is now used as a fishing recreation area for children up to 16 years of age.

In charge of the department's program is William Brinkman, a former employee of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission at the station, currently a special fish warden in Philadelphia County, and a recipient this year of a commendation given by the Pennsylvania State Fish and Game Protective Association.

Children visiting the area have their choice of nine ponds in which to fish for a variety of species.

Last year an estimated 25,195 children fished at the area during the summer. Some show up first thing in the morn-



by TOM EGGLER

Staff Writer, Photographer





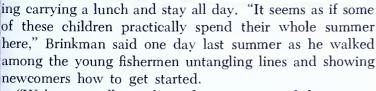


ABOVE—TWO YOUNG fishermen taking hook out of builhead caught at the ponds.

ABOVE LEFT—BILL BRINKMAN who looks after the area is the recipient this year of a commendation awarded by the Pennsylvania State Fish Game Protective Association for his work with the project.

LEFT—YOUNG fisherman holds up pickerel he caught at the ponds for Brinkman and Philadelphia County District Fish Warden Frank Rotchford and two other young fishermen to see.

BELOW-WHAT now? Youth with catch decides next step for his catch.



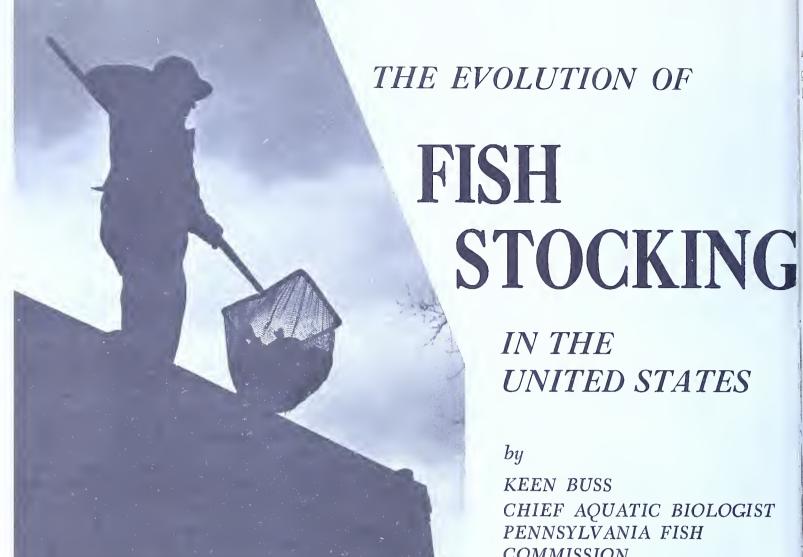
"We're open all year but, of course, most of the activity comes during the summer months," Brinkman said as he explained the operation. "We let them fish until the ponds freeze over, but we don't let them cut holes in the ice as we then let them use it for ice skating."

To keep the program going—and to make the fishing interesting and fun—keeps Brinkman and his help busy. Often they start up the Delaware long before the sun comes up to check nets set in the river. Last year they hauled in over seven tons of fish to stock in the ponds. Included were pickerel, yellow and white perch, largemouth bass, calico bass, catfish, and carp.

"It's a lot of work, but it's worth it to see the fun that these kids have," Brinkman says in commenting about the program. "A lot of them wouldn't get a chance to fish if it wasn't for this."



OCTOBER—1967



UNITED STATES

CHIEF AQUATIC BIOLOGIST PENNSYLVANIA FISH COMMISSION

THE ORIGINAL FISH resources of the inland waters of North America were among the richest in the world. These were comprised not only of a great variety of species but vast numbers of individuals of the most desirable kinds of fish. From the very beginning, these seemingly unlimited supplies of fish fed the early colonists. Peters' History of Connecticut in 1783 notes that the shad, bass and salmon more than half supported the colonists. In Pennsylvania, the shad run in the two great river systems, the Delaware and the Susquehanna, were important enough to be a factor in the Pennamite War in 1784, between Connecticut and Pennsylvania in the Wyoming Valley. The Susquehanna shad constituted food for all inhabitants. No farmer, a man with a family, was without his barrel of shad the whole year round. Inhabitants from fifty miles away would bring salt in tight barrels and trade it for shad. They would clean and sort shad on the river shore, put them in barrels and return home. By 1830, the shad fisheries were at their peak, but the diversion dams built to supply water to the Pennsylvania Canal soon destroyed the shad fisheries when the runs were stopped. After the dams were completed, the people simply concluded the fisheries were destroyed and thenceforth took little or no interest in the matter, leaving the streams subject to depredations of all sorts. Unfair

fishing of every kind was resorted to and the streams became almost entirely depleted.

Commercial fishing for game fish began taking its toll throughout the Northeast about the 1820-30's. Salmon had ceased to abound in Lake Champlain about 1823. From the 1820's to 1860 fishing results declined drastically. The fish esteemed for their food and game qualities were the first to go, these being captured by local inhabitants generally when they were congregated on spawning runs or below dams. They were used first for domestic purposes, and the remainder were sold, fed to the hogs or used for fertilizer. In conjunction with excessive fishing, dam construction, drainage of lakes, ponds, and swamps, destruction of forests and the smothering pollution of sawdust from innumerable mills, all took their toll of existing fish popu-

Kendall, a noted biologist of the early 20th Century, best explained the development of angling as the human population increased and making a living became less arduous. At first he noted, "sportsmen-anglers were few and as a rule they sought only game fishes of highest repute, in which category only a comparatively few species were admitted. Most of these were members of the salmon family. Usually salmon fishing was restricted to Canada,

as, for the most part, New England streams had been depleted, not wholly on account of excessive fishing, however, but also owing to obstructions to the ascent of salmon.

"Finally there came a time when the class of game fishes had to be enlarged by the admission of other species, and the old aristocrats of the class became less valuable as commercial food products and more valuable as objects of sport. Accordingly, when given any conservative attention at all, one after another the fish were removed from the commercial food fish class, and they legislated for the behalf of the angler. So today there is scarcely a fish, that will take a baited hook, which is not somewhere, by some angler regarded as a game fish. Furthermore, many of those species, formerly regarded as coarse fishes and neglected by the commercial market fishermen, finally became of economic importance, and they too, began to decline."

When declines became noticeable, various measures for protection of fish and restoration were enacted by state legislatures. At first, the acts concerned only food fishes with little or no concern for angler's interest. As the art of angling grew, the interests of commercial fishermen and the anglers sometimes conflicted, but eventually the growing number of anglers were responsible for special game fish laws which theoretically should have restored the fisheries, but unfortunately they almost everywhere failed their purpose.

With the failure of legislation, a new hope was born in the hearts of anglers—artificial propagation. The door had been open. In 1872, one enthusiast said, "Every stream on the Atlantic seaboard can be so filled with shad that they will sell at all the fisheries at one cent a pound within the next ten years." Another predicted that, "The time is not distant, if we may be allowed to forecast the future, when every available river or stream of the continent will be carefully cultivated as ever our soil was, for the augmentation of this great source of food."

The exuberance for stocking was carried to extremes in the latter portion of the nineteenth century. Fish culturists and sportsmen, using the newly built railroad systems had a field day introducing new species into new areas all over the United States. Methods of transportation were developed which allowed for shipment of fish from as far away as Europe.

The dates of introduction may be controversial but the era is essentially correct. In 1872, carp were brought from Germany and planted in the Pacific Coast, a short time later (1877) carp from Europe were introduced into the Atlantic drainage. The year 1883 is recorded as the time brown trout were first reared in this country at a New York State hatchery. These fish were received from Herr Von Behr in Germany. The following year brown trout eggs

were shipped from Lock Leven, Scotland. Our present strains are probably derived from these early introductions. Other species were introduced from Europe about this time. Goldfish, tench, and the golden orf were the newly arrived immigrants.

From the East Coast to the Pacific drainage were sent the shad (1871), striped bass (1879), smallmouth bass (1874), largemouth bass (1888), various species of catfish (1874) and many species of smaller sunfishes. Northern pike (1893) and muskellunge (1893) were also taken to the West Coast, but these introductions failed.

From the West Coast were brought the Pacific salmon and trout. Among these were the chinook salmon (1873) and the rainbow trout (1878). Cutthroat trout and the other four species of Pacific salmon were stocked into the Northeast over the years.

In addition, Atlantic salmon were brought from Canada to be stocked in the Delaware River in 1871.

The stocking spree reached its heights from 1891 to 1899 when 859,243,413 fish comprising 26 species were stocked in Pennsylvania. Apparently since this was not paying off in the lakes, the emphasis was turned to lake trout. In 1906, 6,170,000 fry were planted, approximately 40 per cent of the total trout production. It is certain that most of the lakes in the Commonwealth received a liberal stocking of these fish. In only three lakes did this species persist and recent biological surveys show that this would be about the number of lakes in which lake trout would be expected to survive.

The key to the early thinking of the purpose and the benefits of fish culture was that stocking was the panacea for the lack of fish in all lakes and streams. Animal husbandry was already a recognized science and great improvements had already been made with domestic animals, "Why wouldn't fish culture," they asked, "be another step in controlling and improving on nature and soon flood the waters with fish?" This, of course, was a logical assumption, but one factor was forgotten. Domestic animals are kept in a controlled environment under controlled conditions. Their chance of survival in the wild would be nil. This is pointedly emphasized in our times with the attempted establishment of wild turkey stocks. The turkey which has the best chance is a transplanted wild bird and those which cannot survive in the wild are the domestic strains. Fish reared in a hatchery must also always face the environmental resistance of the natural situations.

It was soon obvious to the more enlightened that hatcheries were not a cure-all for poor fishing and fish culture *per se* was not doing the job anticipated of it. Other factors must be operative. In 1897, Barton W. Evermann, an early

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FISH STOCKING IN THE UNITED STATES

icthyologist, noted that "... to do this work intelligently (stream stocking) it must be based upon a knowledge of natural conditions under which each species thrives, which of the factors in its environment are essential, which only desirable, which negative, and which detrimental to the best life and growth of the fish. ... This, of course, means careful observation and study of all the physical, chemical, and biological features of each stream, for these are the conditions, forces or elements which together constitute the fish environment, and which determine the presence, abundance, distribution, and conditions of the various kinds of fishes found in each particular stream or lake."

It was soon apparent to many of the early fisheries biologists that before stocking could be successful, there must be a knowledge of the habitat and the requirements of the fish to be planted. Unfortunately, this was not done, both because of lack of techniques and a lack of appreciation that this was one of the keys to better fishing.

By 1924, it was noted by a prominent fisheries authority that after stocking millions and millions of fish in the lakes and streams in the United States without any scientific in-

Cuphen

vestigation that hundreds of thousands of dollars had been spent and millions of fish had been wasted.

One weakness up until this time in the trout stocking program is now evident. The lack of good transportation facilities prevented the stocking of catchable size trout. The stocking of fry and fingerlings is subjected to one or two years of natural toll and only a very small percent if any would survive to be placed in the creel. It was not until the 30's and early 40's that roads and vehicles were available for quick and safe delivery of catchable trout on a state-wide basis. This transportation did not solve all the stocking problems but it did produce instant and better fishing. For the first time, there began to be a noticeable return for the money invested.

In retrospect, the first seventy years of fish hatcheries did not benefit the fisheries to any noticeable extent. True, some of the exotic fishes which had hatchery beginnings were based on the availability of an environmental niche in the wild rather than a successful life cycle in hatcheries. Because hatcheries could ship only the fry and small fingerlings in buckets by wagon or train, natural attrition took its toll on those which arrived safely at their destination. Promiscuous stocking of some European species such as carp has caused almost unsolvable problems. In short, the first 70 years were the years of trial and error—the years of doing something to help fishing without first investigating the need or attempting, by study, to anticipate the results.

Even at this date, there is much to be learned about fish stocking—both trout and warmwater. The effects of new introductions such as introducing largemouth bass into pickerel waters, the best species or combinations of species for the water area to be stocked, or even the knowledge of the best strains of species such as trout or muskellunge in selected water areas is still mystifying. Actually, the more that is learned, the more unanswered questions there seem to be. In the last twenty years, there have been more contributions to the knowledge of using hatchery fish as a management tool than there had been in all the previous years in history.

The future looks like a booming era for hatchery fish. Not only are commercial hatcheries straining to supply the demand of an exploding human population, but state and federal hatcheries are gearing to produce fishes for the ever-increasing reservoirs and tail-water fisheries which follow. The catchable trout program as developed in California where trout are stocked as soon as the catch decreases to a certain level, will put more and more demands on hatcheries. As certain as it is that demand is going to increase, it is just as certain that more knowledge will be required to use this increased production wisely.

CO-OP CLUBS TOUR COMMISSION COMPLEX

Members of sportsmen's clubs who are rearing trout on a cooperative basis with the Pennsylvania Fish Commission proved their interest in their projects late in the summer when over two hundred representing over half of the 65 participating clubs turned out for an "Open House" held for them at the Commission's Bellefonte complex.

Clubs from all over the state attended the half day tour of facilities at Pleasant Gap Hatchery, the Spring Creek Hatchery and the Benner Springs Research Station in Centre County.

Included on the list of "things to see" were fish handling equipment, transportation units, various types of raceways, aeration devices, food storage methods, shipping facilities, electro shocking demonstrations, mechanical feeders, self cleaning screens as well as numerous other devices and methods used by Pennsylvania Fish Commission personnel in hatchery and research operations.

Purpose of the tour was to give the club members a chance to see how the commission handles its rearing and research operations and to give them a chance to question commission personnel on procedures.

Also included on the display were various "experimental" fish such as the new Palomino rainbow, the Tiger trout, the Splake as well as Kokanee and Coho Salmon.

Robert Brown, the commission's coordinator of the statewide program, said he was "very pleased with interest and turnout" by the clubs. "I think this shows that our cooperative clubs are really interested in doing a good job, both for the commission and Pennsylvania's fishermen," Brown said.

One club member who had spent some five hours on the road to attend put it another way "This has certainly been worth the drive. I've always wanted to see this hatchery but never had the chance. It's interesting to see how things are done here."





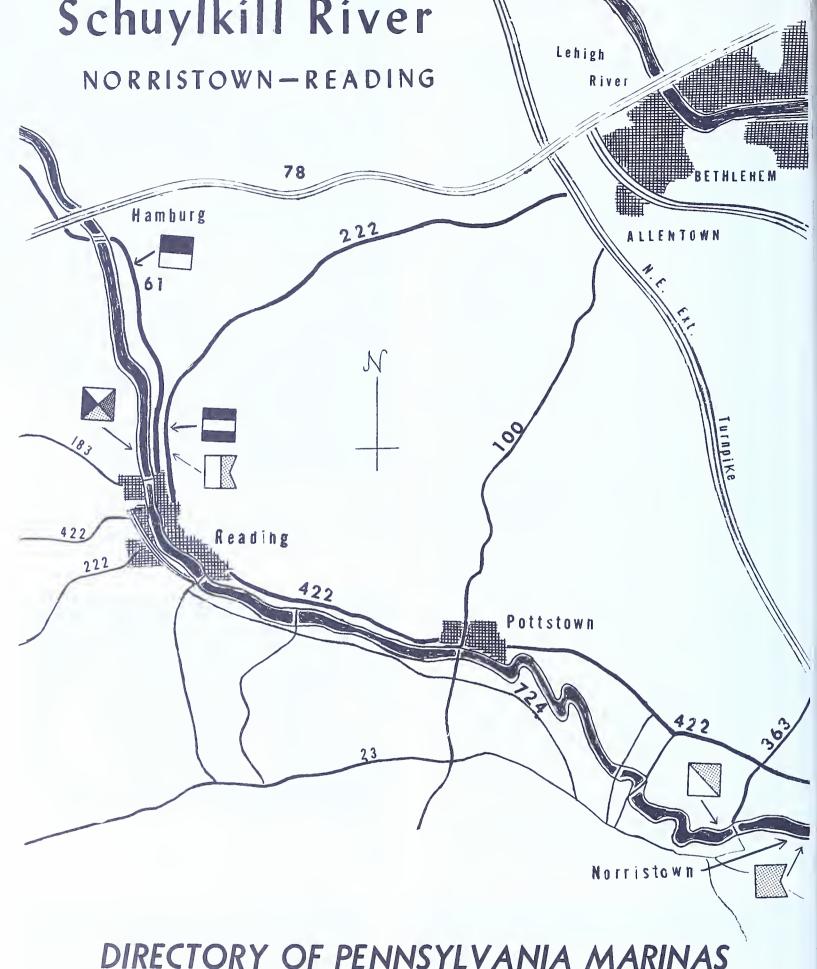
VISITORS to the Open House held for cooperative nursery clubs watch a demonstration of electro shocking equipment while below Commissioners Robert Rankin, Clarence Dietz, and cooperative nursery coordinator Robert Brown talk things over.



CLUB MEMBERS at the open house had a chance to see various "experimental" fish being reared by the commission as well as to watch hatchery and research personnel at work.



OCTOBER—1967



DIRECTORY OF PENNSYLVANIA MARINAS

ACCESS AREAS AND

BOAT RENTAL FACILITIES

BOATING

with Robert G. Miller

Pleasure boating on the Schuylkill River, from Norristown to Reading, may at certain times of the year be a "hit or miss" proposition.

Naturally there is always adequate water for canoes and rowboats but there are pools, some several miles in length, which are deep enough for larger craft.

There are launching facilities along this stretch of water and on up towards Auburn although the farther north one proceeds along the Schuylkill the shallower, and narrower, it becomes.

The city of Norristown maintains two paved ramps; beyond that is Betzwood at the Valley Forge State Park, with a Department of Forests and Waters ramp; and there are several launching areas just north of Reading.

Not indicated on the accompanying sketch is another Department of Forests and Waters facility at the Kernsville pool, located near the Auburn Dam, in Schuylkill County. This, however, provides just a ramp and parking space.

A brief outline of the facilities, as indicated by the symbols on the sketch, is as follows:

Norristown (actually this is on the north side of the river) with ramps located off the foot of Haws Street. Area provides two hard surfaced ramps, picnic facilities, parking area, refreshment stand and even a paddle wheeler for pleasure cruises. There's a charge for the use of the ramp.

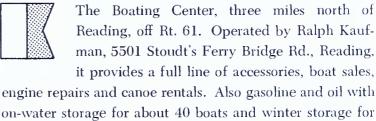


Betzwood, a Department of Forests and Waters ramp at the eastern end of the Valley Forge State Park. Separate parking area for trailers, another for cars, plus picnic facilities.



Felix pool, a Department of Forests and Waters project, near Tuckerton, off Rt. 183. However, the ramp is quite steep and not suited for trailered-in craft. Has parking area but no gas-

oline, oil or other facilities.



on-water storage for about 40 boats and winter storage for about 20. The Boating Center, telephone Leesport 926-8582, is located in just about the center of a five mile stretch of suitable water bounded on the south by the Felix Dam and on the north by shallows.



Schuylkill Boat Center, located about three miles north of Reading, off Rt. 61. Operated by Ollie Brubaker. Provides a surfaced ramp, parking, gasoline and oil.



Pennsylvania Fish Commission ramp off Rt. 61, about two miles south of Hamburg. Ramp and parking facilities.

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MODERN CAMPING

bу

DEL & LOIS KERR

There is no room for doubt. Kettle Creek State Park in Clinton County is the cleanest, most litterfree state park we have seen. Foreman Joe Evanco and his four-man crew are justly proud of its appearance. It is little wonder the park and reservoir, Alvin R. Bush Dam, won a national award recently.

Correctly, the park's Bush Dam won the Army Chief of Engineers First Annual Award for Conservation of Natural Beauty. A panel of nationally-known landscape architects and an eminent agronomist selected the winning area on the basis of its "general excellence in concept and execution, preservation of outstanding scenic values, and protection of the natural landscape during construction." Numerous areas throughout the country competed.

Kettle Creek Park, located nine miles northwest of Renovo and just south of Cross Fork, is an 800-acre recreational area lying deep in state forest lands. The park retains the original name, but the reservoir, completed in 1962, was later renamed in honor of the late Alvin R. Bush, who was an active promoter of flood control in the Susquehanna River Basin.



BEAUTIFUL George Stevenson Dam in Sinnemahoning State Park offers excellent fishing and swimming.

Mountains, heavy forests and rugged natural beauty make the area an ideal site for recreation. Focal point is 160-acre Bush Dam itself which provides swimming, boating and above average fishing. And for campers, two separate areas total more than 85 units while overflow facilities extend usage to 110 sites.

The main campground lies high in a wooded area, offering a sweeping view of the park and lake. Sites are not marked or numbered, but campers have plenty of room,

even for large travel trailers. Sanitary facilities, although not flush-type, are spotlessly clean. For those preferring campsites with stream-side fishing possibilities, the second area, two miles south of the main sector is located in a heavily wooded section bordering Kettle Creek.

Foreman Evanco, a camper himself, contends that many changes have taken place in modern camping. "A campground today must appeal to the woman," Joe said. "Outdoor life is now a family affair. People wouldn't stay at a motel or hotel with litter scattered everywhere. Campgrounds are no different." He said that campers and picnickers alike make every effort to keep grounds as clean as when they came.

Kettle Creek is a vacation-oriented park rather than merely an overnight convenience. A concession stand and store provide basic food supplies and light lunches. Boat launching and mooring accommodations are available. The park is located in the largest state forest in Pennsylvania and second only to the Adirondacks as the largest uncommercialized area east of the Mississippi.

Many anglers have been disturbed over the big Kettle Creek fish kill. According to Joe Evanco, fishing is as good as it has ever been. "Insect life," Joe said, "was not killed. Since the first of the year 13,500 legal-size trout were stocked in the lake. I know less than a quarter of the fish have been caught!"

Another spot just being discovered by campers in Sinnemahoning State Park, located on Route 872, not far from Emporium in Cameron County. It contains 160 acres, also in Elk State Forest. George Stevenson Dam, one of the first flood control reservoirs in the state, provides a 142-acre lake for swimming, boating and fishing.

Sinnemahoning's campground was opened August, 1965, with 22 sites. An overflow unit will allow a total of 35 units. This particular park is long and narrow, paralleling Route 872. The campground is located several miles from the main park area, in a section that offers privacy and seclusion. For fishing, the First Fork of the Sinnemahoning Creek flows past the campground before emptying into Stevenson Dam. Brook, rainbow and brown trout, small-mouth and largemouth bass, walleye and pickerel are caught consistently as well as sun fish, bluegills, bullheads and suckers.

We talked with park foreman Ed Henry concerning conditions of crowding. "There were 7,500 people in the park on the Fourth of July," Henry said. "The campground does fill up on holidays, but campers ordinarily have their pick of sites." He added that many people are not aware that a campground exists at Sinnemahoning. "As a matter of fact," he commented, "the camping area has been open for over a year. I have no doubt it will be quite a popular spot in years to come."

S. O. P. FOR CATCHING WALLEYE—



eye, so why not take advantage of them. By using a jig for a drag or sinker you have a double threat going for you.

Another good rig, especially on a windy day when the water is choppy, is to tie on a medium size minnow rig or a small-blade single hook June Bug and use a two or three inch minnow as bait. I usually don't weight this down. Be sure and head into the wind so you're able to troll as slowly as possible. If your bait is moving, walleye will usually swallow the minnow when he strikes. So the rule of thumb here is; if you're moving, such as trolling or reeling in a lure or bait, set the hook at the first good strike.

Next to trolling with a June-Bug spinner, my second favorite method and overall most productive is drift fishing with a "gob" of worms. This is a simple rig to hook up. When I'm drift fishing or still fishing I always attach a small, single-bladed Indiana Spinner to the snap swivel on the end of my line. I've caught fish without it, but it seems to give drifted bait a certain something. But back to the 'gob"—attach a number six snelled hook off the Indiana Spinner and another one about two feet above it on the main line, using a plastic line attachment. Then about ten or twelve inches above the second hook put two number "0" size split shot. I feel the number and the way the crawlers are attached to the hook is important. Take two crawlers and hook them several times so they represent a "gob;" then hook a third worm so about three inches dangles from the hook. Don't worry about a walleye not being able to get it into his mouth. I've caught nine inch yearlings regularly with these gobs. The best results from this rig comes when you're able to drift at a fast pace and the boat is rocking gently in an up and down motion. Leave out only enough line so that the hook is trailing or bumping across the bottom. The more lines you have in the water, the better your chances will be; so when space permits it, put two lines out, one on each side of the boat.

Regardless of whether you're trolling, drift fishing, still fishing or casting plugs, whenever you catch a fish either stop and continue fishing or troll back through the area. Walleye are school fish and, usually, where one is caught there will be others.

On a calm day, when the lake is like a mirror, use the same hookup that you would for drifting with worms except substitute two lively three inch minnows for worms on one of the rods. Drop your worm rig close to the boat and cast the minnows 15 to 20 feet off the side, and retrieve them slowly. Many times when they get close to your worms the walleye will take the minnow. This is when I let them run or play with the bait for a while, but as soon as you notice a strike or your line starts going out set your reel on free spool or open bail, and let the fish take it until he stops. When he starts out again set the hook with a firm yank.

Probably there are 50 or 100 lures on the market that work well on walleye, such as the Eppinger Daredevle spoon, River Runt, Jointed Pikie, various spinning lures and so on. But I find that I'm kept pretty busy with the above four methods and why kick a good thing just to try something new?

There is one lure I enjoy using though. It's the lead headed, bucktail jig that runs about one-half to threequarters of an ounce and is approximately three inches in length. Try using a jig while drifting or still fishing with minnows or worms; invariably things will liven up!

Use a jig as the name implies—jig it! Cast it out 30 or 40 feet, let it settle to the bottom, and then bring it in in a series of short jerks. Do this by raising your rod tip sharply while reeling at a normal speed. Most of the strikes will come just before the lure touches bottom or immediately after you've raised it off the bottom. As soon as you feel resistance set the hook, keep a tight line, and horse him a little bit for walleye have a knack of throwing jigs, possibly due to the heavy head on them.

Once they have spawned walleye will head back to their regular haunts. And, here again, knowing their habits and the lake you're fishing will help you catch these fish. As a rule of thumb, I stay in closer to shore near sand bars or drop-offs during the late spring and early summer, and then, as July approaches, I head for deeper water. If you know where the channel is in a given lake, fish to both sides of it, and move your boat in a zig zag course back and forth across the channel. But, if, at any given time, you're not catching fish or getting any strikes forget the time of year and try something different—say you're fishing deep, head for shore or vice-versa. The different rigs I've mentioned can be used in deep or shallow water by adjusting the amount of weight being used. If in doubt about what to do next—slow down or speed up. Sometimes an abrupt change in tempo will be just the ticket to start them hitting.

I've covered many of the essential facts about walleye; size, color, habits and some basic rigs that are as old as the hills but proven producers. Now, it's up to you—you must love to fish and especially for walleye.

There are probably as many ways to cook walleye as there are ways to catch them, but my favorite is to fillet them, dust with flour, salt and pepper and fry in pure butter in a sizzling hot skillet. If possible, stop at an island or on shore, build a wood fire and fry them right from the stringer. I'll guarantee that this will be an experience you'll remember for many years to come!!

OCTOBER—1967



SINGING TO THE FISH?

■ The other day, while patrolling one of our local lakes, I came upon a trio of lady anglers. One of them asked me how to get a fish out of the lake. She said they had been there all afternoon and hadn't caught a fish. One of them told me that they had even tried singing to attract the fish. We talked for a while and just as I started to leave one member of the group, while humming a little tune, hooked and landed a very fine calico bass. They're still trying to figure out if my being there brought them luck or if it was really their music that did the trick?—District Warden CHARLES A. HERBSTER (Lackawanna and S.E. Susquehanna Counties).

NO FISHERMEN—HOT CAR!

■ Recently I have been receiving complaints of fishermen or motorists parking on a cultivated field along the Neshaminy Creek. Thus far, I have had no luck in apprehending any of these people. One day in early July special warden William Fink came across a parked car in this particular field. This was the same area I had been receiving complaints about. Deputy Fink determined to apprehend the culprit. He waited six hours (with no luck) for the motorist to return to his car, and finally got the feeling that something wasn't kosher. He then contacted the local peace officers, and upon investigation of the car, they found that he had been watching a car stolen in Scranton and abandoned in lower Bucks County!—District Warden MICHAEL BADNER, JR. (Bucks and Northampton Counties).

GOOD NOSE!

While Warden Valentine and I were working the display at the Logan Valley Mall a young family came by with four children. The youngest were a set of twins about 2½ years of age. One of the twins stopped in front of us and sniffed. He then called: "Hey Mom, I smell candy." Mom tried to quiet him but by that time we had the bag of peppermints out and were seeing that each had some. While they were too young to care much about fishing we feel sure we made a couple of friends for the Fish Commission.—District Warden CLOYD W. HOLLEN (Blair County).

OUT OF STATERS—

■ During an "Out-of-State Visitor Use Count" and "Total Fishermen Count" conducted at Koon and Gordon Lakes—the water supply for the city of Cumberland, Md.—there were 56 out-of-state cars, from Md., W. Va., Ohio, Tenn., N.J., Florida and New York.—District Warden WILLIAM E. McILNAY (Bedford and Fulton Counties).

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GOOD ADVICE!

■ One rainy evening after dark while on patrol along the Raystown Branch I saw a light near the waters edge. Curi ous as to whether the fisherman was having any luck, decided to take a look.

As I approached I could see he was excitedly battling a good size fish. He kept up a steady stream of chatter while he fought the fish and when he finally landed it his prize turned out to be a very large eel.

I held the light and, try as he might, the fisherman could not pick up the slippery eel. He would grab and the ee would squirm. This went on for a while and I laughed to myself thinking it was all very comical. Finally I suggested that perhaps if he rubbed his hands in the mud he might be able to hold the fish. He did as I suggested and was able to hold on to the eel. I wish this was the end of the story, but it isn't.

Holding on to the eel with a death grip the fisherman said "Now what do I do?" Again I made a suggestion. "I'l cut the line and you crack his head against the tree." Look ing like the Mighty Casey, he stood on one side of the tree while I stood on the other. He took a mighty swing the eel slipped and went sailing through the air. Guess who got hit right smack in the kisser with a wet slimy eeli—District Warden JAMES T. VALENTINE (Huntingdon and Fulton Counties).

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SWIMMING LESSONS?

While patrolling Bassets pond I stopped at Green's Picnic Grove and Boat Livery. On that day the Lackawanna Trail School District was conducting swimming classes for area youngsters. As I watched the swimmers I noticed something moving in the water, near a floating dock. As it came closer, it could be seen it was a small animal. It swam in and out and around the 100 or so young beginners in the class area and then, as if it had seen all it wanted to, swam into the beach and casually waddled away. We never did get to ask young Mr. Woodchuck if he was there for swimming lessons or on a fishing trip—District Warden CHARLES A. HERBSTER (Lackawanna and S.E. Susquehanna Counties).

AWAY FROM IT ALL!

On Bear Creek within the Allegheny National Forest, I checked a fisherman who was camping. He told me he was from Philadelphia, and that he and some friends had planned a trip camping, but that it had fallen through so he got a Pennsylvania road map, and saw the Allegheny National Forest was the biggest "green spot" on the map.

TREAM NOTES Cont.

Packing camping gear, he got in his car and there he was. He said I was the first person he had talked to in three lays. As I was leaving, he was getting his breakfast of pacon and eggs, and I couldn't help thinking of what a change it must be to come from a large city to a wilderness.

-District Warden BERNARD D. AMBROSE (Elk County).



VEW METHOD!

While on Motorboat Patrol on Lake Wallenpaupack acompanied by WSO O'Hara and Deputy Game Protector Manhart, we observed a man in a pram with a rod in his and and no other person in the boat. Upon asking for his ishing license and seeing that the line was in the water, he man told us he wasn't fishing, but rather that the other ellow was doing the fishing. While we were questioning im the line started to move as if there was a fish on the and of it. We couldn't quite figure out how this fellow ould think we were that far gone—since he had told us hat there was a hook on the end of the line and a worm in the hook. He then told us that the other man, the isherman, was on the bottom of the lake with his skin living equipment and was looking for fish and when he vould find one, he would jig the worm in front of it and ry to get it to bite. We asked that he pull his fisherman ip so we could check his license and he had quite a truggle with his "fish." When the fisherman came to the urface, I asked for his fishing license and sure enough he produced it. P.S. He didn't catch any fish.-District Worden OSEPH E. BARTLEY (Pike County).



NEW BAIT?

After stocking the North Fork of Little Beaver, I reurned to a previous stop to see if the fish were biting. I noticed a gentleman, who's name I later learned was Finlay J. Klingensmith, R. D. #1, Freedom, take six brook trout in minnows. He cut the pelvic fins off the trout he had aught and began using these fins as bait. Much to my imazement, he caught two more trout and left for home with his limit.—District Warden PAUL R. SOWERS (Beaver County).



During the early summer Mr. Nelson Names of West Mifflin, Pa., caught a 27 inch eel at Sugar Lake in Crawford County using a worm for bait. This I feel is unusual for I have questioned numerous old timers in the vicinity and hone ever recall the catching of an eel from this body of vater before.—District Warden CLARENCE W. SHEARER (Venango County).



Fishing stories are always plentiful and many are amusng. Logan Branch, in Centre County, like many other treams, was very crowded on opening day of the current rout season. Being a narrow stream many fishermen do not wade it at all as it is easily fishable without wading. An old fisherman was fishing his favorite spot from the bank and an eager younger fisherman was wading closer and closer to the old man. Finally the younger man asked, "How's the luck, old timer? Are you catching anything?" The old man shot him a steely glare and retorted, "How do you expect me to catch anything when you're standing on my bait!"—District Warden PAUL ANTOLOSKY (Centre County).

LOVE, MARRIAGE,—AND FISHING!

Special Fish Warden Robert Leister's daughter, Sharon, was married on April 15th, 1967 at 10:00 A.M.

At 5:00 A.M. the nervous groom was soothing his nerves by fishing the opening hours of the trout season.

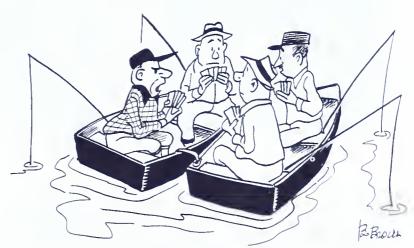
The equally nervous father-of-the-bride could be found patrolling the Unami Creek from midnight to 8:00 A.M.

These men are truly dedicated.—District Warden FRANK ROTCHFORD (Philadelphia-Montgomery Counties).

ERIE CATCHES OFF SHORE—

■ Lake Erie walleyes (yellow pike) are making a good come-back. It has taken a great deal of talking to get the fishermen to troll for walleyes again. In early summer fishermen started to catch walleyes in Presque Isle Bay and word got around so fishermen started trolling in Lake Erie once more. Now they're finding schools and good catches are common. Two Pennsylvania Angler Citation walleyes were reported—Elmer Perti, 1606 Myrtle St., Erie took a 10½ lb., 31¾ in. off the mouth of Elk Creek and Dan Schroder, Gay Rd., North East took a 11¼ lb., 32 in. off Twenty Mile Creek. Both fish were caught in about 20 ft. of water—off shore.—District Warden NORMAN E. ELY (Erie County).





"Why did we ever bring our wives up here to our fishing lodge anyway?"

BIG FISH continued from page 5

whole mess into the boat. Now I'm not saying that you can't land big fish on a flyrod. Friend of mine takes big tarpon on a rod not much bigger than the one I take trout fishing.

It was a splendid example of unpremeditated helplessness. It proves that while you may know how to handle fish you often cannot. But when you are in position to control the battle, a number of rules are in order. The first involves something you do BEFORE you hook the fish.

SET THE DRAG TO BELOW THE BREAKING POINT OF THE LINE

The weight of a heavy fish has nothing to do with the setting of the drag. It's the pound test of the line that is your principal concern. In other words, if you have a 12-pound test line and you set the drag for ten pounds . . . you should be able to land a hundred-pound muskie if everything ELSE works out all right.

RAISE THE ROD TIP AS HIGH AS PRACTICAL

Whether you're in a boat, standing on shore, or in water up to your armpits, get that rod tip up as high as you can and still work your reel handle. The higher the rod tip—the more the rod is working for you.

GIVE LINE—BUT NOT SLACK LINE

The rushing fish is wearing himself out. Let him have the line he wants when he wants to run. It's like the use of garlic in salad dressing, however, in that enough is enough and too much is too much.

FOLLOW IF NECESSARY

Wading salmon fishermen consider it part of the game to follow rushing fish on the dead run. Depending on the circumstances, any fisherman can better his hand by getting closer to the fish, whether it be by moving a drifting boat closer or by getting there on foot. River muskies . . . and even river carp . . . are wont to put great distances between themselves and the angler they've hooked.

DON'T HURRY

The one experience or sensation shared by every angler who ties into a truly big fish is that everything seems to happen in a hurry. Nevertheless, the clock isn't ticking away any faster than before the fish was hooked. It's only that your heart is pumping faster and your metabolism is way up. That's fine. It's one of the reasons you fish. But resist the temptation to hurry. Settle down; fight your fish; land him.

There is something to be said about handling large fish after they're close enough to get your hands on them or your net under them. When it comes to trout, walleyes, northerns and muskies, the net is the better rule. A bass, properly played, can be plucked out of the water with ease with the thumb-forefinger method which completely deactivates both large and smallmouth bass.

As for taking lures out of the defeated fish . . . if it is in the pike or bass family, use pliers and gloves. Even the gill covers on a large northern or muskie are sharp enough to lacerate tender hands.

One other thing . . . after you've hooked, landed and un-hooked that big one, be sure to enter its application for a Pennsylvania Angler Fishing Citation (if taken in Pennsylvania and larger than minimum size requirements.) Good luck!







FISHING RODEO—

Some 650 youngsters took part during the summer in a Fishing Rodeo sponsored by the State College Area Department of Parks and Recreation.

Held for the first time this year, director Robert H. Ayer expressed happiness with the success of the event. In a

letter to Jerry Zettle, on whose property the contest was held, Ayer stated he hoped it could be repeated in following years.

Zettle, who is superintendent of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission's Bellefonte Hatchery, said in telling about the rodeo, "Those kids sure had a lot of fun."

DELAWARE FEDERATION HOLDS FISHING DAY FOR AMPUTEES

The Delaware County Federation of Sportsmen's Clubs held a fishing day for a busload of amputees from a nearby Naval hospital this summer.

The trout fishing started about 10:00 a.m. at the Colonial Grist Mill fishing area at Markham and lasted all day. Fishing equipment was furnished for the group as members of the federation helped get things started.

In total the group caught 286 trout, ranging in size from 11 to 21 inches.

Several members of the group were from other parts of the country and, according to Shorty Manning, outdoor writer for the Interboro News, many had never fished before.

"It would be very difficult to find a happier bunch of fellows than those that boarded that big oversized bus that P.M. for the return trip," Manning said in writing about the event in one of his outdoor columns.



"SHORTY" Manning and Fishermen

FISHING WITH THE MASTER continued from page 13

then relaxed on the bank and smoking a cigarette, we remarked how peaceful and beautiful the atmosphere was.

George was eager to get started again so I told him that I'd just as soon tag along and watch him fish. A bit further upstream we approached an area that was fairly thick with low hanging hemlocks and alders overhanging the stream. He stopped and looked the area over and I said to myself, "He'll never get a fly in there." Then George dropped to one knee, worked out a little line, made a few false casts, and the fly was floating gently on the top end of the small pocket under the hemlocks. A short float, a quick swirl, and a nice brookie was landed. I saw it, but I couldn't believe it.

Working further upstream, a rotted stump at the lower end of a nice pocket of water presented an obstacle for a conventional cast. George made a few false casts, then executed a forward cast with a slight right-handed curve, and the fly landed jauntily about two feet upstream from the stump. Another swirl and another brookie was hooked and released. Continuing upstream it was the same story. Keeping well back, George would make a few false casts, a fish would hit, and other brookies were caught and released.

We then approached the part of the stream that I had been fishing earlier, and he proceeded to take seven trout out of the three holes that I had fished, releasing all of them. By this time he had caught somewhere in the vicinity of fifty trout on dry flies in a period of a few hours.

On the way back to the car, I tried to piece together this fantastic display of the effective use of the fly rod by a masterful fisherman. A perfectly balanced rod and a good line to match, a fairly short leader of about six feet or so,

and a well greased fly constituted the equipment. Of course, this was part of his success, but the approach and the casting I believe was more important. I had noticed that he always kept well back from the spot on the stream to be fished. I also noticed that he often kept low, and looked for the lane or hole through the trees and limbs behind him where his line could travel on his back cast. This was surprising for me and perhaps it will be for you also. The next time you are fishing on a stream that looks brushy or tough to fish, just take a second look and shift vour position around by bending or kneeling and you will find an area that will give you ample room for a back cast. When attempting this type of fishing, you should be prepared to lose a few flies, although George did not replace the fly he was using while I watched him. Fly fishing on a small mountain stream is definitely not for the beginner, but watching a masterful fisherman like George Harvey work makes it look easy.

On another trip on the upper reaches of Marsh Creek in Centre County with George I dropped him off at a designated point and picked him up thirty-five minutes later. He had a limit of nice native brook trout in his creel.

George Harvey has spent most of his life fishing and teaching thousands of others to fish. I had heard and read a lot about George's feats with the fly rod but I found out first-hand it was all true.

Casting a fly in an open gymnasium at a target is one thing, but casting a fly in cramped quarters and catching fish repeatedly under the most difficult conditions, is another. To observe a true artist working with the tools of his chosen profession, whatever it may be, is always an exciting and rewarding experience.

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NIGHT WATCH

by L. JAMES BASHLINE

LAST OF A SERIES

Fishing techniques which worked on the Allegheny have worked other places as well. To generalize, we could observe that the best locations to night fish are the tails of deep pools and the intersections of small spring runs and larger streams. The primary reason trout—and especially big trout—frequent the tail races is that food is more plentiful there and can be looked over with ease. The fisherman doesn't often spot big trout in these locations during the day simply because this position is much too vulnerable. In larger streams that are inclined to become a bit warm during the summer months, the small spring entrance to such waters is a natural. The lower water temperature draws trout like a magnet.

All serious trout fishermen know the value of familiarity with the stream they intend to fish. Successful night fishing requires knowing the pools intimately. The depth of the water, the velocity of the current and every snag should be memorized. The student night fisherman will still be hung up considerably—its part of the learning process. To distinguish a snag from the strike of a good fish is learned by doing and no amount of words will ever explain it. When to strike at night is probably the most difficult part of the game. At times a strike will feel like a gentle "pull" on the rod tip. This type of strike is most common when the flies are being retrieved slowly at a depth of two feet or more. Again, the strike may be chub or shiner trying to tackle something too big for his



A CATCH FROM THE GOODSELL HOLE



size, and then again it could be a big brown. The real earth-shaker strike and the one that usually brings about the conversion of a non-believer is the slashing jab that occurs when the flies are being fished on or near the surface. This kind of strike usually occurs when the trout are doing some surface feeding and is usually done with such positiveness that there can be no mistake about what is happening. With any strike (or possible strike) after dark when using the big wet flies it is good insurance to "give 'em the iron." The flies you use for this kind of business are much larger than the daytime counterparts and require a stiff jerk to be fastened in the mouth of a coarse jawed brown.

"(When the big browns are really taking after dark, they don't fool around. They hang onto the fly for a second or so and this gives you plenty of time to strike.)"

It comes as a considerable shock to many dry flyers that trout, particularly brown trout, can be lured to such flamboyant concoctions as a Silver Doctor, a Professor or the salmon tie of the Jock Scott. To these fellows anything larger than a No. 14 light Cahill is regarded as saltwater tackle and decidedly not the sort of thing that a well educated brown would be interested in. Some of the better night patterns do not remotely suggest any natural food. Why do trout take them after dark? It's fun to speculate it may be out of hunger, sheer curiosity or anger. But they do work with astonishing regularity. Twenty years of night fishing with the big wet flies has resulted in the theory that a good night pattern should contain at least one of three ingredients. These are peacock herl, silver or gold tinsel and a bit of red. The red can take the form of a spray of crimson topping, a wool tag or perhaps a red tail.

A rough-shod analysis arrives at these conclusions: peacock herl offers an iridescent sheen that is not available on any other feather. Peacock herl bodied flies have always been good daytime producers. It isn't too scientiful perhaps—but the material just looks "buggy." Tinsel, of course, adds some glitter that might suggest small minnows. The red can be explained by the fondness that nearly all game fish display for the color of blood. The color in nature usually means a wounded and helpless creature that can be easily captured. However, the trout apparently want their blood in just the right quantity, for an all red fly seems to kill the idea. Have you ever caught a trout on the Scarlett Ibis?

"(Next to the Yellow Dun, my choices would be the Silver Doctor, the Governor and the Professor. The Professor was a great favorite of Eddie Cauffield and he took a lot of big trout from the Goodsell on it.)"

PENNSYLVANIA CONSERVATION EDUCATION WEEK, OCTOBER 15-21

The week of October 15 through 21 has been proclaimed Pennsylvania Conservation Education Week by Governor Raymond P. Shafer. The theme "Teach Total Environment" has been chosen "to impress upon all citizens that each individual must understand that he is dependent on, is affected by, and affects his total environment."

"Hopefully we will motivate young people to become aware of the conditions of their immediate surroundings whether it be rural or urban and to take on new habits of stewardship," a letter announcing the proclamation states.



SUPERIOR SALESMAN were district fish wardens Ken Aley of Potter County and Stanley Hastings of Cameron County who, during the annual two-day Woodsmen's Carnival at Cherry Springs State Park, sold nearly 100 subscriptions to the Pennsylvania Angler. In the background is assistant warden supervisor Norm Sickles.

LICENSE BUTTONS NEEDED

Have any old fishing license buttons?

William W. Britton, former chief of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission's Law Enforcement Division, is looking for some to complete a set.

Needed are buttons from years 1927, 1935, 1941, and 1945. Anyone with buttons for any of those years should contact Mr. Britton at 411 North Fourth Street, Lemoyne, Pennsylvania.



EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission Robert J. Bielo speaks at groundbreaking ceremonies of the Sandy Lake State Park project in Mercer County. (photo by Steve Szalewicz)

New Commission President

Howard R. Heiny, Williamsport, was elected president of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission at its summer meeting held in Harrisburg July 24. Heiny, 61, a long time community leader in the Williamsport area, was reappointed as a member of the commission in January of 1966 for an eight year period. Douglas McWilliams of Bear Gap was elected vice-president



FISHING SCHOOL STARTING SOON

Fish Warden Art Herman of Westmoreland County shows young Dave Maher the correct method of holding his fishing rod during a recent class at a fishing school conducted jointly by the Latrobe Park and Recreation Board and the Pennsylvania Fish Commission.

Many such schools are held during the winter months throughout the state covering various phases of fishing and tackle use. The schools are open to all ages and often it isn't unusual to find a six and 60 year old side by side in the same class. Persons interested in attending a class should contact their district fish warden.





GIRLS LEARNING how to fish! Bucks County District Fish Warden Mike Badner explains fishing equipment to group of over a hundred girls who attended a fishing school at Playwicki Park at Langhorne this summer. The girls were from Camp Treasure Creek. (photo by William W. Fink)



A FISHING FEATURE FOR FISHERMEN -

FROM FISHERMEN





SUNBURY FISHERMAN Jack Annis holds smallmouth bass of citation size that he caught in the Susquehanna River in Northumberland County this summer. It weighed 4 pounds, 1 ounce, and measured $20\frac{1}{2}$ inches.



SHAWNEE LAKE in Bedford County produced this 37¾ inch Musky for angler Joe Kaufman of Johnstown. It won him an honorable mention in Pennsylvania's new Husky Musky Club.



BILL STACHOWIAK missed twice before finally hooking and landing this 23 inch four pound, eight ounce brown trout from Huntington Creek. The Nanticoke angler had been fishing for the trout for about three months before he was successful.



NIGHT CATCH for Farrell, Pa., fishermen Bill Martin and Lauzy Kelly included 12 walleye, 31 channel catfish, and 6 white bass all from just below the spillway at Pymatuning Reservoir. One of the walleyes won a \$25 cash prize in a fishing contest sponsored by the Linesville Area Tourist Association. (photo by Grant Woodard, Linesville)

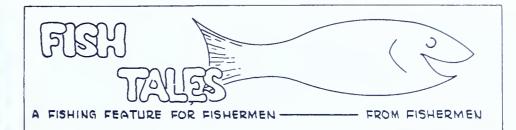


FIVE snappers should make good soup for Percival L. Seyler, Reading, who, with Mrs. Seyler, and Dr. and Mrs. George Sexton, Wyomissing, caught them at Porter's Lake, Pike County. They weighed 43, 36, 30, 18, and 18 pounds, respectively.

THIS SMALLMOUTH won a junior fishing citation for 11-year-old Waterville, Thomas Sawyer. Caught in Big Pine Creek, Lycoming County, it measured 181/4 inches and weighed 23/8 pounds.







HARRY HEATH, 14, of Reading holds 20 inch, 4 pound smallmouth he caught from Maiden Creek near Virginville in Berks County. He was spinning with a small live sucker as bait when he hit the bass.

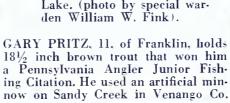
TEN POUND, 27 inch catfish was caught near Liverpool by Harrisburg angler Lewis C. Geyer.



ROGER DALO of Sharon hauled this really big musky out of the Shenango River in Mercer County this sum-ner—it measured 503/4 inches, weighed 341/2 pounds, and had a girth of 221/2 inches! He was spinning with a surface lure when he hooked the fish. John Guscar of Sharon helped him land it. (photo by Beckdol Sporting Goods Store, Sharon)



ARTHUR STUBBS, Germantown, holds 14 inch calico bass taken from Maple Beach Lake. (photo by special warden William W. Fink).



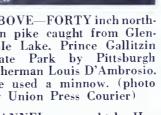


ABOVE-FORTY inch northern pike caught from GIendale Lake, Prince Gallitzin State Park by Pittsburgh fisherman Louis D'Ambrosio. He used a minnow. (photo by Union Press Courier)

BIG CHANNEL cat caught by Harvey Lupold, Duncansville at Raystown Dam, Huntingdon Co. Its 30½ inches. 12 Ibs., 1 ounce, won him a fishing ci-



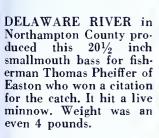




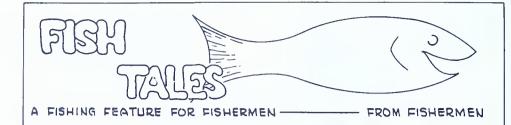




WHITE CATFISH was big enough to win Verne A. Rihs of Pittsburgh an Angler citation. It measured 221/2 inches and weighed 8 pounds, 3 ounces. He caught it on a live minnow from Glade Run Lake.









HAPPY FISHERMEN are these young winners in the Meadville Junior Fishing Contest held this summer. Kneeling is Robin Dimerling; standing are Tony Saputo, Walter Miller, Dale Krueger, Rose Ann Munno, and Patty Vogan. (photo by Photo-Graphic Arts. Meadville)



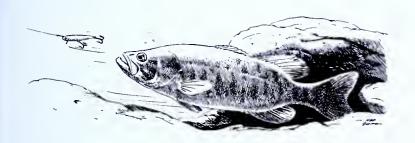
PAUL RODA of Pittsburgh holds foot long, 2 pound bluegill he caught at Tamarack Lake. It went for a worm. (photo by Edward T. Gray, Meadville Tribune)

SIGN ME UP FOR THE-

PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER

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CREEK BASS

Few anglers realize that most sizeable Pennsylvania creeks like Penn's, Big Pine, the Conodoguinet, and a dozen others provide surprisingly good smallmouth bass fishing, and some largemouth fishing as well. There's probably a good bass creek in your area. Why not try it?

Early October is a great time to fish for creek bass. The water is usually clear, the weather pleasant, the scenery at its best, and the fish full of fight.

Your regular spinning or spin-casting equipment will be perfect; so will a suitable fly rod for bugging. A large selection of lures is seldom necessary. For the spin fisherman a surface plug or two, a floating diver, one or two underwater plugs, a weedless spoon, and a weighted spinner lure will cover almost any situation. Keep them small—one-fourth ounce or lighter. The bug fisherman should have a few popping bugs, one or two hair bugs, and perhaps a few large maribou streamers.

Hip boots are usually adequate. Carry a large creel if you intend bringing home some fish.

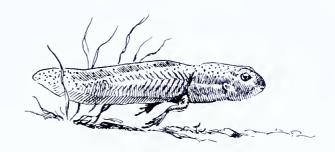
Normally, most of the bass will be found in the deeper water, especially around ledges or large rocks. Weedy areas often attract fish, particularly largemouths. Fish very carefully in low, clear water, keeping out of sight as you approach a pool and casting as gently as you can.

Creek bass are scrappy, and they're not all pint-sized. There are enough four-pounders and larger in Pennsylvania creeks to make it more than interesting.

WHAT'S GOING ON?

There's a lot of activity along streams and lake shores in October. Waterfowl have begun their migration, and V-shaped formations of Canada geese can often be seen passing overhead.

You might see the handsome osprey, or fish hawk, dropping to the water with a splash to catch an unwary fallfish. He'll soon be joining hawks of every description on their way south.



On sunny days water snakes can be seen sun bathing on rocks and on bushes that overhang the water. In a few weeks they will be hibernating in crannies under the banks.

The muskrats are preparing for winter by building new houses. You'll see these heaps of cat-tails and other plants in marshes, ponds, and shallow streams. The beaver is busier than ever cutting down small trees and dragging them to his pond where they'll be available as food when ice seals off the outside world.

The tadpoles you see in shallow water are immature green frogs and bullfrogs. Unlike the smaller species these polliwogs do not turn into frogs the same summer they are hatched, but require from one to three years to mature.

October finds our native brook trout mating and laying their eggs. Look for them in some of the colder mountain streams—you'll find their spawning colors are as brilliant as the autumn foliage itself.



HEY KIDS! SOMETHIN' NEW

Now everyone under 16 years of age is eligible to receive

Pennsylvania's Junior Angling Award
For Catching a Trophy Fish in Pennsylvania's
Public Waters

A PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER MAGAZINE

Junior Fishing Citation

MINIMUM CITATION SIZES:

Species of Minimum Length Species of Minimum Length Species of Minimum Length Fish in Inches Fish in Inches Fish in Inches American Shad 20 Channel Catfish 20 Muskellunge 30 Crappies (includes black Bluegill 10 Northern Pike 25 Brook Trout 14 and white) 14 Rainbow Trout 18 Brown Trout 18 Eel 30 Rock Bass 10 Bullhead, Catfish ... 14 Fallfish 14 Sheepshead 20 Carp 25 Lake Trout 24 Smallmouth Bass 18 Chain Pickerel 23 Largemouth Bass 18 Walleye 22 Yellow Perch 12

APPLICATION FOR PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER JUNIOR FISHING CITATION

The Editor—Pennsylvania Angler Pennsylvania Fish Commission, Harrisburg, Pa.	Date	
Please send me the Pennsylvania Angler Magaz data listed below: Name (please print)		
Address Cit	y State	
Species Length .	Weight	
Type of Tackle		
Bait or Lure Used		
Where Caught	in County	
Date Caught Catch Witnessed by		
Measured and Weighed by		

RULES:

Fish must be caught in Pennsylvania public waters by legal methods during seasons open for the taking of the species involved.

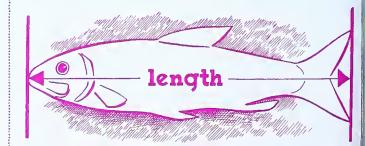
Fish must be measured, weighed and recorded by fishing license issuing agent or tackle store within the state by the owner, manager, or an authorized agent of the respective establishment.

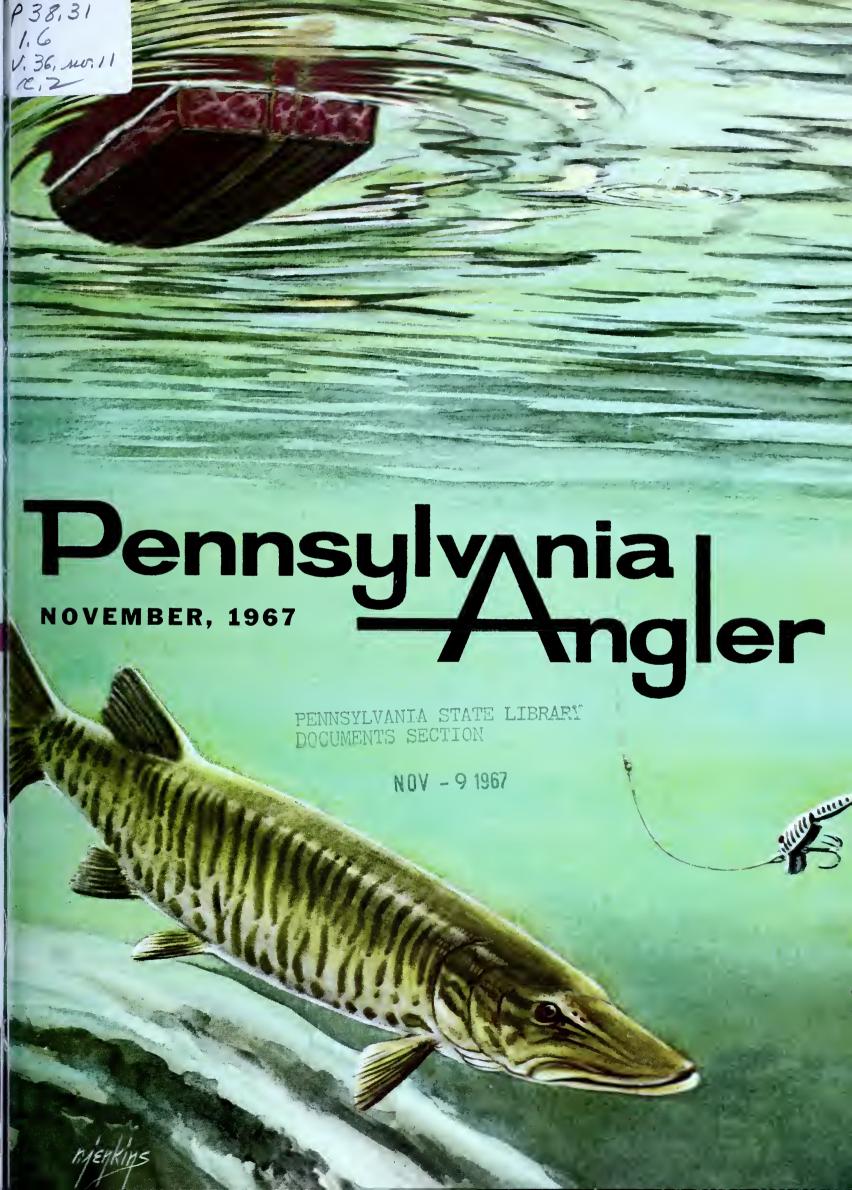
Photographs are desirable as further proof of catch but are not required.

Non-residents as well as residents are eligible for citations if fish are caught under the above conditions.

Only fishing citation applications received within 90 days from date of catch will be honored.

HOW TO MEASURE:





A RECORD BROWNIE



Pennsylvania has a new record brown trout!

It's a 24 pound, 33 incher caught from Lake Wallenpaupack by Frank Kociolek, 51, of Dupont, Pennsylvania.

The fish is also believed to place number six in national records,

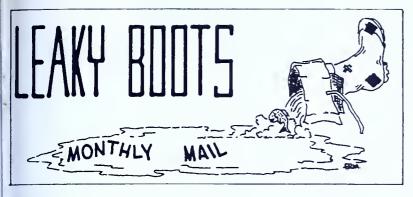
according to tallies kept by Field & Stream Magazine.

Kociolek was fishing from the lake shore May 13 when he hooked the big brownie on a copper CP Swing about 11 a.m. Using a spinning outfit with a six pound test, he played the fish for half an hour before finally landing it. A fishing buddy, John Ozark, was with Kociolek when the big fish was caught.

A lifelong resident of Luzerne County and a fisherman for 40 years, Kociolek fishes Wallenpaupack regularly.

TELL A FRIEND YOU SAW IT IN

THE PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER



LACKAWAXEN LUNKERS

Gentlemen,

Since another trout season has drawn to a close, I feel I should write congratulating you on the very nice trout that were stocked in the Lackawaxen River this season. Although I am only 39 years old I have fished the river for 27 years. It is without a doubt one of the best fly fishing streams in Pennsylvania.

During the 1959 season I took a brown on wet fly that went 9½ pounds. It is the largest trout that I have taken out of the river in season. Last year I took a 26 inch rainbow on the last day. I took five trout this season that were 20 inches or better. I fished the river eleven weekends and caught 193 trout all on wet flies which I tie. Of this amount I killed eleven. The "Lackie" has more holdover trout in it I believe than most fishermen believe. I believe this is due to the P.P.&L. plant that is at Kimbles. For it is run quite a bit in hot weather when there is a peak demand for electricity.

I was wondering why the season ends on all streams when it does. I do believe that streams the size of the Lackawaxen could be open until the end of October for during this month I know that there are some mighty nice browns in the river that come up out of the Delaware River for I have caught some while fishing for smallmouths.

So in closing I want to say thank you for the quality of fish that were stocked in the river this year, and although I am just a plain old working man I wouldn't hesitate to buy a Pennsylvania fishing license if they were \$20.00. I think that Pennsylvania fishing is the greatest bargain a person can get. So again I want to say thank you very much.

Donald E. Jones, Allentown

Thanks for the compliments! If we could sell the same number of licenses at \$20.00 as we do at \$5.00 we could really stock some fish!

FISHING FUNDAMENTALS

Gentlemen,

During the past two, years, through the encouragement of my boss, I became re-interested in fishing for the first time since my early teens. I subscribed to the "Angler" (an old riend from those days) and recently renewed for three years. I thoroughly enjoy the articles, but I think that just a little more space could be devoted to the very basic fundamentals of fishing for the first-time fisherman and particularly for the ladies who would like to try it but don't know where to begin, for the very young fisherman, and for the long-absent fisherman who's forgotten all he ever did know about it.

I'm sure the more experienced anglers wouldn't mind a little review now and then, and may even recall some tricks or details they had forgotten.

SAMUEL P. PUSATERI, BETHEL PARK

First, thanks to your boss! We wish there were more like him. Second thanks for your suggestion. Often when one works with something fulltime (as we do with fishing) it becomes easy to overlook its basic elements—and hard to know just where to begin in explaining them. We hope in some of the future issues of the Angler to run a series of stories dealing with basic differences in fishing equipment and fishing methods. In the meantime we're sending you a copy of "How to Catch Fish in Fresh Water" a 31 page booklet which clearly explains various kinds of tackle and technique. Published by the Fisherman's Information Bureau, it's an excellent publication for the beginner.

At the same time we'd like to suggest you make plans to attend one of our "Fishing Schools." These schools are conducted across the state by commission personnel—usually during the winter—to teach people about the sport. Contact your district fish warden to find out when and where a school will be held in your area.

COOPERATIVE NURSERY OPEN HOUSE

Gentlemen.

On August 13 the Elk County Anglers Club along with all cooperative trout nurseries were invited to tour the Pleasant Gap Fish Cultural Station; the Lower Spring Creek Station; also the Benner Spring Research Station.

This tour was set up by the Cooperative Coordinator Robert H. Brown. We found this tour very informative and educational.

The Elk County Anglers Club would like to thank Mr. Brown, and the staff of Wardens, the hatchery personnel, and all persons responsible.

We feel that the cooperative nursery program which is being set up in the Commonwealth is going to be a very important program in the future of Pennsylvania angling.

RALPH D. LEWIS
ELK COUNTY ANGLERS CLUB, RIDGWAY

We're glad you enjoyed (and learned something from) the Open House held for clubs participating in the coopera-



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PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER

Published Monthly by the PENNSYLVANIA FISH COMMISSION COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA

Raymond P. Shafer, Governor



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NOVEMBER, 1967

VOL. 36, NO. 1

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POSTMASTER: All 3579 forms to be returned to The Haddon Craftsmen, Inc. 1001 Wyoming Ave., Scranton, Pa. 18509.

The PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER is published monthly by the Pennsylvania Fish Commission South Office Building, Harrisburg, Pa. Subscription: One year-\$2.00; three years-\$5.00; 25 cer per single copy. Send check or money order payable to Pennsylvania Fish Commission. DO NC SEND STAMPS. Individuals sending cash do so at their own risk. Change of address should reaus promptly. Furnish both old and new addresses. Second Class Postage paid at Harrisburg, Pa., additional mailing offices. Neither Publisher nor Editor will assume responsibility for unsolicit manuscripts or illustrations while in their possession or in transit. Permission to reprint will given provided we receive marked copies and credit is given material or illustrations. Communic tions pertaining to manuscripts, material or illustrations should be addressed to the Pennsylvar Fish Commission, Harrisburg, Pa. NOTICE: Subscriptions received and processed the 10th of ea month will begin with the second month following.

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LINESVILLE—Shyrl Hood, superintendent PLEASANT MOUNT—Charles Sanderson, superintendent superinte tendent. REYNOLDSDALE—Warren Hammer, acting for man TIONESTA—Albert Carll, foreman



COOPERATIVE PROJECT

COHO IN ERIE COUNTY

AN ENTHUSIASTIC and hard working group of sportsmen in Erie County will probably have to wait at least three years to see whether or not some of the work they're doing now will pay off—but the wait isn't worrying them.

The Elk Creek Trout Club and the 3 CU Club, both located in Erie County, are both raising Coho Salmon under the Pennsylvania Fish Commission's Cooperative Nursery Program—fish which will be released in feeder streams which run into the lake and which, it is hoped, will return to these streams to spawn during their third year.

The coho, which during the summer and fall of 1966 was introduced into Harvey's Lake in Luzerne County and Upper Woods Pond in Wayne County, could provide future fishermen in the Erie area with some real snappy sport.

At present the Elk Creek Trout Club is holding 5,000 of the sea run coho, sometimes known as silver salmon and native to the Pacific northwest. The 3 CU's are rearing another 7,000.

Present plans call for releasing the fish at an average length of five to seven inches sometime late this winter or early in the spring. If all goes as planned they'll run into Lake Erie and then return to their "native" streams in the third year to spawn.

Members of both clubs are enthusiastic about the project

continued on page 28

3 CU project is talked over at site where some of the club's 7,000 coho's are being

ELK CREEK members line up along raceway in which they're rearing 5,000 coho salmon for release next spring. From left to right they are: John Bushyeager; Norm Ely, district fish warden; Bob Brown, cooperative nursery coordinator; Ken Keller; Clifford Bowen; L. A. Smith; Burt Hathaway; Bill Rogers; Paul Crone; Bob Kaehler; Marvin Waxham; Owen Waxham, secretary-treasurer; and Lloyd Bowen, president.

by TOM EGGLER Staff Writer, Photographer



Ever use scrap pieces of metal to make lures for bass and say, walleyes? Trout fishermen, who wind feathers on hooks, have done this sort of thing for years. Yet comparatively few fishermen bother to fashion spoons from metal. To learn the whereabouts of such a fisherman is news. Not at all surprising, his metal lures are often bomb shells!

Dominick Bambino, a retired steel worker in western Pennsylvania, is a good example. Bambino devotes a good deal of time, since his retirement, to making fishing spoons from metal in his home workshop. One design grabs fish so consistently that he's now shopping around for a manufacturer to mass produce it. I'll wager that there will be a lot of elated fisherman around if this comes to pass, and a lot of sorry bass and walleyes.

I first heard of Bambino's hobby through a letter, forwarded to me, in which he commented about an article published in an earlier issue of the *Pennsylvania Angler*.

Bambino included four metal spoons in the envelope with a request that I give them a whirl. He explained that he wanted some person, other than himself, to use the lures. If he could receive a favorable testimony, it would assist him in getting the interest of some tackle manufacturer for putting the lure on the market.

All four spoons bore dents from hammering in the otherwise shiny nickle surface. They were shaped much like a minnow, with eye and gill outline inscribed into the anterior end, and slight curvature near the tail. They measured to 3-inches in length. Others, according to his letter, were made to 6-inches long, over the same design for big muskies and northern pike.

Snapshots enclosed with the letter further aroused my interest. They showed large catches of trout, some of which, judging by a ruler included in the pictures, were over twenty-inches long. There were also pictures of bass

Getting some manufacturer interested enough to invest heavily in the production and promotion of new lures is no small chore. Considering that several thousand lures are already on the market, most firms are, understandably so, downright skeptical about gambling on still another one At any rate, to help him achieve his aim, I decided to give his spoons a go. If they proved successful, as the snap shots indicated they would, I'd tell him so in a reply. But on the day I put the lures to work on bass, I had no way of knowing what events lay in my path.

The bass season had kicked in, so a week later I packed spin pole, assortment of lures, including Bambino's spoons and drove to a neighboring stream, tributary to the big North Branch Susquehanna River. The tributary itself is almost river size. One really needed a boat to fish it properly. Lacking one this day, I climbed into hippers and waded along shore.

I tied the retired welder's spoon onto my line. A flick of the rod sent it sailing into mid stream. I found, on the



STEEL WORKER'S SPOON

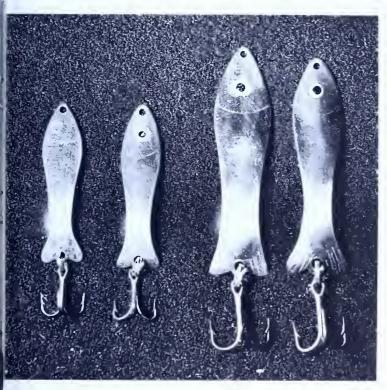
by DON SHINER

STEEL WORKER'S SPOON

retrieve, that the spoon literally leaped across the surface. There were no takers. Half dozen casts also brought blanks. I searched for a more productive stretch of water. In so doing I spied a tree, downed by a recent storm, lying half submerged in water. Since bass like such cover, I moved toward it and cast the spoon squarely beside the old moss covered trunk.

A fish belted the lure. It was small, but it gave promise of more to come. Inside of an hour, I hooked six or seven more bass, of varying sizes, and to top that, a fat trout as well.

I was totally unprepared for what followed. Moving on downstream, I made another cast only to have my rod snap in two with the noise of a July 4th firecracker. The tip landed in water and I held a short section of the butt



Homemade spoons designed and made by Dominick Bambino.

in my hand. To further dampen my spirits, while I attempted to retrieve the tip, my boot brushed against a hidden obstacle. Cold water poured in against my leg as a piece of old barbed wire tore a sizeable gash in my boot. I was sorely tempted to fold gear and go home. Still, I took comfort in the fact that fish were in a cooperative mood. The sensible thing seemed to pay no mind to the cold water in my boot and continue fishing that unique spoon with what remained of my rod.

I made several practice casts. I found, surprisingly, that I could pitch the spoon quite a distance without much effort. The open-face spinning reels are marvelous contraptions.

During the next move downstream, I socked steel into another bass and a small chain pickerel. The steel worker's spoon continued to wiggle enticingly on the retrieve, despite no help from the rod. For a moment or two I also entertained the idea that a short rod, of say, 28 to 30-inches, with limber tip, might be a good pack-in rod when hiking in to otherwise inaccessible streams.



Except for two fishermen anchored in a small pram, no other anglers were on the stream during this early hour.

I pushed on downstream, wading beneath low hanging willows which leaned out over the water. I barely moved into good casting position when mosquitoes descended from that foliage like fog moving across a swamp. They jabbed me fearlessly. Before I could get out of the water and climb through the jungle of brush on shore, I felt pricked to the bone. I didn't stop retreating until I left those abominable bugs far behind.

Despite the good fishing I had with the steel worker's spoon, I had it for the morning. With torn boot, smashed rod and a dozen or more painful welts, I folded gear and drove home.

During the drive I thought about Bambino's skill with metal, and about other fishermen whose metal stampings have left an indelible mark on sport fishing. The name of Lou Eppinger, creator of the famous red & white spoon, came to mind, as did others, notably Hofschneider, creator of the famous spoon with red beads, Johnson, Pflueger, Heddon and Buel, and others. Since the turn of the century, some two or three hundred metal lures, billed as fishing spoons, had appeared on the market. Another one appeared in the making.

Several days later I wrote to Bambino, giving him a report of my findings, including several closeup pictures of his spoons dangling from the mouths of my bass and trout. This was picture-proof that his lure had merit. I also used the opportunity to ask him a few pertinent questions about himself and how he happened upon this particular spoon design.

Bambino's reply filled in details to my questions. He related that he fished for nearly 30-years, the last ten of which were devoted to designing his own metal lures for trout, bass and other game fish. During his experimenting with various designs, he hit upon this pattern spoon which caught fish right from the start. A slight more curvature in the posterior area gave further improvement. He said that the spoon caught, among others, a 6½ lb. rainbow in Virginia, a 15-lb. northern pike in Michigan, and an 8-pound walleye in western Pennsylvania.

As for himself, Bambino wrote that he began working at age 12 in a western Pennsylvania coal mine. After 18years of mining coal, he secured a job as a riveter and

continued on page 28



DUCKWEEDS

Every outdoorsman or boy knows those tiny green circles or clusters of circles that float on still waters almost anywhere in the world.

They're the duckweeds, and ducklings as well as ducks and other migratory waterfowl love them. They gobble them down in great quantities for they not only enjoy the carbohydrates in the green leaves or fronds, but also the countless larvae of aquatic insects, crustaceans, and mollusks that find shelter and anchorage in the cool shade on the underside of the green disks.

... duckweeds recall days long past ...

Years ago, my brother and I while hoeing in a young peach orchard decided to take our regular Saturday night's bath early. The afternoon was too hot for hoeing anyway. So we sped across the pasture, undressed in a pigeon brush thicket, and were soon enjoying the coolness of Clear Creek, a deep, wide stream that moved so slowly that all manner of aquatic plants grew in its waters.

Patty, our old mammyduck, had gotten to the creek ahead of us. She was leading her powder-puff squadron of 15 ducklings to a duckweed pasture.

The tiny plants mantled the brook's margin. One could raise an arm up through a colony of the minute circles, and they would glue themselves instantly to the skin, giving the appearance of an unorthodox, arm-length, green glove.

I had a sudden inspiration. Diving deeply, I swam underwater to the farther shore of the creek and emerged slowly through a great mat of duckweed. In a few moments I stood clad from head to toe in what felt like a tight garment of Lincoln green.

Brother saw me, selected another mass of duckweed, and followed suit . . . or maybe suitless would be better. As we stood on the bank admiring our new uniforms, we heard a cough, and above us stood a neighbor lady, berry pail in hand, contemplating our apparel!

Cinderella's gown didn't disappear any faster than did our "weeds." We dove into the water and in no time were hoeing again. Mrs. Schiltz didn't tattle on us. She had boys, too. STILL LIFE might be titled "Duckweeds and Bobber." These aquatic plants are the smallest seed producers in the plant kingdom. (illustration by Karin Ahrens DeStefano)

by CARSTEN AHRENS

... they've been carefully studied ...

There are four genera and some 13 species of duckweed in the world. They are sometimes known by other names water meal, duck meat, and water lentils. Three of the genera are found in Pennsylvania, and they are easily tole apart.

The first genus has but one species. It includes the largest of these minute plants and is called the big duck weeds. They can be identified by the reddish underside of the leaves or fronds, by the several roots that dangle ir the water below the plant, and by their "large" size . . about % of an inch across.

The second genus is green both above and below, has only one root, and is from % to % inch across. There are six species; three in our state. One ubiquitous species, called "minor," has been reported from all over the world . . from sea level to unusual elevations: 7200 feet in South America and 7800 feet in India.

The last two genera do not have the flat leaf or frond They are called duckmeal, are green, rootless, and about the size of pin heads. Their fronds, a hand lens shows, are earred instead of round. The six species are chiefly southern; only one gets into our state.

... asexual reproduction may be rapid ...

Reproduction is chiefly by budding. When conditions are favorable, single plants soon become clusters. An English botanist, A. Arbor, reported that a half-acre pond merely fringed with duckweed one day had its surface completely hidden by this plant nineteen days later.

Occasionally, reproduction is by seed. The infrequent flowers are enclosed in sacs. Here you find no petals, sepals, etc.; the flower parts are reduced to two or three: one pistil and one or two stamen. The duckweeds have the distinction of having the tiniest flowers of any seedbearing plant.

. . . an influence for good . . .

The seed may germinate at once, or it may drift to the bottom of the pond and start growth the next season. Winter fronds, heavy with starch, develop on most plants. These also sink to the bottom and may reproduce plants as exually the next season.

The duckweeds have the unusual ability of lusty growth even in poorly aerated waters containing much decaying organic matter. In Europe buckets of duckweeds are introduced into pools and ponds that have developed evil odors, and in time the water loses its smell and supports life again.

In such unfavorable habitats the higher seed plants rarely will grow. The duckweeds not only tolerate but seem to demand certain soluble products of organic decomposition.

Sometime in days ahead, when the waterways of the nation have been restored to their former purity, we will find that the duckweeds were helpful allies.

POOR MAN'S BONEFISH



by
KENNETH
W.
HASSLER

Bulge-eyed, Partner leveled a trembling finger towards the shoreline. "Gosh—what's that?"

Intrigued, I turned and squinted hard at the blazing, sun-mirrored surface of the weedy city reservoir in the direction of his finger. We had whipped the shallows with bugs and streamers for largemouths all morning without success.

Partner gripped his rod with white knuckles, visions of a new world's record largemouth mounted over his fireplace. "Don't move," he hissed, in his usual friendly manner. "If you scare it, I'll kill you"

He had fingered the dark shape of a truly massive fish, and I watched, fascinated, as it coasted ahead in the clear water, casting a shadow on the bottom almost as long as a man's arm. Teeth clenched, Partner crept forward, lengthening line as he went.

I took another look at the drifting shadow in the shallows, then grinned. "Relax, you idiot," I said. "It's a big old carp. Take another look!"

"Huh?"

Partner's eyes narrowed intently, then he let the false cast settle limply in the water and began to reel in the slack line. "That does it," he said. "I've had it! Let's get out of this crummy place."

"Hold it, just a minute." I was struck by a sudden, happy thought. "After all, they *are* fish, aren't they? Let's give it a try. We've tried everything else."

Up to now I had never tangled with any of the sleepy goliaths. On the spur of the moment, I stepped to the moist bank, kicked out a couple of worms, lashed a tiny hook to the slender leader and carefully waded closer to the unsuspecting carp. Partner, meanwhile, watched the proceedings in grim-lipped disapproval.

I flicked a false cast, then let the bait settle to the bottom in water which was now gently muddied by the feeding fish. Then, feeling slightly foolish, I waited tensely.

Nothing happened. Ten long minutes crawled past, then I began to inch the worms back with careful twitches of the line. I was shocked when there was a sudden tiny tug, then the line began to move with quiet authority in the opposite direction.

Then I made a mistake. I hauled back sharply and a giant carp rolled his golden belly in the sun. There was a searing, scorching sensation as streaking line tore through unwilling fingers, then the fragile three-pound test leader tip snapped.

Dazed, I stood there blowing on tender finger tips, watching the diminishing wake. I was both shocked and surprised. I had never expected any such reaction from the sleepy old cow of the reservoirs. Was it possible that without the dragging limitations of heavy rod and sinkers that

continued on page 25

A HANDY TOOL-

THE CANOE by ED ATTS



The canoe is probably the oldest of all water crafts used on Pennsylvania's waterways. For years before the coming of the white men Indians paddled canoes up and down the rivers and streams lying within the present boundaries of the Commonwealth. These early canoes were probably made by hollowing out a log and rounding the ends to make paddling easier, or by forming sheets of birch bark over a frame made from small saplings.

During the past few years there has been a fresh new interest shown in canoes and canoeing, but the modern canoe no longer relys upon the materials that were previously used. Today aluminum and fiberglass are the standards for the industry.

Canoes have been constructed from aluminum for close to 20 years now and many of the first models are still in use. Among its many attributes are lightness in weight, extreme ruggedness, and the ability to be patched if ever need be. I don't think that I have ever talked to a person who actually wore an aluminum canoe out from use and I have never heard a really dissatisfied owner expressing

Fiberglass is a material more recently introduced to the boating industry but it has gained in popularity over the past few years. It, too, seems to have all the attributes of

aluminum and most of the new manufacturers entering the canoe industry seem to be using it. Possibly this is because it is easier to work with.

A prospective canoe buyer has to decide which material he wants in his canoe and the choice may appear to be more difficult than it really need be. In canoes of the same length there isn't much difference in either weight or price; one will apparently last as long as the other; and both are equally easy to handle in the water.

A few years ago when selecting a new canoe I talked with the proprietor of a Boy Scout camp where they have both aluminum and fiberglass canoes. He explained that in a year's time the canoes at his camp probably receive as much "use and abuse" as an individual would give his in 20 years. From his experience he was convinced that either should last an individual indefinitely and the choice of material is merely a personal one.

Canoes range in length from 12 or 13 foot crafts on up to canoes well over 20 feet in length. The shortest models are fine for one person if he intends to use it alone for fishing, duck hunting, or trapping but these are really too small for two people to use if they will have to carry many

For general usage a canoe of 15 or 16 foot length seems

THE CANOE

to be most practical. These usually weigh between 70 and 80 pounds and are easy for two people to load and unload from a car and portage. When necessary they can also be handled by one person.

A canoe of this length is capable of carrying an impressive sized load for an extended trip away from civilization providing it is properly arranged. The specifications for my 15 foot fiberglass canoe say it can safely carry two grown men plus a 650 pound load of cargo.

Longer canoes are necessary for extended wilderness trips when huge amounts of supplies have to be transported but they are not necessary for most canoeing purposes. They are not only heavier to handle when loading and unloading but are more difficult to maneuver in close quarters than a 15 or 16 foot craft. In the beginning they are also more expensive to purchase.

Canoes appeal to different people for different reasons but I like the ease at which one can be paddled making little need for a motor. Somehow I have had the habit of getting "lemons" when it comes to outboards and they always seem to give me trouble at the darndest times.

Two people who know how to use a pair of paddles and don't mind putting forth some effort can move a canoe right along. In fact, even one person can paddle a canoe faster than he can row a boat and without putting forth nearly as much effort.

Even when crossing good sized lakes two fellows who know how to paddle a canoe can make good speed. On days when there is little or no wind it is possible to cover as much as four or five miles per hour but on days when heading into a strong wind it is practically impossible to make any time at all. If traveling is necessary on these days it pays to keep in the sheltered coves.

For those who want to use a motor with their canoe—and there are times they are handy—there are two possibilities. The most satisfactory setup for those who are sure they will be using a motor a lot is to purchase a square stern or wishbone canoe. This is merely a canoe with the stern cut off square so the motor can be mounted on the back the same as it is mounted on a boat.

Most canoe companies offer these models today and they are advertised as being as easy to paddle as a regular shaped canoe but a buddy of mine isn't convinced of this after being in one on an extended trip. As we sat around the camp fire each evening he continually complained about how difficult it was to handle and wanted to trade me positions. I didn't take him up on the deal for I could see that he and his partner were having to put forth a good deal more effort than my partner and I were in our regular shaped canoe of the same make and our loads weighed approximately the same. Before selecting one of these models I would want to be using it mainly with a motor or else wouldn't be paddling it too far at any one time.

A regular shaped canoe can also be used with a motor by purchasing a side bracket. This is a bracket which attaches to both sides of the canoe at the back and has a pad off to one side to hold the motor. To offset the motor's weight the operator sits favoring the opposite side.

Motors for canoes have to be light so generally they are



no larger than three or three and a half horse. Even these smaller motors can't be run wide open but they can push a canoe right along.

On extended trips they are nice for use when crossing large lakes, particularly when going against the wind. When several different canoes are traveling together we have taken just one motor for the lead canoe and tied the others together to trail behind.

A canoe used with a motor is very satisfactory for trolling for large game fish.

When a canoe is mentioned many people think of a watercraft that is capable of tipping over anytime someone takes a deep breath but this is a belief that is far from true. While some canoes are made more for looks than servicability, having ends sticking too far out of the water and rounded bottoms, there are also many properly shaped canoes. A craft with low ends and a fairly flat bottom is as stable as can be, and anyone who manages to tip one of these over might also fall out of a rocking chair. It takes a good deal of work to tip over either my buddy's aluminum canoe or my fiberglass model but these are of good design having low ends and a relatively flat bottom.

A canoe can be put to an innumerable number of uses. Mine generally gets used 10 months of the year for fishing, which is the primary reason I purchased it, but I also use it for carp hunting with the bow, for duck and deer hunting in the fall, and for trapping the swamps before the freeze up comes.

Other times I like to just take off on a trip down a creek or river shooting the rapids during the periods of high water or just sneaking up on and watching unsuspecting game during times of regular run off.



"Mother!"



NOWADAYS the goldfish is serving Pennsylvania fishermen by providing food for young northern pike and muskellunge. Below hatchery foreman Bob Smith holds an average size goldfish being held for spawning at Linesville, while to the left Frank Doric, owner of Petland in Harrisburg looks at some kept in his pet store for public sale.

by
TOM
EGGLER
Staff
Writer
Photographer

THIS FISHBOWL FAVORITE IS MAKING COLORFUL FOOD FOR NORTHERNS AND MUSKIES—

GOLDFISH



One of the oldest of fishbowl favorites, the Goldfish, may provide the answer in the future to a problem that has plagued professional fish growers for a number of years—how to provide a constant and sufficient supply of forage fish for thousands of hungry northern pike and muskellunge fry raised each year by the Pennsylvania Fish Commission.

In seeking new ways to meet the demand Commission personnel at the large Linesville hatchery in Crawford County on Pymatuning Lake this year began spawning and raising goldfish to use for feeding muskies and northerns kept there as well as at other hatcheries.

Technique for keeping the food supply rolling requires that brood fish be held in concrete raceways under crowded conditions when ready to spawn. By crowding the fish and keeping them in the raceways they have neither the place nor space to spawn. Normally they require areas of vegetation and uncrowded living space in order to spawn.

When spawn is needed some of the "ripe" fish are put in another raceway where they're not crowded and where mats of excelsior and spanish moss have been suspended a few inches beneath the surface of the water.



TO SPAWN, "ripe" goldfish are placed in a raceway where spawning mats are suspended just below the surface. Here Linesville foreman Bob Smith raises one of the mats and checks it for a deposit of eggs. These mats are transfered to the hatch house where they are held in tanks until the eggs hatch and the fry can swim off. The mats are then returned to raceways where spawning fish can again use them.

The mats provide an artificial spawning area and the reduced number of fish gives the brooders the space they need in order to spawn.

Once they've spawned the mats are taken to the hatch house where the eggs are allowed to hatch—taking about four days to do so depending on water temperature. Since the brooders don't spawn all their eggs at one time they are again returned to a crowded raceway with no where to spawn until more eggs are needed.

After hatching the fry may then be used as forage as needed—perhaps within a day or so, maybe not until they reach an inch or inch and a half in length.

At the present the experiment—which so far researchers say is "working well"—involves about 1000 brood fish.

Shyrl Hood, superintendent of the Linesville hatchery, says in explaining the method "We think that by holding our brood fish under varying conditions we can control spawning sufficiently to provide a more constant supply of forage fish."

WATCH FOR—

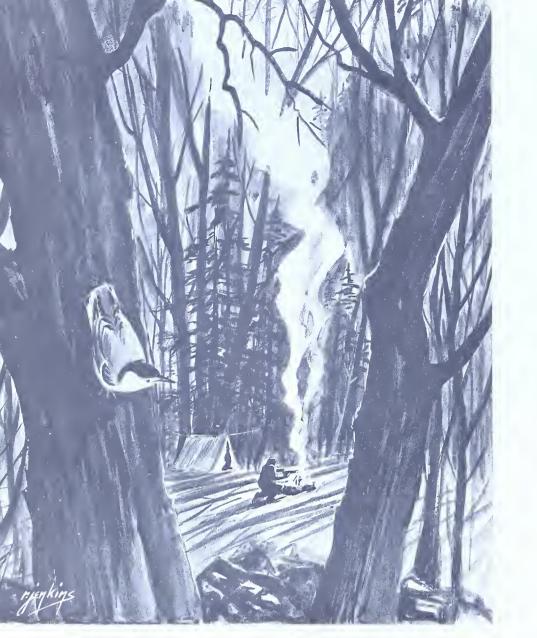
"A Table of Memories" by outdoorsman Sam Slaymaker in your coming December Angler. It's about something he did to help "save" those "special" flies that helped him catch those "special" fish.

+ + +

"A Fishing Cabin on Wheels" in your coming December issue of the Angler. Outdoor writer Ted Fenstermacher tells how.







TRY IT!

THE JOY

by BILL COCHRAN

Perhaps every man has a bit of hermit in his soul. Some have more than others.

But there are times in the life of nearly every man when he feels he ought to go afield to get away from everybody and everything. When he longs to be free, unbeholden and irresponsible. Free to go, or come, or stay when he well pleases. Free to do this, that or nothing, and for hours on end.

I get that feeling occasionally, and I find myself packing camping gear for one man. True, there's nothing better than having a good companion afield, because shared joys are multiplied. But then the call to go alone comes, and it is a strong one.

Other times I go alone because there is just no one available to go with me. My friends are held prisoner by their jobs or by other responsibilities despite their visions of distant rolling hills, tall green forests and cool swift-flowing streams. So if I wait for them, I too, become a prisoner.

Such was this trip. I was going it alone. It wasn't aimed at getting away from anybody or anything in par-

ticular. It just happened that at the last minute I couldn't find anyone who could go along. And I was saying to myself, as if I had planned it that way—every man should get out into the wilds by himself more often. Every man should occasionally go camping alone.

From my home, I drove north through farm country. Suddenly, there on a winding rural road, the tall mountains seemed to spring up all at once and I was surrounded by them.

It was then I fully realized I was alone, and I liked the feeling.

The road gradually grew smaller and rougher until I was on a winding mountain incline far from any settlement. This would be different camping from what the majority of people are accustomed to nowadays, I was reminding myself.

Camping nearly everywhere these days, is gregarious camping. Tents are staked side-by-side with ropes overlapping. Such camping is not too different from staying home and simply opening all the windows. Like most modern things, camping has grown luxurious; gone soft. It has become urbanized, mechanized and depersonalized.

CAMPING ALONE

Take, for example, the task of selecting a camping site. Fime was, this required some thought and skill. It dictated whether or not you would have a good camp or a poor one.

You looked for three things essentially: good drainage, so you wouldn't be flooded in wet weather, a source of water nearby for drinking and washing purposes and an ample wood supply for your fire.

Today campsite selecting is all done for you by a schooled landscape architect. You simply drive into a camping area and pick a number. That's not hard. Say you take number five. You drive around the circular asphalt road until you come to campsite number five. Here you back your car onto an asphalt apron. Nearby is a tent site, cleared and level. Also there's a concrete table. Too, there's a grill and stack of wood in case you want to build a fire, but that's not likely since you brought along your gasoline stove and tent heater.

Someone has even conveniently put a nail in a nearby tree so you can hang up your transistorized radio. There is a water faucet like the one at home. And on down the road a few steps is a rest room with hot showers and an electric clothes washer and dryer.

Mechanization and modernization have invaded the farthest places. People go camping because it is different, but they insist upon interpreting it in old familiar terms. They insist on dragging with them all the appurtenances they are presumably running away from—TV sets, heaters, radios, elaborate cooking equipment and dozens of other electronic-age gadgets. Each campsite somehow ends up looking like the polished show window of an expensive sporting goods store.

I enjoy modern camping, don't get me wrong. I point out the irony of it not to put it down, but to suggest that in order to really break away occasionally, to really escape, one can not always be successful in a modern campground where he inevitably partakes of the same textures of life he turned from.

Those seeking communion with nature, who want to practice the virtues of solitude and self-reliance in the outdoors need to go alone, or with a single companion, or with just their family, away from everyone else and away from some of the luxuries of life.

Such an excursion need not be a wilderness survival trip to be enjoyed. It need not even demand much time or travel or money. It need only be around the bend in the river, a little higher up the hill, across the lake, over the next ridge or at the end of the meadow. Where I went along headwaters of a wild and rugged river, there were no campers—no one at all.

Along in the afternoon, I picked a place to camp. It was a level, dry spot under some hemlock trees near the roar of the river.

I was anxious to try the fishing, but I made myself set up camp first. It's much easier to stake a tent in the daylight, I have learned from experience. So I did.

I also rolled out my sleeping bag and blew up my air mattress. Then, to make sure it was inflated just right, I crawled into the bag. Ah, just right.

I don't know how long I slept. But I awoke startled. I grabbed my fly rod and some flies and tried to make up for lost time. But it wasn't until I settled down and concentrated on a good delivery of my fly that I caught my first trout, a scrappy 15 inches.

A little later it started raining. I took shelter under a leaning tree. It rained hard, and almost till dark. When it stopped, I returned to camp.

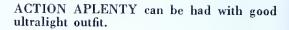
I cut some kindling and shaped bits of bark and softwood curls to start a fire for light and warmth and cooking. It was then the first problem of being alone and away from everyone occurred. I couldn't find any matches.

I'm not a smoker myself, so I had no matches in my pocket. There were none in my food box. Blast it. I would have to turn to mechanization. I would have to use

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"NO, IT ISN'T THE LATEST THING IN A CAMPER . . . IT'S THE OLDEST!"





FISH FIGHT on ULTRALIGHT

by BOB GOOCH

A big brown trout from Harvey's Lake, 26 pounds of mighty musky from York Haven, a 9 pound walleye from the Delaware, and 7 pounds, 10 ounces of battling bass from Pocono Lake. These are just some of the lunkers reported in recent issues of the PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER.

And there are many more like them in Pennsylvania's productive waters.

Some anglers concentrate on the big fish. Success for them means many hours on the water—passing up exciting skirmishes with the smaller fish, trading action for the long shot, exercising more patience than most anglers can muster.

The lunker hunter gets plenty of opportunity in Pennsylvania, but the majority of anglers get their thrills mixing it with the smaller fish—the average bass, trout or walleye.

And is there anything wrong with a buster bluegill, or a stubborn yellow perch?

Enjoying the ancient sport of angling is mostly a matter of matching the tackle to the fish, and the more experienced fishermen like to tip the scales a little toward the quarry.

The serious lunker hunter isn't going to be so foolish as to go after that wise old musky with a 2 pound test line and an ultralight spinning outfit, but this cute little tackle will permit a fat bluegill to steal some of that musky's thunder.

This is my approach to fishing most waters—where the pressure is heavy and the fish are small, but scrappy.

A very broad ultralight concept would likely encompass a variety of tackle combinations, and include fly fishing as well as spinning. But I have in mind a light glass spinning

ULTRALIGHT

rod, roughly 5 feet long, a watch size open-face spinning reel, and monofilament of 2 or possibly 4 pound test. Crappie, bluegills, small bass and pickerel, headwaters trout—all are capable of waging a whale of a scrap when caught on such tackle. And when you chance onto a 3 pound bass or pickerel, the issue remains considerably in doubt until you weakly lead your fish into the net.

In selecting ultralight tackle, the angler should insist that he gets the real McCoy. Most go astray in the choice of a rod. Leading rod manufacturers build ultralight tackle specifically, so don't accept a light, but standard model rod as an alternate. Most ultralight rods measure 5 to 6 feet and weigh just a couple of ounces. Modern glass rods are ideal—tough and require a minimum of maintenance. For ease in transporting I like a rod in two sections. Even a short 5 foot stick can become cumbersome when packed into back country for native brook trout.

The purchase should also include a durable case for the protection of the tiny rod. The better rods are durable, but being very light, are more vulnerable than the standard size ones.

The little ultralight reels are of necessity delicate. I own two of them, both made by reputable manufacturers. They are both a delight to fish with. Lubricated well, and given the proper care, they give good service, but as a safety precaution I usually pack both on a trip. They are the most expensive, but also the most fragile part of the outfit, and I don't like to risk a broken one spoiling a trip.

Reels too, should be packed in protective cases.

Two pound test lines are the universal choice of ultralight enthusiasts. They add the heady element of risk. You dare not horse a fish on one of these threadlines—even a stubborn bluegill.

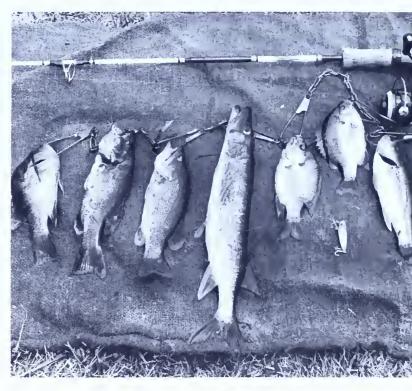
I bought my first ultralight outfit a number of years ago, and on a bright afternoon in May, shoved off from the shore of a local millpond for a go at the healthy population of bluegills and crappies. There were also bass and pickerel in the pond, but I didn't expect them to be interested in the tiny black gnat I snapped on behind a fingernail size spinner.

Anchoring a comfortable casting distance from shore, I started working the shoreline. On about the third cast the tiny lure snagged and I reached for the anchor so I could move in and free it. But then a heavy fish threshed on the surface, and I recognized the chainlike pattern of a heavy pickerel! What a way to break in a brand new ultralight outfit! He was a good one, but on the light 2 pound test line, I had reservations about my ability to land him. It was tit for tat for an anxious 15 minutes before he rolled belly up, and I netted 4 pound of fat chain pickerel.

I have been fortunate enough to tangle with some big fish during thirty years of angling. But the real lunkers were caught on heavy tackle, and none of them gave me



LIGHT CANOE, ultralight tackle, and a bluegill lake add up to fishing fun (above) while below is a mixed catch taken on ultralight gear.



the anxious moments I experienced with that millpond pickerel on a thin 2 pound test line. I've been sold on ultralight tackle ever since.

I don't recommend 2 pound test line for all ultralight fishing. You'll lose some good fish if you use it indiscriminately. In waters where lunkers are a possibility, or where vegetation and debris favor the fish in a lively tussle, common sense dictates going to a 4 pound test line.

The ultralight angler gets a fishing advantage in that the thin monofilament is just about invisible in the clearest water. One leading line maker has recently come out with a blond colored one that is transparent from the fish's vantage, but visible to the angler.

Both 2 and 4 pound test lines weaken rapidly from repeated easting and retrieving so the wise angler checks his line often. The ultralight angler should also keep on the outlook for twist which can weaken the already light line.

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FADING AWAY-

WATER POWERED GRIST MILLS



By WILBUR NATHAN SAVAGE

AUTHORS NOTE: As the old water-powered grist mills tumble down with age, the wooden water wheels rot away and the metal ones are cup up as scrap. Only the stone grinding burrs remain indestructible, and the number presently exhibited in various ways is a reminder of the abundance of grist mills throughout Penn's Woods in the days of yesteryear. One can see the precision-grooved stones today in museums, or set in masonry of various kinds. Set vertically, they are being used as driveway entrance markers and as lawn novelties. I know of some embedded in the stone walls of a tavern; another serves as a base for a mail box. One is even in use as a memorial, with metal plaque attached, and several "relic hounds" have millstones artistically worked into their patios.

To many people the cumbersome old mill-stones are just massive round rocks. To others they are treasures worthy of a price and breaking one's back to obtain. In any case, they are durable monuments to the resource-fulness, courage, and pioneering spirit of another era.

Set out across Keystone Territory today in quest of a water-powered grist mill in operating condition, and you may search many counties without locating a single mill equipped with the traditional over-shot or under-shot water wheel and stone grinding burrs.

The old-time grist mill, like the blacksmith shops and tanneries of yesteryear, is just about a thing of the past. Even moldering mill ruins are each year becoming harder to find. But as the years take their final toll of the ancient structures, this fact gains historic significance: area considered, Pennsylvania at one time perhaps had more grist mills than any other State. Indeed, one section of Lancaster County boasted no less than 18 grist mills profitably operating within a circle barely ten miles across!

Pennsylvania's first grist mill was "completed and made ready for community service" in 1643. It was located on Cobb's Creek, a tributary of Darby Creek (at what now is 73rd Street and Woodland Avenue, Philadelphia).



COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA

PENNSYLVANIA FISH COMMISSION

ANNUAL REPORT

For the Fiscal Year July 1, 1966 to June 30, 1967

By JOHN M. SMITH, Comptroller

FISHING IS BIG IN ENNSYLVANIA

/hile a Fishing License costs so little



OING FOR THE BIG ONES?

sincere thank you for buy
ng a PENNSYLVANIA

ISHING LICENSE and

rust you had fun and re
exation in fishing.

our sincere thanks also the many sportsmen's bubs, organizations, groups and individuals who suport the PENNSYLVANIA ISH COMMISSION

The results of operations of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission for the fiscal year July 1, 1966 to June 30, 1967 are presented in the following schedules.

The Fish Commission enjoyed an unprecedented year in financial operations. The personal enthusiasm of the Fish Commissioners and employees has sparked new ideas in development, management techniques and practices. The blending of these ideas as contributed by the Commissioners, staff, sportsmen and individuals has resulted in our most successful year financially.

The Pennsylvania Fish Commission is a self-supporting State Agency which receives no support from the tax revenues of the State. The operations of the Fish Commission are financed entirely by income derived from the sale of fishing licenses, collection of fish law fines and penalties, participation in Federal funds and other miscellaneous sources.

There are "Earmarked Funds" in the

Fish Fund that provides \$0.50 from each resident and non-resident fishing license be used for improved fishing. Schedules show the details of these expenditures.

The Commonwealth has many controls and safeguards to insure accurate records and accounts and the judicious expenditures from the "Fish Fund" and "Boating Fund." Under the provisions of Article IV, Section 402 of the Fiscal Code, the Auditor General is required to audit the records and accounts of all Commonwealth Departments, Boards and Commissions at least once a year.

Other controls imposed on all Departments, Boards and Commissions are deemed adequate to control all financial transactions and budget matters.

The formal audit of the Fish Commission (which includes Watercraft Safety Division) for the year ended June 30, 1967 has not been completed, but as the records and accounts are in good order, no problems are anticipated.

Fishing is Pennsylvania's "NUMBER ONE" Family Outdoor Sport Join the Hundreds of Thousands "GO FISHING"



A speckled beauty
A tackle-buster
An angler's delight—
caught in Pennsylvania!

SCHEDULE NO. II PENNSYLVANIA FISH COMMISSION EXPENDITURES IN COMPLIANCE WITH ACT NO. 673, SESSION OF 1959 AND ACT NO. 458, SESSION OF 1963

Act No. 458, Session of 1963 amended Act No. 673, Session of 1959. This Act became effective March 1, 1964 and provides that the sum of fifty (50) cents from each resident and non-resident fishing license fee shall be used exclusively for (I) the acquisition, leasing, development, management and maintenance of public fishing waters and of areas for providing access to fishing waters and the carrying out of lake and stream reclamation and improvement; (II) the rebuild-of torn out dams, and (III) the study of problems related to better fishing.

EARMARKED FUNDS For the Fiscal Year July 1, 1966 to June 30, 1967

Classification of Expenditures	Fishery Management and Research	Acquisition of Lands and Fishing Waters	Management and Maintenance of Lands and Fishing Waters	Development of Lands and Fishing Waters	Totals
Salaries	\$137,322.67 18,707.09	\$7,366.75 —0—	\$ 78,086.25 20,898.54	\$102,335.15 2,889.40	\$325,110.82 42,495.03
SALARIES AND WAGES—TOTAL	\$156,029.76	\$7,366.75	\$ 98,984.79	\$105,224.55	\$367,605.85
Professional and Special Services Printing Postage and Freight Communications Travel Utilities and Fuel Membership Dues and Subscriptions Insurance, Surety and Fidelity Bonds Motorized Equipment Supplies and Repairs Contracted Repairs and Maintenance Services Rent of Real Estate Rent of Equipment Miscellaneous Materials and Supplies Fish Food and Other Agricultural Supplies Other Services and Supplies	\$ 559.48 253.90 479.79 2,641.16 6,198.30 3,925.96 170.65 2,519.22 3,449.52 530.14 300.00 466.00 9,468.37 1,745.46 51.80	\$ 6.00 -0- 30.00 78.32 296.19 -0- 230.66 196.19 33.00 -0- 87.25 -0- -0-	\$ 17.40 4.18 298.15 1,183.73 4,822.52 504.54 ———————————————————————————————————	\$ 124.83 -0- 112.25 1,827.39 2,010.13 268.34 164.00 969.16 2,541.02 1,487.04 -0- 1,499.48 -0- -0-	\$ 707.71 258.08 920.19 5,730.60 13,327.14 4,698.84 334.65 4,851.08 11,137.75 11,742.76 746.00 2,212.46 14,993.19 1,851.71 51.80
OTHER OPERATING EXPENSES—TOTAL	\$ 32,759.75	\$ 957.61	\$ 28,842.96	\$ 11,003.64	\$ 73,563.96
Motor Vehicles Equipment, Machinery and Furniture	\$ 7,607.89 6,914.63	0	\$ 1,581.57 1,827.11	\$ 7,502.70 24,850.83	\$ 16,692.16 33,592.57
EQUIPMENT—TOTAL	\$ 14,522.52	0	\$ 3,408.68	\$ 32,353.53	\$ 50,284.73
Buildings and Structures Non-Structural Improvements	\$ <u>0</u>	\$ <u>—0</u> —	\$ 2,117.38	\$194,203.15 30,304.93	\$196,320.53 30,304.93
STRUCTURES AND IMPROVEMENTS—TOTAL	\$ —0—	\$0	\$ 2,117.38	\$224,508.08	\$226,625.46
GRANTS	\$ 8,944.54	0	—0—	0	\$ 8,944.54
TOTAL EXPENDITURES	\$212,256.57	\$8,324.36	\$133,353.81	\$373,089.80	\$727,024.54

EARMARKED FUNDS

STATEMENT OF	STATEMENT OF RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURES—ACT NO. 458—SESSION OF 1963					
Fiscal Year	Resident Licenses Sold	Non- Resident Licenses Sold	Minimum To Be Expended	Expenditures	Over (*) or Under (—) Minimum	
1965–66 1966–67		14,784 16,993	\$243,751.50 \$266,509.00	\$719,626.02 \$727,024.54	\$475,874.52* \$460,515.54*	

SCHEDULE NO. III PENNSYLVANIA FISH COMMISSION CONSOLIDATED STATEMENT OF FINANCIAL POSITION FISH FUND AS OF JUNE 30, 1967

CASHINVESTMENTS—U.S. GOVERNMENT SHORT TERM SECURITIES	\$ 854,911.96 1,981,686.25
TOTAL CASH AND INVESTMENTS	\$2,836,598.21
LESS: LIABILITIES AND WORKING CAPITAL: VOUCHERS PAYABLE \$ 34,341.50 ENCUMBRANCES—PENNSYLVANIA FISH COMMISSION 365,094.45 ENCUMBRANCES—DEPARTMENT OF REVENUE 263.73 RESERVE FOR WORKING CAPITAL 1,250.000.00	1,649,699.68
NET BALANCE AVAILABLE FOR EXPENDITURES DURING FISCAL YEAR 1967-1968	\$1,186,898.53

SCHEDULE NO. I (continued) PENNSYLVANIA FISH COMMISSION STATEMENT OF EXPENDITURES

CLASSIFICATION OF EXPENDITURES BY ORGANIZATIONAL UNITS

Classification of Expenditures	Executive and General Administration	Propagation	Fishery Management and Research	Law Enforcement	Conservation Education	Land and Waters M anagement	Engineering and Development	Totals
Salaries		\$ 645,256.50 28,356.14	\$137,322.67 18,707.09	\$354,823.00 1,813.76	\$ 43,949.45 1,444.28	\$ 85,453.00 20,898.54	\$102,335.15 2,889.40	\$1,491,878.96 77,633.69
Special Services. Printing Postage and	19,973.50 20,790.28	487.11 454.41	559.48 253.90	1,318.50 1,468.01	16,029.17 59,276.88	23.40 4.18	124.83	38,515.99 82,247.66
Freight	5,349.94 11,730.58 —0—	1,384.64 5,020.46 11,009.23 29,680.68	479.79 2,641.16 6,198.30 3,925.96	2,607.21 13,002.00 82,405.80 1,115.22	15,393.56 1,481.19 5,733.30 23.20	328.15 1,262.05 5,118.71 504.54	112.25 1,827.39 2,010.13 268.34	25,013.09 30,584.19 124,206.05 35,517.94
tions Insurance, Surety	255.00	9.00	170.65	0	50.00	0	164.00	648.65
& Fidelity Bonds Motorized Equip- ment Supplies &	<i>'</i>	8,354.33	2,519.22	4,278.98	421.21	1,362.70	969.16	19,090.11
Repairs Contracted Repairs & Maintenance	564.79	25,691.13	3,449.52	2,060.99	196.12	5,147.21	2,541.02	39,650.78
Services Rent of Real	1,514.40	6,643.23	530.14	163.77	734.47	9,725.58	1,487.04	20,798.63
Estate	_0_	1,830.00	300.00	145.00	367.20	446.00	-0-	3,088.20
Rent of Equip- ment Miscellaneous	1,673.47	8.41	466.00	-0	38.00	1,746.46	—0—	3,932.34
Materials & Supplies Fish Food & Other	2,684.40	42,456.01	9,468.37	6,591.15	7,051.48	4,025.34	1,499.48	73,776.23
Agricultural Supplies Other Services and	 0	163,845.10	1,745.46	-0-	0	106.25	-0-	165,696.81
Supplies Motor Vehicles Equipment, Ma-	902.00 1,531.18	912.23 28,790.88	51.80 7,607.89	981.12 —0—	0	1,581.57	7,502.70	2,847.15 47,014.22
chinery & Furni-	2,817.29	33,472.35	6,914.63	3,807.48	10,185.33	1,827.11	24,850.83	83,875.02
Buildings & Struc- tures Non-Structural Im-	0	_0_	0	0	-0-	2,117.38	194,203.15	196,320.53
provements Refund of Receipts Grants & Subsidies	0 153.25 0	0 0	0 0 8,944.54	0 0 0	0 0 0	0 0 0	30,304.93 0_ 0	30,304.93 153.25 8,944.54
Total Expenditures by Fish Commission	\$202,095.75	\$1,033,661.84	\$212,256.57	\$476,581.99	\$162,374.84	\$141,678.17	\$373,089.80	\$2,601,738.96
*De *De *De	epartment of Reve epartment of State epartment of Lab	ther State Departmerenue—Printing Fisle—Contributions to or and Industry—Coperty & Supplies—Coperty	hing Licenses, Tag o Employes' Retire Contributions to So	s and Miscellaneoument System			. 136,156.00 . 67,609.00	
*To	tal Expenditures	by Other State De	partments from Fi	sh Fund				338,602.66
TO	TAL EXPENDI	TURES						\$2,940,341.62

(*) Items paid out of the "Fish Fund" upon requisitions drawn by other departments are included for a complete presentation of the "Fish Fund" finances.

STATEMENT OF CASH BALANCES	
Cash Balance at July 1, 1966	\$2,483,942.07 3,258,656.26
Total Funds Available During Year	5,742,598.33 2,940,341.62
Cash Balance Available for Expenditures in 1967-68 Fiscal Year	2,802,256.71 34,341.50
Cash Balance in State Treasury to Credit of "Fish Fund" June 30, 1967	

COMMEMORATING THE GOLDEN AGE OF CONSERVATION

WITH THE PALOMINO STREAMER



START READING THE
GOOD NEWS IN THE
ANNUAL REPORT



BASS HAVE CLASS IN PENNSYLVANIA



BRING YOUR BOAT

The outstanding year for revenue

\$3,258,656

Revenue increase over prior fiscal year better than a quarter-million dollars \$284,818 to be exact or 9.5%

Revenue increases in sales of licenses over prior fiscal year

Resident 8.8% Non-resident 15.4% Tourist 6.6%

SCHEDULE NO. I

REVENUE

PENNSYLVANIA FISH COMMISSION
STATEMENT OF REVENUE, EXPENDITURES AND CASH BALANCES
FISH FUND

FISCAL YEAR JULY 1, 1966 TO JUNE 30, 1967

Cash in State Treasury to Credit of "Fish Fund" July 1, 1966 Less: Unpaid Vouchers in Fiscal Offices as of June 30, 1966	\$2,487,349.45 3,407.38
Net Cash Available for Expenditures as of July 1, 1966	\$2,483,942.07
Receipts July 1, 1966 to June 30, 1967	
Resident Fishing Licenses Non-Resident Fishing Licenses Special Eel Licenses & Miscellaneous Permits & Fees Tourist Fishing Licenses Lake Erie Licenses Commercial Hatchery Licenses Fee Fishing Lake Licenses Fish Law Fines Interest on Securities Interest on Deposits Sale of Unservicable Property (Department of Property and Supplies Contributions for Restocking Streams Contributions from Federal Government (Dingell-Johnson Act) Sale of Publications Rental of Fish Commission Property Miscellaneous Revenue	\$2,671,541.73 162,106.60 2,966.00 45,064.40 740.00 6,150.00 8,765.00 47,159.79 75,897.25 7,596.05 82.95 32,464.88 152,502.59 34,363.56 2,412.00 8,843.46
Total Receipts From All Sources	\$3,258,656.26 \$5,742,598.33

A real battler—caught in Pennsylvania!



SCHEDULE NO. IV PENNSYLVANIA FISH COMMISSION STATEMENT OF REVENUE, EXPENDITURES AND CASH BALANCES

BOATING FUND FISCAL YEAR JULY 1, 1966 TO JUNE 30, 1967

REVENUE

Cash in State Treasury to Credit of "Boating Fund" July 1, 1966	\$408,280.14
Receipts July 1, 1966 to June 30, 1967Motor Boat Registration Fees—Fish Commission\$335,950.00Motor Boat Registration Fees—Delaware River Navigation Commission36,238.00Motor Boat Fines—Fish Commission4,625.00Miscellaneous Revenue—Fish Commission56.00Miscellaneous Revenue—Department of Revenue284.06Motor Boat Fines—Delaware River Navigation Commission1,105.00	
Total Receipts From All Sources	\$378,258.06
Total Funds Available During Year	\$786,538.20

CLASSIFICATION OF EXPENDITURES BY ORGANIZATIONAL UNITS

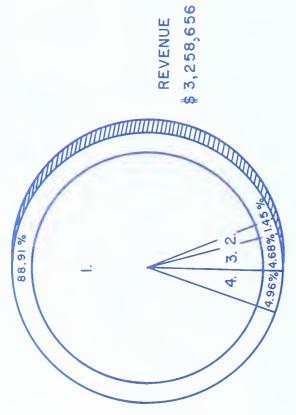
^{*}These items are paid out of "Boating Fund" upon requisition drawn by other departments and are included for a complete presentation of the "Boating Fund" finances.

SCHEDULE NO. V PENNSYLVANIA FISH COMMISSION CONSOLIDATED STATEMENT OF FINANCIAL POSITION BOATING FUND AS OF JUNE 30,1967

CASH			\$519,898.17
LESS:	LIABILITIES AND WORKING CAPITAL: ENCUMBRANCES—PENNSYLVANIA FISH COMMISSION ENCUMBRANCES—DEPARTMENT OF REVENUE ENCUMBRANCES—DEPARTMENT OF LABOR AND INDUSTRY ENCUMBRANCES—DEPARTMENT OF PROPERTY AND SUPPLIES RESERVE—DELAWARE RIVER NAVIGATION COMMISSION RESERVE—WORKING CAPITAL	\$ 57,196.10 1,600.00 665.00 50.00 24,506.67 100,000.00	184,017.77
NET E	BALANCE AVAILABLE FOR EXPENDITURES DURING FISCAL YEAR	1967-1968	\$335,880.40

PENNSYLVANIA FISH COMMISSION FISH FUND

1961 FOR THE FISCAL YEAR ENDED JUNE 30,



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EXPENDITURES

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4. - OTHER REVENUES

- 161,660 \$ 3, 258, 656 TOTAL REVENUE

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I EXECUTIVE AND ADMINISTRATION-	2 PROPAGATION AND DISTRIBUTION-	3 FISHERIES	4 LAW	5 CONSERVATION	6 LAND	1	1	,
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* - INCLUDES PROPAGATION AMOUNTING TO \$ 75,591

WATER POWERED GRIST MILLS

Owned by the stalwart John Printz, the mill was described as "a fine grist mill which grinds both coarse and fine flour, and trade is so great that it must keep going early and late." Local commentaries about the impotrant mill were still being written 59 years after it was erected. But by 1846 the mill was gone, with only traces of its supports remaining. (John Printz, in case you didn't excel in History, was the Governor of New Sweden, established in 1638 as a Swedish colony on the Delaware River, some 15 miles southwest of Philadelphia.)

Shortly after the first water-powered grist mill started to operate, several attempts to rig up a windmill that would afford enough power to competitively grind grain failed. In the words of one observer: "The wind contraption would not grind any kind of grain and was generally good for nothing. It looks as if only the grist mills with water wheels will get attention and fund support to put them up. . . . "

The second grist mill in Pennsylvania was built on Mill Creek in 1678. It was owned by Hans Moemsen. Later the stream that fed the mill's wheel came to be known as Little Mill Creek. Whether Moemsen wanted to build the mill is something we do not know, but the Swedish Court at Upland (Chester) thought he should, and put their opinion on record so persuasively that the mill was "timbered up hastily and made ready to take grists without delay."

When William Penn arrived on the scene he immediately put the quietus on private ownership of grist mills in Penn's Woods and reserved for himself the exclusive right to grant building permits not only for grist mills but water-powered saw mills as well. He organized a corporation for this purpose and reserved all water rights to the Proprietary.

In 1682 Penn brought with him from England all equipment needed to construct a grist mill, which was set up on Chester Creek. Remarkably, the cumbersome device arrived "already framed and ready in assembly and design to grind all sorts of grains. . . ."

The year 1683 saw Richard Townsend bring to completion a Penn-approved grist mill near Germantown, . . . "which was very useful to the community for several miles round; but there not being plenty of horses, people generally brought their grains on their backs many miles."

Another mill was erected on Chester Creek in 1687 when Tom Coebourne was granted milling rights by Penn authority. Things went well for Mr. Coebourne and the very next year he built a Penn-endorsed mill on Cobb's Creek. Now there were five grist mills in Chester County.

In 1690 Tom Coebourne added still another unit to his "chain" when he put up a mill on Mill Creek.

By now the right to individual holdings was beginning to make itself known and Penn's attempt to corner ownership of all mills ended in plain failure. His Secretary, William Logan, wrote bitterly and eloquently of the tumbled monopoly. First failures were the Old York Road Mill and the Northern Liberties Mill on Cohocksink Creek. Of the former, Logan recorded: "If ill luck can attend any place more than another, this mill may claim a charter for it!"

In 1698 Penn totally gave up his firm hold on milling privileges, "thereby putting new life into investments in the only method of obtaining flour and meal on the frontier." (Perhaps Penn had taken time to give some personally-applied thought to the serious treatise he had written in 1671, entitled: THE GREAT CAUSE OF LIBERTY OF CONSCIENCE.)

Free of the shackles of Penn's jurisdiction in milling, grist mills immediately started to increase in number by leaps and bounds. In less than three decades water-powered grist mills around Philadelphia could be counted by the score. By 1760 there were 83 in Philadelphia County alone, and about as many in Bucks and Chester! Further west there were mills aplenty too, such as more than a dozen operating within rifle-shot sound of Lancaster.

The milling of flour grew to be Pennsylvania's most important export industry. After the Revolution Philadelphia continued to be the center of the milling trade in America. The *Literary Magazine and Register* reported in 1801: "Notwithstanding the periodic scantiness of the water supply, in a distance of about twelve miles on Wissahickon Creek, there are eighteen grist mills capable of furnishing at least one hundred thousand barrels of flour per annum. . . ."

Lack of water for the steady operation of Pennsylvania's grist mills was wisely traced to the very first abuses of natural resources. The alarm for sound conservation practices was sounded before the middle of the 18th Century, "but few heard—or paid heed."

In 1749 author Peter Kalm reported: "The water in rivers and brooks likewise decreases in volume. Mills which sixty years ago were built on rivers and at that time had a sufficient supply of water almost all year long, have at present so little that they cannot run regularly except after a heavy rain or after snow melts in the spring. This shortage of water in part arises from the great quantity of

continued on page 26

NOVEMBER—1967



Each month the Pennsylvania Angler gets a lot of pictures of fishermen with their catches Some of the pictures are good some aren't. Writer, photographer, and fisherman Don Shine points out some things the inexperienced picture taker should know.

THE CAMERA— FISHERMAN'S SIDEKICK

Noticed any change in pictures taken by fishermen? Much as teenagers tote transistorized radios wherever they go, fishermen are becoming hep to cameras and are including them as part of their fishing gear. They're discovering that photography adds enjoyment to those trips outdoors.

Fishermen are not only including cameras in their gear, but are putting them to good use by shooting pictures in natural settings. They're discovering that pictures on the spot, at the moment that action is going on, are a fine way to faithfully record a memorable outing. Many have overcome the tendency to dust off the camera only when Aunt Martha comes visiting, or they themselves arrive home with a scale-busting trout. This new interest in photography has prompted fishermen to make cameras their new side-kick.

Today's pictures can be different. The big one can be photographed in the natural setting, often while water yet drips from fins and lure dangles from the mouth of the lunker. Further, pictures can be snapped in sequence to show the action of landing the big one, and the enchanting pool or cove setting. Because cameras are small enough to be included as part of the gear, fishermen can grab priceless pictures on the spot, throughout the day, to record the memorable outings for a lifetime of pleasure.

This new trend is due partly to today's compact and inexpensive cameras. The 35mm and 2¼-sq. reflex remain popular, but these are bulky and complicated compared to the newer, more simple "half-frame" models and automatic movie cameras. Good examples are two compacts by Kodak, with due respect to other makes, which measure 5 by 2½ by 1½-inches. These small cameras fit nicely in tackle boxes, pockets of fishing vests and in creels, barely taking up room occupied by a spare spin-reel. These have built-in pop-up flash reflectors which accept the tiny peanut-size bulbs, or use the tiny four-way flash cube.

Prices of many compacts run no more than \$30, a price that is not prohibitive. Most are equipped with fairly wide angle, fixed focus lenses and one-speed shutters that click





GETTING READY to take a picture of a catch (opposite page) author Shiner kneels down to get a better prespective. The result is pictured above left while another picture taken during a fishing trip is displayed above.

FISHERMAN'S SIDEKICK

at \(\frac{1}{40} \)th of a second. There are few or no gadgets to fool with. This is important. Without interrupting his own fishing for more than a few seconds, the fisherman can remove the camera from his pocket, aim and shoot the picture without going through the preliminaries of guessing at light values, lens settings or focusing through range-finders. It's possible now to cover the entire action in pictures, from strike to final netting of a big catch, without removing the camera from viewing position. Four-way flash cubes even make it possible to shoot a rapid sequence of photographs, each with its own individual flash illumination. Providing limitations of the camera are observed (like not moving nearer than four-feet to subjects, and holding camera rocksteady during exposure) the pictures, even in full color, turn out pretty well. Modern monochrome and color films, having wide latitude in exposure, make this possible in the fix-focused compacts. Together, camera and film make possible excellent pictures at mid-day or sunset, under bright sun or overcast sky.

Of course more expensive cameras extend picture range possibilities. But type camera isn't nearly as important as the ability to handle the camera well. Inexpensive compacts can do a great job for fishermen. Perhaps a few hints on photography will help keep the picture-revolution rolling along smoothly at full steam.

Use imagination in posing subjects so they appear more natural. Fishermen with big catches should be photographed while looking at and admiring the catch. Prints, color slides and movie scenes of this sort tell a story with greater impact.

Even better pictures are those which show family members or friends in the thick of action—battling lunkers, netting them or removing hooks from bucket-size jaws, without their knowing that pictures are being snapped of these exciting scenes.

Fishermen can further improve their photography by being more observant and increasingly selective of backgrounds. Rose brambles, porch railings, plaid shirts or backgrounds equally unattractive, obscure big ones held by anglers. Better camera angles minimize distracting backdrops and show the catch to a greater advantage. Low angle shots, obtained by kneeling low to the ground, mini-

mize unwanted backgrounds and emphasize the fisherman and his catch against a pleasing clear blue sky. Equally effective pictures are those made from higher elevations which outline fishermen against a backdrop of rippling water. Dramatic pictures are usually the rule when subjects are separated from "busy," cluttered surroundings.

Camera-totin' fishermen should adhere to another important rule—holding the camera rock-steady during the exposure. Cameras that are moved or jarred during the exposure result in fuzzy, unsharp pictures. Perhaps more pictures are needlessly ruined because of camera-movement than for all other reasons.

Admittedly, steadying a camera in say, a rolling, pitching boat is difficult to do. But here, as elsewhere, the photographer waits for a wave to peak, then braces arms against chest, takes a deep breath and exhales partially to steady his hand. At other occasions, it is possible to take advantage of some nearby support—post, tree, wharf or wading staff—to minimize camera jarring at that critical moment when shutter clicks.

Fishermen might also improve outdoor pictures with flash. Peanut-size flash bulbs extend the picture-range into the night. Campfires and night fishing scenes are possible, including more handsomely lighted daytime pictures. Popping flash bulbs off during mid-day may appear foolish and a waste of hard earned money. Truth is, it is neither. Flash fills shadows. Customary dark pockets around the eyes of subjects who are squinting in full sun light are washed smooth with light from a flash. Then too, a flash lights subjects nicely when they are in deep shade.

If flash cord permits extending reflector to arms length, so much the better. Interesting shadows, which result, give dimension to otherwise flat front-lighted scenes.

Camera-totin' fishermen can likewise add variety to their pictures. Shoot medium distant views to show family members busy battling lunkers. Shoot dramatic close-ups of fish arranged around a creel, or others jumping amid a showering spray of water. Likewise include long scenic shots to show the enchanting beauty of lake or stream.

A variety of scenes adds up to well-rounded picture stories on film.

NOVEMBER—1967

MODERN CAMPING

bу

DEL & LOIS KERR

RICKETTS GLEN

In all sincerity, we asked the Ricketts Glen State Park desk clerk if the camping area was frequently crowded on weekends. It was obviously a humorous question. He methodically arranged a sheaf of papers on the desk, then gazed out the park office window at the steady flow of inbound traffic before answering.

"I'll put it this way," he finally replied with a grin. "We have 102 campsites in the park. As a rule, the campground fills up by early Thursday. Latecomers are greeted with the 'no vacancy' sign consistently from Memorial Day to Labor Day. Most weekends we turn away at least 250 people!"

There is little doubt that Ricketts Glen is one of the most overcrowded parks in Pennsylvania—but one that should be visited by everyone at least once. It is located in Luzerne County, about 25 miles west of Wilkes-Barre on state routes 118 and 487. The park lies at the northern edge of the Susquehanna River's Wyoming Valley region, within a stone's throw of one and a quarter million people.

Ricketts Glen would probably be crowded without nearby population. Perhaps the greatest attraction is the series of cascading waterfalls plunging down Red Rock Mountain. A stroll through the Glen is truly a rewarding experience.

We began our hike at the picnic grounds and food concession stand in the lowlands along Route 118. Kitchen Creek roars and tumbles out of heavy timber, crosses under the highway and disappears just as quickly into another green forest. At the start, the Glen trail is nearly as wide as a country lane and level as a table top. Towering veteran pines, hemlocks and oaks, some over 500 years old, stretch in every direction.

The creek boils and rushes through the forest with a loud gushing sound, making us think we were within earshot of waterfalls at every step. The stream is an angler's dream, famous for bass, pike and muskies. Rustic footbridges cross feeder streams at various points. One such bridge was hewn from a single log!

Near the beginning of the trail, a large wooden sign warns of hazardous footing and not to pass that particular point after 5:00 p.m. Darkness comes early in the sheltered Glen. The first mile at least is more than easy walking, even for the very young or aged. Logs have been hewn into benches and placed at frequent intervals. On

the mountainside, steps have been provided on steep portions, often carved out of existing rock.

The desire to continue is great after sight of the first few waterfalls. Each seems to grow in size and splendor. Falls vary from a drop of a few feet over rockshelf rims to the fascinating, breathtaking Ganoga Falls, plunging 100 feet to a deep pool below. While the sign does warn of tripping hazards, the trail to the falls requires only a minimum of agility. It is worth the walk.

After the last waterfall, the trial continues on to the top of the mountain. It passes 25-acre, warm water Rose Lake (which provides angling for pickerel, yellow perch and other species) and ends near the main campground and park office. The camping area is situated on a long peninsula jutting into famous Lake Jean. Sites are not overly large, but are located in a sylvan wooded area and easily accessible for tents or trailers. Best yet, it's within easy walking distance of good fishing for northern pike, smallmouth and largemouth bass, walleyes and others in the 274-acre lake.

It might be wise to note here that cars pulling heavy trailers should avoid using Route 487 north from Route 118. A long, steep grade of approximately three miles to the top of 2334-foot Red Rock Mountain can be skirted by following Route 118 to U.S. 220, then north to Dushore and back to the park.

Ricketts Glen was incorporated into the Pennsylvania Park system in 1944. Although one of the most brilliant conservation moves in the history of the state, its importance at the time was overshadowed by the dark period of World War II. With the everlasting thanks of a grateful populace, most of the 13,000-acre parkland has been preserved in its natural state through the desires of the original owner, Colonel Bruce Ricketts.

Creation of Lake Jean only added to the beauty of the area. Day-use facilities include swimming beaches and boat rental. Fishermen can take advantage of not only Lake Jean and Rose Lake, but 75-acre Mountain Spring Lake, a Fish Commission impoundment at the edge of the park property featuring brook and brown trout, perch and catfish. North and south branches of Bowman's Creek, Cherry Run and other streams provide additional angling variety.

Place Ricketts Glen State Park on the top of your list for early spring camping. If you can't make it before Memorial Day, plan to arrive before midweek or arrange to stay at one of the many nearby private campgrounds. And above all, don't forget your camera. Ricketts Glen is one of the most scenic parks in Pennsylvania!



FISHING TOO MUCH!

It seems that we have a very avid fisherman in this county, as I was told via the grape-vine. It seems his wife elt he was spending too much time on the streams and not enough at home, so (I would imagine after many warnings) she tore up his fishing license hoping that would solve the problem. But, as you can guess as a true fisherman, he purchased another license and is still fishing, although maybe not so much as previously.—District Warden IAMES H. LAUER (Lycoming County).



HUNGRY NORTHERN—

■ Mr. Gene Stephens, of Tipton, was fishing at Glendale Lake in Cambria County when he had an unusual experience. He was using two rods baited with chubs. Soon he had a run on the one rod. He waited a little and set the hook. At about the same time the first one started he had a run on the other rod. He called a friend for help, the friend took the other rod and he too had a fish. When the fish was landed it was a 25 inch northern pike and had taken both chubs at the same time.—District Warden CLOYD W. HOLLEN (Blair County).



DOUBLE TROUBLE!

■ Mr. Paul McCaulley, of Bellwood, was fishing at Newton Hamilton in Huntingdon County. He was using a black plastic night crawler. Shortly after starting to fish he had a good strike and set the hook. It gave him a good battle and he was sure he had a real lunker. When the fish was finally landed he had 20½ inches of small mouth bass. One was 10 inches and one was 10½ inches in length and both were on the one night crawler. One had taken the front hook and the other had taken the back hook. These were the only two fish caught all day.—District Warden CLOYD W. HOLLEN (Blair County).



WALLEYE APPEARS!

■ Two years ago the Sinnemahoning Sportsmens Club and I stocked the Stevenson Dam with year-old Walleyes. From that time to this there has been no return of these fish but recently, Trooper Potisek of the Emporium Barracks, while off-duty and fishing the Driftwood Branch, took a nice Walleye in about the 20" class from this stream. This is about 24 miles from Stevenson Dam, which is not unusual, but the fish had to travel through 5 miles of the Driftwood Branch between Sinnemahoning and Driftwood

which is polluted heavily by mine drainage, and totally void of fish life.—District Warden STANLEY G. HASTINGS (Cameron County).

PLENTY OF FISH!

■ Recently I helped biologists electro shock a section of Big Kettle Creek. I was amazed at the number of fish present in this section of the stream. We found a good hold-over of brown trout which is unusual for this stream as it normally gets too warm for any hold over. We also saw a good population of black bass and the thing that amazed me most was the amount of eels present. These eels were all about the same size—about 24 inches in length. They must have been stocked in Clinton County as no eels have been stocked in Potter County.—District Warden KENNETH ALEY (Potter County).



MONEY SPOT!

■ This past summer I was on patrol in the Millstone area and found a 50¢ piece lying in the woods approximately 300′ off the road. On July 29, I was on patrol near this same spot when I found a one dollar bill lying on the road. I am anxious to get down that way again on patrol, to see what's next.—District Warden BERNARD D. AMBROSE (Elk County).



"Maybe one will give itself up. . . ."

STREAM NOTES Cont.

SNAKE EGG-

■ A black snake which was part of a display at the McKean County fair, laid an egg in the snake pen. One lady, who at first did not believe the egg came from the snake—but was convinced after some talk—offered to lend us her heat lamp in an attempt to hatch the egg.—District Worden STANLEY G. HASTINGS (Cameron County).



SECOND CHANCE

■ Student Officer Donald Parrish, who is attending H. R. Stackhouse School of Training for Fish Wardens at Bellefonte, related this story. One evening a man fishing in the Paradise hooked an eighteen inch trout only to have it break the line and get away. Two days later the same fish was caught and landed carrying the leader and fly by the same fisherman who had hooked it before.—District Warden HARLAND F. REYNOLDS (Wayne County).



RELEASED PRIZE

■ Alan Iseman was fishing Murphys Bottom on the Allegheny River when he hooked a yellow perch. While playing the perch a 22½ inch Smallmouth Bass took it. Alan took the bass home and put it in his father's pond. Unknown to Alan at the time, the Kittanning Fishing Contest was on and his bass would have scored high, if not won. Also Alan would have been awarded a fishing citation from the Pennsylvania Fish Commission. Alan now spends most of his free time trying to recatch his lost prize.—District Warden ARTHUR A. HERMAN (Westmoreland County).



"I can't make it today AI; I'd lose two rigs, get a bad sunburn and catch a cold in the sudden squall we'd get caught in!"

THEY GROW!

■ The day an item appeared in the local paper concerning the stocking of northern pike fingerlings in Cloe Lake. I had a telephone call that went something like this:

Caller: "Is this the Warden?" Reply: "Yes sir, can I help you."

Caller: "Why in the #%&#\$!! are you stocking those little #\$%##! pike in that #\$%\$&!! Cloe Lake?"

Reply: "Well sir, have you ever fished for northern

pike?"

Caller: "Certainly! But those #\$%&##! little things

are not worth #\$%\$#!!"

Reply: "Well sir, tell me, have you ever caught a northern pike that at sometime or another was not

eight inches long?"

Caller: "Ah . . . well . . . thank you . . . CLICK.

-District Warden JAMES F. DONAHUE (Jefferson County).



NOT WORRIED!

■ While in the parking area at Glade Run Lake, I stopped to talk with two youngsters and their father. Dad finished rigging up their fishing rods and then warned the boys to be careful not to hook one another while fishing. The oldest of the two said, "Don't worry I have three bandades."—District Warden EUGENE SCOBEL (Butler and Lawrence Counties).



■ While patrolling Cross Fork Creek Fly Fishing Only section, I checked Paul Larimer of Cross Fork. During the examination I asked Paul how they were hitting? His reply was, "I don't know what I'm catching the most of apples or fish." At that particular time he was tied into the biggest and highest apple tree on Cross Fork Creek. —District Warden KENNETH ALEY (Potter County).

HAND LINE!

■ I won't mention any names but a certain man went fishing with his wife and decided to fish with a hand line. He tied it to a button on his shirt so he could get it quickly if a fish hit. He was also using a rod at the time. The only good hit he had was on the hand line and the fish decided not to stop when he felt the pull from the surface. Before the fisherman could take ahold of the hand line, button and line went out through the water. He says he's going to stick with regular rod and line fishing in the future. —District Warden JOSEPH E. BARTLEY (Pike County).

MONKEY BUSINESS—

■ This summer, the city of Cumberland, Md. was holding an open house at the Cumberland Water Filter Plant. The plant is in Bedford County, Pa., consisting of the Koon and Gordon Lakes. The personnel had spent a lot of time cleaning up around the two lakes, and had it looking very nice, but while talking to Mr. Ray Nixon, Superintendent,

STREAM NOTES Cont.

I found he was disturbed about paper torn up on a bridge that crossed one of the necks of Gordon Lake. I had also noticed this and expressed a similar thought, stating that on my way home I would check and perhaps spend some time watching the fishermen on the bridge, with the thought of correcting this littering. To my surprise the bridge area was being policed up by a small monkey. The monkey belonged to one of the fishermen, who had trained the animal. The monkey would gather up anything that he could get his paws on and drop it in a container that had been placed there for garbage. The owner of the animal, who asked me not to mention his name, kept the animal on a rope. Perhaps we should get monkeys to police up around some of our Lakes.—District Warden WILLIAM E. McILNAY (Bedford and Fulton Counties).

HAPPY BOY!

■ When calling on young Joad Casner of Mifflin recently, he was rather apprehensive being approached by a uniformed officer. However, upon learning that my mission was to present him with a Junior Fishing Citation, his attitude changed. And when his picture (accepting the Citation) appeared on the front page of the Juniata Sentinel we certainly had one of the happiest young anglers I have ever seen.—District Warden RICHARD OWENS (Mifflin and Juniata Counties).

LOOKING FORWARD!

■ The North Branch of the Susquehanna River has been high and muddy practically since warm water season came in. You would expect to hear fishermen gripe about this condition, but surprisingly most of them are not too unhappy. They just say "Boy, just wait until next year, we should have a dandy time out here." —District Warden STEPHEN A. SHABBICK (Wyoming County).

KINZUA BOATERS

■ Kinzua dam or the Allegheny river reservoir is fast becoming a boater's paradise, with twelve thousand acres of water to tour. Boats from nearly every state in the Union have stopped in for a tour of this body of water. Although its a new body of water many fisherman have caught some nice fish. Thousands of bass, walleye, pike and muskellunge have been stocked in these waters and it should be only a matter of time until fishing will be great.—District Warden KENNETH G. COREY (Warren County).

SPEEDWELL FISHERMAN

■ Since the impounding of Speedwell Forge Lake there are two gentlemen that live in the immediate area who spend a considerable amount of time on or around it. Recently one related the following story to me. As he was standing beside his trailer, waiting in line to load his boat a lady came up to him and said, "Mr., I don't know what your name is, but I do know that you're in charge here and



I would like to know if there is any charge for launching a boat." First the gentleman explained to the lady that there was no charge so far as he knew. Then he tried to explain that he wasn't in charge. She said, "Don't kid me I come by here every day or so and I always see either you or your car." He almost considered this an insult, until he happened to realize it was true. I might add his wife—who happens to be a fisherwoman and understands—will verify what the lady said.—District Warden SAMUEL W. HALL (Lancaster and Lebanon Counties).

KEPT ALIVE

■ Dr. Paul Wallat of Hawley states that on a recent fishing trip Walleye Pike were kept alive for several days by putting them on stringers and sinking them below the wave wash along the banks of a lake. This might not work if turtles are around.—District Warden HARLAND F. REYNOLDS (Wayne County).

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DELAWARE MUSKIES

■ From all indications the Commission's musky stocking in the Delaware River has been a success. This makes the third year we have stocked fry in the river and I have had reports of muskies being caught from Milford to Easton. The fish range in sizes from about 14 inches to about 28 inches.—District Warden WALTER J. BURKHART (Monroe County).

ALL WET!

■ While on patrol of Bowmans Creek I ran into some youngsters drying out their clothes. It seemed odd that all three would have gotten wet at the same time so I stopped and asked what happened.

It turned out that they had parked their car on an incline near the creek. When they came back the brake had slipped or they forgot to set it and the rear of their car was submerged in the creek. Luckily a truck came along and pulled them out. But when they opened the trunk—in which they had left some extra clothes and a pail of minnows—the minnows swam away and, of course, the extra clothes were all wet. They had brought along the change in case they got the ones they were wearing wet.—District Warden STEPHEN SHABBICK (Wyoming County).



ULTRALIGHT

continued from page 15

While a small snap swivel may be advisable with spoons and spinners, it has been my experience that they hamper the action of the tiny lures. I prefer to tie the line directly to the lure. If twist develops it can be removed by running the lureless line out behind the boat or in a stretch of fast water.

To eliminate the bother of retying each time I change lures, I tie a strong loop—an improved end loop will do nicely—in the end of the line, and slip this through the eye of the lure, then over it and draw it tight. The lure can be removed by slipping it back through the loop.

The ultralight angler has an almost unlimited choice of lures

First there are the tiny lures made especially for ultralight tackle. They include spinners, spoons, and minature

plugs—and all will catch fish under conditions that would be almost impossible with larger lures. I particularly like the little surface plugs, the poppers with concave heads and the crippled minnows with tiny propellers that kick up a spray. The bantamweight lures drop on the water so lightly that even the spookiest fish don't flush.

Tiny spinners do not always turn as they are supposed to and this is a major weakness of light tackle. The best way to avoid this is to buy the best spinners available, and even they are not expensive.

Spoons may be only thumbnail size, but they are effective and can be decorated with pork rinds that make them just as tantalizing as the big ones. The advantage they offer is a subdued "plop" at the end of a long cast.

In addition to the many lures designed specifically for ultralight tackle, the angler will find that he can put to use many of his fly rod lures. Most of the spoons and plugs designed for fly rod use handle much better on light spinning tackle. Such lures, though built for fly tackle, do not handle well on the long sticks.

Small split shot sinkers make it possible for the ultralight angler to bring into play any wet fly or streamer in his box. With them I have fished brush lined trout streams that could not have been worked thoroughly with conventional fly tackle. A sinker clamped several inches ahead of the fly adds sufficient casting heft for the sensitive little outfit. And if conditions demand it, it is easy to add a spinner.

Ultralight spinning tackle was designed to put more sport into angling, and this is its major attraction. But there are fishing situations you can solve with ultralight tackle that would be impossible otherwise. As the ultralight concept adds new joy to your days on the water, many of them will become apparent.

But best of all, it puts the fight back into the fish.



Potter County Contest Winners

A seven pound, 10 ounce, 24½ inch rainbow trout took top honors during an annual fishing contest in Potter County sponsored by the Potter County Recreation Association.

The big rainbow was caught by Coudersport fisherman Donald E. Snay (left) from Pine Creek a few miles above Galeton.

Other winners announced for the contest included a 22½ inch brown trout caught by Port Allegany fisherman Orin K. Smith who was fishing Oswayo Creek when he got the four pound, eight ouncer. Smith (above right) caught the big trout early in the season on an artificial lure.

Third winner in the contest was Steve Macensky of Galeton who caught a 17 inch brook trout to take first in that category. Macensky (below right) caught the brookie from Kettle Creek.

Second place winners were: Wayne Karschner, 19, of Galeton for a 4½ pound rainbow from Lyman Lake; Donald Wright, Genesee, for a 20 inch, three pound thirteen ounce brown trout from the West Branch of the Genesee River; and Ralph Danston of West Alexander for a 2½ pound brook trout.

The contest is sponsored each year for fishermen catching big fish in the county.



POOR MAN'S BONEFISH

continued from page 7

he lowly carp could suddenly become something quite diferent? . . . Then and there I resolved to find out.

Next day, armed with slender fly rod and can of worms, set out to deliberately stalk the fish, much as one would talk a bass or trout.

In the first thirty minutes, I cast to two feeding carp—ooth ignored the offering. Then I spotted the flagging tail of an especially heavy-bodied specimen as he nosed deep in he bushes on the bottom, so deeply engrossed in feeding he failed to notice my approach.

Equipped this time with six-pound test leader, I flicked out a length of line and let the worm drift slowly right nto the maw of the finny vacuum cleaner.

The water was clear enough for me to see the fish acually envelope the worm, and I set the hook with relish.

The smashing tail left a frothy boil of cascading mud and vater for fifty feet as he slashed his way through the six nch shallows to deeper water.

I caught up with him at the end of the run. The rod buckled sharply, but the leader held, and I managed to turn the furious fish in the other direction.

For ten minutes the fish ripped back and forth with bulllog determination before it could be led close to the net.

Once in sight of the net, it made two more splashy last ninute attempts to escape. Wrist aching, I finally managed to steer the monster into a too small trout net, and carried tashore

That day, two years ago, changed my mind about Mr. Carp as a sporting fish. In these days when fishermen albow each other for room along streams, lakes, and rivers, coupled with the tightening noose of pollution the heavy-podied carp and his allies are becoming more and more to be reckoned with.

For one thing, he's readily available and willing to bite. For another he provides the incomparable experience of handling a really big fish on a light rod. In effect, this loughty warrior of the mud flats is a kind of poor man's ponefish.

I had discovered what a small, select crowd of anglers as known for years—flyrodding for carp can be fun! The experience led to further experimentation and refinement of tackle.

I use number six hooks on a level six-pound test leader, about six or seven feet long. Sometimes I tie on a nine nch dropper about eighteen inches from the end of the eader (use 8-10 lb. test leader material for this so the dropper hangs away from the leader).

A pair of polaroid sunglasses is a *must* to be able to spot the drifting ghosts before they spot you! A pair of hip poots rounds out the equipment. I prefer medium size garden worms, hooked loosely once or twice, and changed

frequently so they are fresh and wriggling. They are less likely to snap off the hook than larger worms, and they drop on the water with the quietness of a falling leaf.

It is not necessary to plant yourself along the bank and wait for these fish in the time-honored custom. Aggressively stalk the shallows, peering ahead for the slightest sign of feeding or coasting fish.

In the spring of the year you will find them in ankle to knee deep water, crowding over the spawning beds. Later they will move out to deeper, less accessible water.

Signs of feeding fish will become obvious with a little experience. Sometimes small, cloudy looking spots rise from the area, accompanied by a steady stream of air bubbles breaking the surface. Your carp is actively feeding directly beneath. On other occasions, the broad tail can be seen slowly flagging the surface, as it is "tailing" or feeding along the bottom, much as a nymphing trout.

You will often stumble across small groups of fish, feeding in clumps of six to thirty feet across. If the sun is bright and the conditions are right, you can often come surprisingly close. A number of times I have made successful casts to carp in broad daylight with less than a rod's length of line extended. However, the most practical distance seems to be an approach to twenty or thirty feet. Usually any closer than this results in a muddy explosion as the fish scoots for cover.

You will probably find that trying for "singles" provides the most exciting fishing and is the most similar to sport fishing. Make a slow shoreline stalk until you spot a single large fish rooting in the weedy bottom.

Maneuver within casting distance, and let the worm settle lightly on the water and drift as near to the quarry as possible. At this point patience is necessary. A carp may often study a bait for ten or twenty minutes or even longer before deciding to take it. If there are no takers, inch the bait back carefully and make another try. A cautious caster can often make two or three casts without being discovered as a school of carp drifts to his very feet.

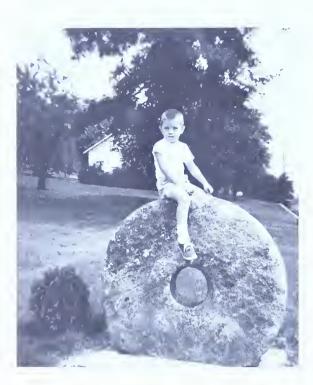
The bite, when it comes, will be in the light, plucking motion, typical of this crafty bait stealer. Wait till he makes his slow move away with the bait, then set the hook.

Your carp will make powerful, rugged runs, and will often make a desperate last minute burst for freedom when he spots the net. Play him the same way you would any heavy bass or trout. He's not much for top water action, but, if you get careless, he can strip your fly line down to the backing in a flash and leave you with a handful of raw fingers.

The carp has long had a reputation for being overly shy and easily spooked. However, the experienced bass or trout fisherman will find this fish no more difficult to stalk than any other wary game fish.

The cautious stalk, the size and strength of these fish, the challenge of taking them on the light rod, all these add up to an unusual and interesting sport.

WATER POWERED GRIST MILLS continued from page 17



land which is now cultivated and from the felling of vast forests for that purpose."

Practically all of the early grist mills were built of logs and had a peaked cock-loft equipped with a dangling rope used for hoisting grain to the hopper. The water wheel was either overshot or undershot . . . "vertical, ponderous, laboring, and usually covered with a velvety green film." The mill stones, or burrs, were made of native granite, and ranged from three to seven feet in diameter. All machinery was carefully made of thoroughly seasoned wood, hand-crafted and precisely fitted.

The standard method of paying the miller (also known as "duster" in those days) for grinding grain was to have him take one-tenth of the grist as toll. When Connecticut still held jurisdiction over the Wyoming Valley, the law provided: "Each owner of a grist mill shall be allowed three quarts out of each bushel of Indian corn he grinds; and for other grains two quarts out of each bushel, except malt, out of which the full allowance shall be but one quart."

For the farmer and his sons a trip to the mill in good weather usually was one of the high spots of life on the frontier farm. If the trip was especially long, and the waiting line of teams numbered many with heavy grists, it sometimes was necessary to stay at the mill over night. The following account is an example:

"There was no grist mill in the Wyoming Valley in 1771," wrote a man named C. Miner. "For bread the settlers used pounded corn. Doctor Sprague, who kept a boarding house, would take his horse with as much wheat as he could comfortably carry and go to the Delaware and get

it ground. Seventy or eighty miles to mill was no trifling distance. The flour was so precious that it was kept for cakes and was used only on extraordinary occasions."

Since every mill was by absolute necessity situated on a stream, and the stream almost without exception being plentifully inhabited by seldom-disturbed fish, trips to the mill often meant a chance to also work in a few hours of fishing. One Bucks Countian wrote in 1809: . . . "While the gray stone burrs hummed and the great overshot wheel creaked and sloshed to the groan of wooden gears and spindles, my father and I sometimes spent our waiting time gathering herbs and roots for winter use; but if the season was favorable there was a greater likelihood that we would be found fishing above or below the millrace. Each of us usually carried a small wad of line and a hook when millbound. Armloads of limber little fishing poles could be had for the cutting, and with moderate ambition bait could be uncovered. We would wrap our fish in wet moss and chill them anew at each stream we crossed during the twelve-mile journey home. Fresh-caught fish fried in pork fat and browned in a dusting of fresh-ground corn meal made fine fare. . . ."

To be sure, going to mill in frontier days when the season was pleasant must have been a journey of leisure—after spending long hours on the farm with grubbing hoe, axe, grain cradle, splitting maul, etc. But there was another side to going to the nearest grist mill, when the winter was so cold that ponds cracked like pistol shots and snow creaked underfoot "like sharp little chords of strained fiddle music."

Benjamin Burt, a pioneer of Potter County, recounts this experience, dated 1811: "We often had to pack our provisions 80 miles from Jersey Shore, sixty miles of the road being without a house. I had 14 miles to go in winter to mill with an ox team. The weather was cold, the snow deep. There were no bridges across the streams. I had to wade the streams and carry the bags on my back. The ice was frozen to my coat as heavy as a bushel of corn. I worked hard all day and only got 7 miles by nightfall."

WATCH FOR—

"Lots of Lures" owned by Rev. L. Zakrevsky of Edwardsville. Father Zakrevsky, who has fished for a good many years, probably has one of the largest collections of lures in the entire country. You'll see it in your coming December Angler.

LEAKY BOOTS continued from page 1

ive nursery program. We think the program is important nough to warrant a monthly column about cooperative lubs and their projects so starting this issue a new feature Casting with the Co-ops" by Bill Porter begins. See page

LOOKING FORWARD

Gentlemen,

Just a short note along with my renewal to the "Angler" o compliment the Fish Commission on the fine job they lo all year round to benefit the fisherman when they take o the waters of Pennsylvania.

Being in Germany for the past 2½ years and scheduled to

return home in nine months I want to tell you how much I have missed the great fishing of Pennsylvania and how I really look forward every month to receiving my issue of the "Angler" as it brings a bit of home to me and other Pennsylvania boys who also read my "Angler."

What I wish to have is the latest facts and figures law book on fishing in Pennsylvania as I want to be up on all the latest laws and regulations when I return home and hit the Warren County streams not to mention the just completed Kinzua Dam.

Thanks in advance and keep up the great work.

LEONARD KOVATS U.S. Army

THE NIGHT WATCH-CONCLUSION

by L. JAMES BASHLINE

In most places where trout are found today there is light fishing to be had. The most unique facet of the port is that some of the very best of after dark angling s to be had on the most hard fished waters. Civilized vaters take such a terrific pounding during the day that he larger and wiser fish have become acclimated to late nour dining. The heavily fished eastern waters also become quite warm during the summer months and do not ool off until the sun's searing rays have passed behind the nearest hill. In water which reaches the seventy degree nark trout tend to become sluggish and don't respond well o anything. Darkness and the resulting fall in temperaure often turns the switch for feeding activity, and the ingler who sticks it out will often be pleasantly surprised.

This discussion has dealt completely with the use of big vets after dark. This undoubtedly has caused a bit of retting on the part of some who prefer their feathers to loat. I too, enjoy casting the floater and at times their use after dark can certainly be justified. But the added problems of trying to keep a dry fly floating at night and he difficulty in even seeing it, are indeed something to consider. The big wets are easier to control, cover the water better and the combined experience of the Goodsell Hole clan leans heavily in favor of the sunken fly. Pinney, who probably logged more night fishing hours than any fisherman has or ever will, operated under the assumption that big trout wanted a big mouthful and that's just what the number 4, 6 and 8 wets offer.

"(I once took a two footer on a big No. 2 Fiery Brown Salmon fly. It was a whole handful of feathers but that big brown trout took it just like he ate one every day. Did the same thing on a 1/0 brown Palmer. Of course, this isn't the rule. I like No. 6 best of all.)"

Fishing after dark has an aura of mystic charm. Night time adventures always seem to offer an extra bit of excitement and flavor—and so it is with the after dark angler. It also has the special attraction of being uncrowded and, in these days of tank trucks and elbow to elbow fishing, loneliness while fishing is something to be searched for. Not many fishermen have that extra unexplainable compulsion to seek their prey at night. Its a tough game that will never draw a horde of followers. Those who do fish for the love of the game, and seek only to sink a hook into a fish capable of putting a bend of consequence into the rod.

CAMPING ALONE continued from page 13

he cigarette lighter on my car. But the lighter wouldn't work. Curse modernization.

Darkness was coming quickly, like a veil that seemed to shrink the setting into a little world of its own. Distant obects grew blurry, then disappeared. Trees became ghostike silhouettes against the sky.

Finally I found matches though only four—in the glove compartment of the car.

One match did it all. It started my fire and gave me welcomed light and warmth and heat for cooking. It was my entertainment too, as the flames lapped out wafting a few sparks upward into the night sky to join the stars.

Supper was steak—I had released my trout—beans and green onions. You can eat onions on your own. You have only yourself to please.

Sleep came quickly. I lay in my tent with one streak of moonlight seeping through the flap.

The night was short. A crow woke mc in the morning. It was later than I had hoped.

I cooked a leisurely breakfast-eggs, bacon, coffee and potatoes fried a little too soggy.

I would spend the day, then return to people. It would be hard to explain why I went alone. And I wouldn't really try. It's something a man has to do to know about.

STEEL WORKER'S SPOON continued from page 5

welder with Bethlehem Steel. Thirty-one years later he retired to his Graywood Street residence in Johnstown. He now devotes a great deal of his retirement to fishing.

Being a metal worker by trade, he reiterated that it seemed natural to combine his skill with metal to that of fishing to come up with metal spoons for bass and pike.

A few days later I patched my boots and bought a replacement rod. The painful welts from those mosquitoes also disappeared. I decided to give Bambino's spoons another go on bass, this time in a broad stretch of Susquehanna that flows past my home. The inviting stretch of water contains numerous tree-clad islands and long stretches of placid water between remnants of old eel weirs from which white water spills.

I waded into the river this particular evening. I sent the spoon sailing into the white capped riffles below the nearest old wall. The lure returned empty-handed. I felt the strike of a good fish on the next cast. A copper colored fish rolled beneath the surface. It had weight. It ran. with real power, through the mouth of the weir. I kept steady pressure on the line. Finally the fish turned and raced downstream with double the speed of the current. Some five minutes later it came slowly toward my net as I continued to reel in line. Darkness was only minutes away when I finally netted the fish, a real brute of a walleye.

I have no knowledge to date as to whether Dominick Bambino has met with success in his endeavorment to enlist the aid of a manufacturer in putting the spoon on the market. Perhaps until success with the lure comes his way he can take pleasure in knowing that his experimenting with metal has produced a good bass spoon.

Such are the things that fishing is made of. More fishermen should put tin snips, pieces of scrap metal and spare treble hooks to good use. That their spoon-designs will net comparable results is no guarantee, but let's face it. It's inevitable that some will fascinate game fish.

COHO IN ERIE COUNTY continued from page 3

—in fact the Elk Creek Club, which started its first raceway on Mother's Day this year to hold 5,000 rainbows under the cooperative program—built an additional 100 feet of raceway in just eight days in order to have room for the cohos. At present the club has a membership of about 165.

The 3 CU boys supplemented their 7,000 coho with an additional 3,000 wild or native trout which they're presently rearing for stocking next season.

Members of both clubs, interested in expanding present

operations, say they may be able to secure additional locations for enlarging their individual programs.

Robert H. Brown, cooperative nursery coordinator, who visited the clubs' projects late this summer—and looked at some possible new sites—said in summing up his day's work in the area "We've got some real interested people up here." They're doing a good job for themselves and the Commission. I hope three years from now to see them well rewarded for their work."

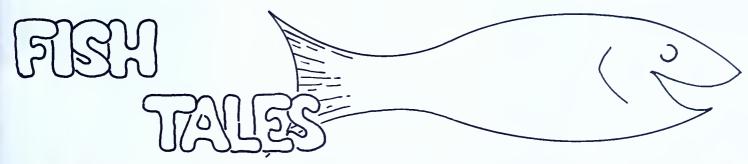


FISHING SCHOOL IN LEBANON COUNTY

Lebanon County Izaak Walton League committee chairman Clarence Clements explains the working part of an open faced spinning reel to members of Cub Pack 33.

He helped with one of many fishing schools conducted by Pennsylvania Fish Commission personnel. Mothers, fathers, sisters and brothers of the Cub Pack members also attended the school, according to Sam Hall, district warden for Lancaster and Lebanon Counties.

Persons interested in attending a school this winter should contact their district warden for information about location and dates.



A FISHING FEATURE FOR FISHERMEN -

- FROM FISHERMEN



IN TOWN CATCH was this 37 inch, 11 pound musky caught by angler Charles Keys by the South Bridge in Harrisburg. It hit a 3½ inch Rapala lure.

PHILADELPHIA FISHERMAN Thomas Robinson of Fanshawe Street holds smallmouth bass he caught while fishing Neshaminy Creek in Bucks County. The bigger one won him a Pennsylvania Angler Fishing Citation. It measured 201/4 inches and weighed 31/8 pounds.

TWO CITATIONS were won by 14-year-old Randall Whitton for this 17 inch 2% pound crappie—it was not only big enough for a Junior Fishing Citation but a senior one as well. He was fishing in Tionesta Creek when he caught it on a nightcrawler.







SHANE SHAFFER, 10, of Mifflintown won a Pennsylvania Angler Magazine Fishing Citation for catching this 30 inch, 15½ pound carp.



TWENTY ONE INCH, 4½ pound largemouth bass won a Junior Fishing Citation for Donald Reid, 15, of Glen Campbell in Indiana County.



DARLENE REED, 13, of New Castle, won a Junior Fish Citation for the 28 inch, 61/4 pound walleye she caught in Pymatuning Lake.



GUY HUMMEL of Hummels Wharf in Northumberland County holds the 201/4 inch, 4 pound smallmouth bass he caught from the Susquehanna River.

> FISHERMAN George Popp of Belle Vernon holds nice limit of largemouth bass he caught at Koon Lake in Bedford County during an evening of fishing. They measured from 12 to 19 inches.





GEORGE J. HINKLE of Lancaster holds 61/4 pound, 23 inch citation winning largemouth bass he caught from Octorara Creek in Chester County.



HUSKY MUSKY club member is Harry Goodman of Sarver who caught this 42 inch, 171/2 pound muskellunge from the Allegheny River. He was one of the first fishermen to apply for membership.



PICTURES-Since Fish Tales started a few months ago we've received a lot of pictures from fishermen. Most show the fisherman and fish, but a few keep coming along only of the fish. We think the fisherman is as important to the picture as the fish, so send your



ROBERT COOK, 13, Johnstown, won a citation with $21\frac{1}{2}$ inch, $5\frac{1}{2}$ pound largemouth bass caught in Shawnee Lake, Bedford County.



STEPHEN REED, 12, Honesdale, with 18 inch, 31/4 pound smallmouth bass which won him a Pennsylvania Angler Junior Fish Citation. He caught the bass on a plastic worm from Duck Harbor Pond.



RONALD SITLER JR. of Mars, Pa. holds 29 inch, 7 pound walleye he caugh at Linesville from Pymatuning this sum mer. On the ground are also part of the trip's catch.



brownie caught in Centre County's Spring Creek. 24 inches long, it weighed 5 pounds, 9 ounces. He won second spot for July in the Genessee Brewing Company's Fishing Contest.

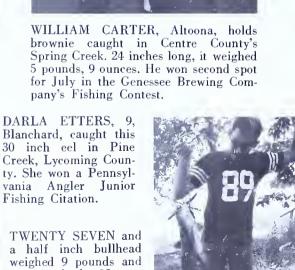
DARLA ETTERS, 9,

was caught by 15-year-

old Dave Kuchel of East McKeesport. He caught it in Lake Erie near

Fishing Citation.

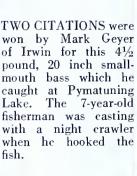
Crooked Creek.



WILLIAM CARTER, Altoona, holds



DUNCANSVILLE Angler L. F. Kephart holds beautiful brownie he caught in Potter County. It measured 23 inches and weighed (dressed) 3 pounds, 9 ounces. He caught it from the Nine Mile. (photo by The Potter Enterprise)







A FISHING FEATURE FOR FISHERMEN

- FROM FISHERMEN



D. GORALCZYK R., Pittsburgh, fishg the Beaver River ith doughballs aught this citation inning fish. It leasured 23½ iches and weighed pounds.



FRANK SLACK, Bulger, holds big Walleye which he caught while fishing Tionesta Creek outlet. (photo by Steve Szalewicz)



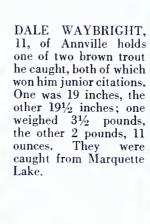
ROBERT E. LUDWIG, Selinsgrove, holds 20 inch, 4 pound smallmouth bass which won him a fishing citation. He caught the bass while spinning in the Susquehanna River in Northumberland County.

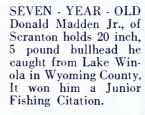


3IG BASS was caught by fishrman Frank Russo of Butler rom a strip pond in Butler County. It measured 24 inches ind weighed 6 pounds. Bait vas a crab.



MARK STEFANOWICZ of Dallas caught nice rainbows from Harvey's Lake on night crawlers. Largest was over 18 inches. (photo by Walter Lazusky, assistant regional warden supervisor, region III)











CASTING WITH CO-OPS

A MONTHLY FEATURE ABOUT CO-OP NURSERY PROJECTS

By BILL PORTER



BRANDYWINE hatchery in Kerr Park at Downingtown.

Dedicated to the proposition that raising fish is as much fun as catching them, the sportsmen who man Pennsylvania's sixty-some cooperative nurseries deserve considerable public attention and acclaim for their conservation efforts on behalf of the state's fishermen. To this point, then, the Pennsylvania Angler will include in its pages a regular section devoted to the activities and successes of these clubs performing a public service for other sportsmen.

A brief history of the program seems in order at this point. Official records began in 1932, but the present organized effort dates back to October, 1965, when the Commission established the position of Cooperative Nursery Coordinator. Robert H. Brown, as coordinator, has kept the activities moving ever since.

From a rather modest beginning, the cooperative nurseries have increased in number so that now over sixty are active at the present time with a trout production record of over 350,000 legal trout for the state's open waters in 1967. At the moment thirty-one counties contain cooperative nurseries and additional representation is expected during 1968 as interest increases and new sites are approved.

The Fish Commission's role in the cooperative nursery program is, of course, far from passive. Technical assistance, trout, water tests, construction plans, educational meetings, and coordinator visits are all part of the many services provided the sportsmen-conservationists by the state agency.

But what of these sportsmen (and women) themselves? What kind of individuals are they? They are obviously dedicated to fishing and to conservation and finally to public service. They don't give up easily in the face of adversity. For example, on a recent trip into the southeast tip of the state, Bob Brown was answering a call for help.

The Delco Anglers and Conservationists were having a water problem. Mrs. Hilda M. Pendleton, chairman of the Fish Committee, met the Fish Commission's representatives in the middle of a hard rain at the nursery. The situation was bad, but neither she nor members of her committee seemed depressed. In fact they were bubbling over with enthusiasm for a new site on Jefford's Run in case the old nursery would have to be abandoned. The word *quit* didn't seem to be in their vocabulary.

On the same trip, a routine check of the water and condition of fish was made at the West Chester Fish and Game Nursery. No problems and the trout were in excellent shape . . . a routine visit. Not quite—a heavy drizzle was falling, but Godfrey Studenmund, president of the group, stood arrayed in business suit and discussed his club's trout with enough enthusiasm to keep the water droplets literally bouncing from his nose. A forgotten raincoat rested on a nearby post. This served as another example of the enthusiasm, interest and positive attitude of these sportsmen.

Vince Talucci, a member of the Brandywine Trout Club, left his business virtually unattended to meet Bob Brown on the same trip. Again the drizzle without benefit of raingear, again the enthusiasm for the project, and again an example of the progressive approach of these people engaged in the cooperative nursery program. There was a bit of contrast, however, at the Brandywine Nursery. The others visited were in rural areas with an expected natural setting, but not the Brandywine—it's right in the middle of a public park which is right in the middle of Downingtown and the nursery produces 7,000 legal fish a year for public fishing. And how about that to end this introductory page on the fine effort being made by the men and women who maintain the cooperative nurseries in our state?

Next month another area visited will be reported as the *Angler* will continue its effort to print the activities and successes of the "co-ops" across the state.



COOPERATIVE NURSERY coordinator Robert Brown (center) talks over things with West Chester Fish and Game Association president Godfrey Studenmund (left) and an unidentified member of the club (right).



THE MINK



To many people the mink is merely an animal that provides fur coats for fashionable ladies. To the fisherman, however, it is an interesting animal that enjoys our streams and lakes as much as he does. While this relative of the weasel is more common in the vicinity of our remote trout streams and mountain lakes you might meet him or see his tracks along any river or creek in Pennsylvania that contains fish.

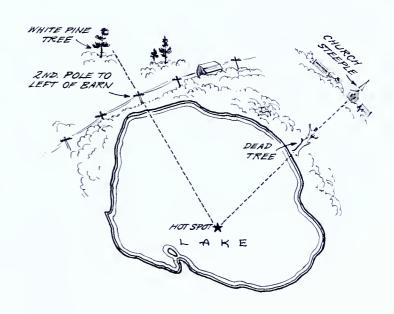
The mink is a slender, but muscular, animal about the size of a gray squirrel, the male being a bit larger than the female. Its beautiful fur is dark, glossy brown except for the white chin. The eyes are black and beady.

If you should meet a mink while fishing you'll be surprised at his fearlessness. Sometimes he will scamper by your feet, or pause to look you over for a second. On more than one occasion an angler has laid a fish on the bank and gone back to his fishing, only to have a mink carry away his catch.

As you might have guessed, mink are fond of fish. What's more, they are such excellent swimmers they can catch their own. In addition to fish they also eat crawfish, frogs, muskrats, and water snakes along the streams, plus mice, birds, and rabbits when they wander away from the water. Fortunately, mink aren't common enough to destroy a great many fish or much game.

When hunting, mink usually follow the shoreline, investigating every nook and cranny, and frequently entering the water to search for food. Their tracks are often seen in mud and snow in these places. Study the illustrations. Next time you visit your favorite stream you might find evidence that you've been sharing the fishing with a mink.

MARK THE HOT SPOT



When the water becomes cold in late autumn many fish gather in large numbers in certain deep spots. Fishing can be good in these areas for months, but you must be able to return to the exact place each time. This can be a problem, especially out on a lake where there are no nearby landmarks to guide you. Fortunately, there's an easy way to do this. By following this method carefully you can return to within a yard or two of the exact spot.

Carry a notebook and pencil in your tackle box. When you locate a hot spot anchor your boat so you won't drift away. Now, find two objects on shore that line up with each other, one nearer than the other, as we've done with the church steeple and the dead tree. Now, do the same in another direction at right angles to the first, as we've done with the telephone pole and the tall white pine tree. A simple sketch of the tree will help distinguish it from several similar ones.

When you return later merely start across the lake, keeping one pair of objects aligned. When the other two line up, toss in the anchor. You're back in the same hot spot.

This method works equally well when ice fishing. Don't forget to take into account the fact that trees look different and reveal other features when they lose their leaves.



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photo by BOB BROWN

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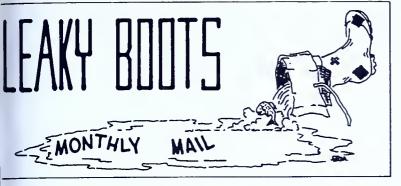
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bobber—then it will float and you'll be spared much embarrassment.

If you're having trouble keeping sparsely tied dry flies floating try gluing just behind the eye of the hook a tiny ball of styrafoam about the size of a shot pellet. It's just enough to float the wettest fly and the trout can't even see it against the bright sky background.

> Sincerely yours, Howard F. Sherlock, Latrobe

POLLUTION

Gentlemen,

As a lifelong resident of Chester County I have seen one of the finest bass streams in the state go sour with polution. I am referring to the Brandywine Creek. This tream runs from the headwaters above Glenmoore to Vilmington, Delaware. Three quarters of the stream from Downingtown to Wilmington is polluted.

Carp, suckers and catfish can be caught but other game ish suffer from pollution. How can industry get away with this?

Water is our most important natural resource. In a growng area like this the Brandywine could serve many people or recreation. They have to go elsewhere. It seems all we hear is air pollution, but what about our streams?

Are they going to be forgotten and pushed aside while nillions of dollars are poured into air pollution? This leeply concerns me. I don't have the answer, but maybe ou do.

Very truly yours, Charles M. Gibson, West Chester

The basic answer to much of the pollution problem is retty simple-put enough teeth in pollution legislation so t's easily enforceable and make the penalty great enough o companies can't afford it. In many cases it's cheaper for company to pollute and pay a small fine than to develop reatment facilities. However, we'd quickly like to point ut that while Pennsylvania still suffers from a lot of polluion, attempts are being made by many forward looking ompanies to treat waste before it is released. An increasag public dissatisfaction with pollution of any kind as well s activities of conservation minded public servants have out pressure on industry to "clean up." Many streams that the past didn't support much of anything are now raising variety of species of sport fish. For instance, you can nd good bass fishing along much of the Schuylkill River, early downtown in Pittsburgh on the Allegheny, as well as n a number of other streams that for a good many years veren't worth much to the angler.

TIPS

ear Sir.

I would like to pass along some fishing and boating tips. When boating with a self starting motor, many an angler as accidentally dropped the ignition key overboard and as been stranded. As a precaution tie the key to a fishing

FISHING FAN

Gentlemen,

Although I live in Maryland, I always make it a point to buy a Pennsylvania fishing license. Believe me, the excellent angling in Pennsylvania is worth far more than the ten dollar license I annually obtain.

I do most of my fishing in Lake Gordon and Lake Koon in Bedford County. Since I wish to extend my angling techniques to other bodies of water in Pennsylvania, I would be grateful if you would send me the detailed booklet "Fishing and Boating in Pennsylvania".

Your kindness and cooperation in this matter will be greatly appreciated. The Pennsylvania Fish Commission should be commended for the fine job they are doing to provide anglers with excellent fishing.

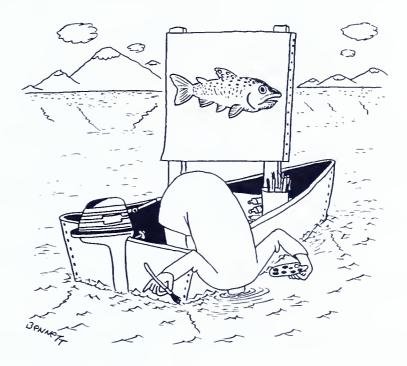
Thanks again for the booklet.

Sincerely yours, John E. Mullaney, Jr., Cumberland, Md.

We've sent you your copy of "Fishing and Boating in Pennsylvania" and now we'd like to send our "thanks" for your interest in Keystone State fishing.

Bedford County's Lake Koon and Lake Gordon have provided anglers with some excellent fishing—including a number of nice muskies this season.

Since you enjoy our fishing so much we'd like to ask you to do us a favor—tell a friend (or better yet bring one along on one of your trips).



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PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER

Published Monthly by the PENNSYLVANIA FISH COMMISSION COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA

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DECEMBER, 1967

VOL. 36, NO. 1

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Cover Art—Ned Smith

POSTMASTER: All 3579 forms to be returned to The Haddon Craftsmen, In, 1001 Wyoming Ave., Scranton, Pa. 18509.

The PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER is published monthly by the Pennsylvania Fish Commissi, South Office Building, Harrisburg, Pa. Subscription: One year—\$2.00; three years—\$5.00; 25 ces per single copy. Send check or money order payable to Pennsylvania Fish Commission. DO NI SEND STAMPS. Individuals sending cash do so at their own risk. Change of address should re hus promptly. Furnish both old and new addresses. Second Class Postage paid at Harrisburg, Pa., additional mailing offices. Neither Publisher nor Editor will assume responsibility for unsoliced manuscripts or illustrations while in their possession or in transit. Permission to reprint will given provided we receive marked copies and credit is given material or illustrations. Communitions pertaining to manuscripts, material or illustrations should be addressed to the Pennsylva Fish Commission, Harrisburg, Pa. NOTICE: Subscriptions received and processed the 10th of ehmonth will begin with the second month following.

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COMING...

NEW LICENSES—CHRISTMAS GIFTS

Start planning to pick up your new fishing license. The 1967 issue expires the last of this month. You may also want to buy a license as a Christmas gift this year—special efforts have been made to get a supply of licenses to all issuing agents and county treasurers in time for them to be purchased as Christmas gifts.

If your girl or boy likes to fish it's a great gift—one they'll be able to enjoy all year. And if you're shopping for mom or pop it's something they'll appreciate.

WINTER SEASON

One hundred thousand trout are being stocked in anticipation of an increased number of winter fishermen; many clubs are also reported to be planning fall stockings in lakes. The special season opens at 5:00 a.m. December 1 in lakes over 10 acres only. It ends February 15; minimum size is six inches, the limit is three. Check your regulation handbook.

FIELD & STREAM PUBLICITY

Jim Hayes, noted outdoor writer and a frequent Angler contributor (he has a story on page 4 of this issue) has written a story about Pennsylvania's famous musky fishing at Falmouth Access Area on the Susquehanna River south of Harrisburg. It's called "Some Like It Cold" and it will appear on pages 43, 44, and 45 of this month's national Field and Stream magazine.

STRIPED BASS

Striped bass have moved into the Delaware River in great numbers this year and Pennsylvania fishermen in the eastern part of the state have been having a ball catching them. Catch all you can before the season ends December 31. Minimum size is 12 inches; no daily limit.

FISHING SCHOOLS

Don't know all you'd like to know about fishing or fishing equipment? During the winter months many "fishing schools" will be held throughout the state—read page 5 of this issue; then plan to attend one!

SPORTSMEN'S SHOWS

Start thinking about the coming series of sportsmen's shows—they'll be starting next month. Plan to attend at least one—they're interesting! Boaters, fishermen, campers, hunters will all find something.

I AM NOT an unreasonable man. I have never aspired to great wealth. I already possess the meaningful things in life. I have a loving wife, three healthy children, and a happy home. My desires are simple in nature.

My wife said to me, "Dear, what would you like for Christmas?"

I told her I'd like a trout stream. Not an entire stream, but just a mile or two of water, all my own. This should be a valley-type freestone stream, I explained, about 20 feet wide and fed by cold springs and small brooks.

The stream contains a reasonably plentiful supply of native brookies and streambred brown trout, but they are not so abundant that you could ever become bored. I like to work for my fish.

In places, my stream winds through woodlots of pine, hemlock, basswood and white birch, with rhoproach to within easy casting distance, look the pool over at my leisure, and select the trout I want to east to.

For Christmas, I got binoculars, two pairs of socks, a new wallet, a box of cartridges for my .220 Swift, a flashlight, an axe, and a fifth of Old Grandad.

Early last December, my wife said to me, "What would you like for Christmas, dear?"

I told her I wanted a time machine. In case you've never seen one, a time machine consists of a large box with a control panel. On the control panel are two dials. One dial is set to any date in history you might select. The other is used to choose a desired geographic location.

After getting inside the box, you set the dials, push a button, and you are physically transported to the place and date in history that you prefer.

I wanted a time machine so I could fish some of

byJIM HAYES

HRISTM.

dodendron overhanging the rocky banks. Elsewhere, the succession of pools and riffles glide through grassy meadows that incline gently upward to the timber

Midway along this run of stream, at the base of a rocky, forested gorge, a fast-falling brook empties into the mainstream. This is a small brook averaging about six feet wide. Waterfalls cascade into rockbound pools where ferns grow up from among the boulders.

This is native brook trout water. I own the lower mile of the tributary as well as my mile or two of the mainstream. I told all this to my wife.

For Christmas, I received a necktie, two handkerchiefs, a tie clasp, a scarf, pair of socks, a new hunting knife, a cigarette lighter, and a fifth of Canadian

The following year, my wife asked me, "What would you like for Christmas, dear?"

I told her I wanted a bottle of invisible lotion. I explained that I wanted to rub the lotion all over me, from head to toe, so I'd be completely invisible when I go fishing.

Being invisible, I walk boldly along the streambank and the fish can't see me. In mid-summer, when the streams are low and clear, I don't have to crouch or stalk on hands and knees. I have no problems with my backcast getting hung up in the bushes. I apour Pennsylvania streams as they existed many years ago. For example, I wanted to fish the Brodhead as it was about 1800. I'd spend, say, May 15, 1760, on Kettle Creek. Or I'd fish Pine Creek on June 20, 1901.

I explained all this to my wife.

For Christmas, I got some thermal underwear, Polaroid sunglasses, two neckties, a tripod for my camera, a dozen No. 16 dry flies, and a fifth of Seagram Seven.

Oh yes. I neglected to mention that on each of those Christmases, I also got a kiss from my wife, and a kiss and a hug from each of the kids. We had a cheery fire crackling in the fireplace, a Christmas tree, and the laughter and excitement of children with new toys.

On Christmas Day, after church, and following dinner of roast turkey or duck or succulent rare roast beef, we always go for walks in the snowy woods. We hike to the ridge behind the house, find deer tracks in the snow, and sometimes flush a grouse out of the pines or the wildgrape thicket.

Inevitably, I think to myself that if I could receive a Christmas gift of a time machine, and if I could select a time and place in history where I would find my heart's desire, that it would be that moment on that wooded snowy ridge with my wife beside me and the children frolicking in the snow.

IT'S THE SEASON FOR

FISHING SCHOOLS

by WALTER G. LAZUSKY

Assistant Regional Warden Supervisor—Region III

FOR THE NEXT few months Pennsylvania's district fish wardens will be holding a series of "Fishing Schools" throughout the state. Some will be held in schools for high school students, others at public meeting places such as YMCA's, community buildings and the like. Many will be held evenings so fishermen with daytime jobs will be able to attend.

They'll be designed to help Pennsylvania's fishermen know their sport better—and therefore be even more successful!





FISHING SCHOOLS are designed to familiarize those attending with various kinds of fishing equipment as well as to teach fishing methods for various species of fishing. Here district warden Ray Hoover explains the use of a casting rod to two students at Mansfield High School. (photo courtesy of Elmira Star Gazette)

For instance students at Mansfield High School, in Tioga County, are expected to be better fishermen as a result of a seven hour course they received early last spring.

The course was conducted by District Warden Ray Hoover, myself, and Robert Barr, agricultural instructor at Mansfield. The course covered stream and pond management, fishing laws, identification of fish, and taught students how to use a large variety of rods, lines, reels, lures, plugs and artificial flies on the market today.

Classes were illustrated with posters, slides and booklets as well as actual fishing equipment.

Upon completion of the course students were awarded diplomas and cloth fishing badges.

The diplomas—and the badge—will be awarded fishermen who attend sessions of local classes held this winter.

Fishermen interested in attending such a class can do so by contacting their district fish warden for information about date, time and location of local classes. A complete list of district wardens can be had by writing The Public Relations Division of The Pennsylvania Fish Commission at Box 1673 in Harrisburg, zip 17120.

DIPLOMAS are presented fishermen completing a fishing school. Here district warden Ray Hoover presents diploma to David Rice. On the left is Robert Barr, agricultural teacher at Mansfield.

COLLECTOR OF LURES—

THE FISHING FATHER



FATHER ZAKREVSKY holds big Walleye he caught on one of his weekly fishing trips.

TWO PARISHIONERS who in 1914 asked their pastor to go fishing with them probably didn't have any idea what they were starting. Since then he has been an enthusiastic fisherman and over the course of more than 50 years has accumulated what is probably one of the largest private collections of lures and artificial bait in the entire country.

The fisherman is Rev. Lawrence Zakrevsky of Edwardsville, pastor of St. Vladimir's Ukrainian Greek Catholic Church.

Father Zakrevsky, who is now 84 years old, was born in Aisian, Russia near Baikal Lake where his father was stationed while an Army general. In 1903 he came to the USA as a consulate secretary. This country became his home; Pennsylvania his home state, although that first fishing trip with the two parishioners was on the Missouri River while he served at Sioux City, Iowa.

An enthusiastic sportsman and fisherman Father Zakrevsky now puts in most of his fishing time—two or three times a week—on Lake Carey in Wyoming County. Mostly he shore fishes.

His vast collection of lures have come to him by a variety of means. Many he bought. Then as manufacturers began to hear of his growing collection, samples of new products were sent to him until now they number in the thousands. Many, he says, he's never had an opportunity to use and some still remain in packages they were shipped in many years ago. At the same time he continues to buy others which he particularly likes to use. Friends and fishermen who tie their own flies or make their own lures also send him samples of their work so they may become part of his collection.

Father Zakrevsky, whose enthusiasm for the sport would match that of any youngster with his first fish, says "You really learn things when you fish. Most people either don't know how to think or don't take time to—that's where fishing comes in. When you're fishing you have a great opportunity to think. That's when I get a lot of my ideas."

In Pennsylvania his fishing jaunts have covered most of the northeastern part of the state with a lot of time logged on the Susquehanna River. While fishing he has come up with the observation that "many fishermen just don't know how to catch them. They don't think carefully enough about how to go about catching them." For most of his fishing he now uses chubs, spinners, or plastic worms. Last fall his catches included a variety of species—mostly bass, walleye, perch and pickerel.

Father Zakrevsky, who likes fish to eat as well as to catch, always keeps a few of his catches frozen and on hand for an occasional meal. Other than that most he returns to the water. "I know I or someone else will have a chance to catch them again then," he says. "I hate to see them wasted as some people do."

What does the 84-year-old fishing Father plan for the future? "It's harder for me to get around than it used to be, but so long as I can make it to Lake Carey I plan to fish as much as possible." With that he began digging out some of the plastic worms he's been using recently with a "Here, let me show you how I've been rigging these."



A SMALL PORTION of Father Zakrevsky's lure collection is displayed here. The entire collection, probably one of the largest in the country, fills one room of his home, overflows into another, and then takes up additional space in his garage.

by TOM EGGLER

Staff Writer—Photographer









FUTURE CITATION WINNERS will receive this new blue and white patch for catching trophy fish in the Keystone State. The girl holding it—Nancy Mohler of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission's public relations division isn't part of the award. She'll just see that it's mailed.

NEW FOR CITATION WINNERS

PATCHES

PATCHES

PATCHES

Pennsylvania anglers catching trophy fish and winning Pennsylvania Angler Fishing Citations can now look forward to not only their official citations for the office wall, but a new blue and white arm patch as well. The patch, which measures approximately four by two inches, is designed for sewing to the pocket or sleeve of the fisherman's favorite fishing jacket.

All citation winners for 1967, expected to be over 200 in all, will receive the patches as will all fishermen receiving citations in the future.

The citation award patch joins the already circulated Husky Musky patch featured on page three of the October Angler. The patches are available only to fishermen catching trophy fish and registering them for citations (or if a muskellunge, for membership in the Husky Musky Club).

George Forrest, director of public relations for the Pennsylvania Fish Commission, states that the patches "are being awarded anglers as part of our overall program which is designed to make fishermen more aware of the great fishing Pennsylvania offers.

"We're proud of Pennsylvania's fishing and we want anglers who catch trophy fish to be proud too. We think these patches will find their way to a lot of fishing jackets across the state. The number of citations we've awarded has increased every year since we started the program in 1964 and we expect it to pick up even more in the future. In the past we never heard about a lot of big fish which were caught, but now many of these anglers are registering their catches in order to receive citations. We think this new patch will help induce even more registrations."

Information about citations (listing sizes for various species and procedures for receiving them) may be secured by writing "Citations", The Pennsylvania Fish Commission, Box 1673, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.

LETTERS

SELECTED BY
BARBARA BAUM

Everyday the Pennsylvania Fish Commission receives letter after letter requesting information. Some come from old timers; others are from beginners. Such is the case with the letters you see on this page. They all came from students at the Plymouth Elementary School at Plymouth Meeting, Pa. Barbara Baum, the girl who reads and answers most of these requests, thought they would make interesting reading for Angler subscribers—we think so too!

Plymouth Elementary sur Plymouth metting Pa September 29

Dear Sir,
Please tell me about fishing
and Swimming. I gest
love Swimming and fishing

Sincerely Deborah Harper

Plymouth Elementary Sch. Plymouth Meeting P.a. September 29,1961

Dear Sir,
Will you help me and tell me some
things about hunting and fishing laws.
We are going to the woods tomorrow.

Sincerly your friend,
Mike Waish

Plymouth Ekmsh Plymouth Met Pa Sept 28 1967

Dear Sir
Please send me abook about fishing Laws. I would like to learn about fishing. The last I tried my hook got stuck on the side of the boat.

Gary J. Bowe

From the YOUNGER SET

Plymouth Elementary school Plymouth Meeting, Pa Sepl 29

Dear sir
What are the laws about
fishing. I would like to know about
them, so when I go fishing I
I wont get in trouble and I will
do the right things.

Sincerely Abbin Duffine

Plymouth Elmentary Sch. Plymouth Meeting, Pa. Oct. 2,1967

Dear Sir,
L would like to know some laws about fishing because I may go fishing some day Thank you

Sincerely,

1

Susan

Plymouth Elementary School Plymouth Meeting Pa.

Dear sir
Will you tell me
What you would do if
you had a hole in
your boat. Thank you
Sind accord

JUST THE THING FOR THE WEEKEND—

KENNETH A. WHALEN wonders why more people don't build snug, little, mobile fishing cabins like the one he has constructed.

People who see the cabin, either parked beside good fishing waters—it will go almost anywhere—or who see it rolling smoothly along over highways or rural roads, also wonder why more aren't built.

Fact is—if a number of individuals carry out their announced plans, many more such mobile cabins will be built during the winter months. After all, unless one is an ice-fishing buff, a fisherman usually finds plenty of time on his hands in the winter. And, as Whalen says, "What better way is there to spend the cold months than in using your garage to turn out a rolling cabin for the next season?"

Few are the fishermen who have not admired the traveltrailers and campers, while wishing the bankroll were a little heavier or that living expenses were a little lighter.

Then too there are the rolling-palaces, real luxury jobs, that some manufacturers turn out. In the case of those high-on-the-hog, self-propelled units there are often price tags as high as \$40,000.

"Those outfits are fine, if you're just filthy with money," said Whalen. "But, if you can build a rolling cabin such as mine and not have more than \$500 in the whole kit and kaboodle, it's just so much the better. Besides—the little jobs are a lot easier to park."

The Northumberland RD 1 fisherman said he really has less than \$500 cash in the cabin, but admits that he did do

"an awful lot of work on it." He, however, enjoys such work.

Some of the fine angles of Whalen's go-buggy is that it will go just about anywhere and that upkeep is well within reason. "For that matter, it can be used as an additional car to run errands or anything else. It's small, easy to park and cheap to run."

The cabin has everything anyone in his right mind could ask for. Comfortable bunks, refrigeration, good cooking facilities, running water, lights and—so help us—even a "john."

Along with all that it has a perfectly operating TV set (six inch screen and 12 volts) in the event there should be a sports film or beauty pageant on. There's a stereo outfit too. How's that for class?

Basic unit is a 1948, four speed, six cylinder Dodge walk-in delivery van. Whalen looked around until he found such a vehicle—at the right price. He had the engine overhauled as a precaution. The fishing-buff has used the cabin three years, traveled many thousands of miles in it and says it operates perfectly. It uses less fuel than his station-wagon.

Whalen bought some metal frame jalousie windows, at a lumberyard, and cut out rectangular openings in the sides of the van to accommodate them. He wanted jalousies because they provide the ultimate in ventilation and can remain partly open even during heavy rains. They, of course, are screened.



SPORTING his lucky fishing hat Ken Whaten of Northumber land RD relaxes in the doorway of his rolling fishing cabin Despite its fine accommodations, all built by him, the complete cost in cash—including the used vehicle—was under \$500.

by TED FENSTERMACHER

The Pennsylvanian also cut an opening in the top of the van for a ventilator and another, over the stove, for a fanequipped ventilator.

He had carefully figured out plans for the interior furnishings before starting actual work. He has followed those plans with precision.

The area from the driver's seat to the rear doors measures only six by eight feet. A pack of living accommodations is contained in that comparatively small space and—strangely enough—there is no feeling of being crowded. The rear doors are permanently closed because the sink and stove counter, cupboards and a good-sized clothes closet extend across the back.



A LONG BOX constructed on the starboard side, holds an array of fishing rods. They don't have to be "broken down" every time when they're stored here. To the right Whalen draws a drink from one of the pressurized water taps at the kitchen sink. A 30 gallon water supply, sewage tanks, six-inch TV, and combined 110 and 12 volt electrical units help add to the pleasures of this mobile cabin.

On the starboard side is a refrigerator, for the ordinary foods, plus a heavily insulated, fiberglass box, under a seat, for "bringing home the fish." There is a table between the two seats. That unit can quickly be transformed into a bed for two. The seat cushions and backs form the mattress.

The toilet, with yacht type facilities and sewage tank, is on the port side, just back of the driver's seat.

Additional kitchen counter space runs from the partition of the john to meet the counter across the back. There is a 30-gallon water tank. Pressure is provided by a war surplus plane fuel pump that provides a good flow of running water.

"Nary an inch of wasted space is in the cabin," explains Whalen. Cupboards run around the ceiling and under the counters. Because Whalen is a craftsman as well as a fisherman and likes to "see things look right" he has used attractive antique, bronzed hardware throughout. One visitor commented, "Ye gods—it looks like something out of a better homes magazine."

FISHING CABIN ON WHEELS

There is plenty of fiberglass insulation between the van's metal exterior and the hardboard panelling. All cupboard doors are also made of the hardboard.

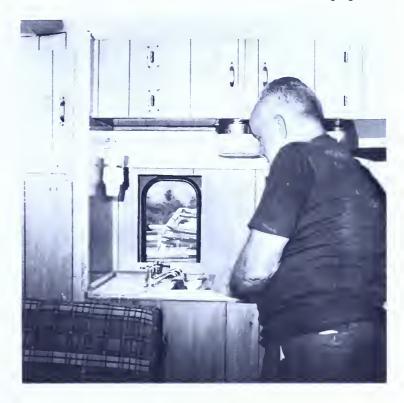
Additional protection from cold, for winter use of the cabin, is provided by insulation under the flooring. A catalyst type heater works extremely well. It runs with gas from the propane tanks mounted outside the van on the rear.

The cabin has two complete lighting systems with the same fixtures used. Each fixture has a regular 110 volt system bulb plus a 12 volt system bulb.

There is a small but effective 110 volt generator in the locked cabinets on the rear of the van. There is also a long extension cord that can connect the cabin to a regular public utility power supply if an outlet should be available.

If it is not available there are two alternatives. Start up the little generator and have an independent 110 volt supply or use the 12 volt system operated from an extra battery. There is a gasoline-powered generator for that battery too. "We," grins Whalen, "are nothing—if not efficient."

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DECEMBER—1967

A FLY ANGLER'S—

TABLE OF

In which a compulsive collector of used trout flies finds a way to re-live on-stream experiences, be the life of his parties, and send all but angler guests home early!

MEMORIES

by S. R. SLAYMAKER II

I TIED MY FIRST TROUT FLY in the winter of 1948. It was a Squirrel Tail streamer (more properly, a bucktail). My mentor, hovering anxiously to the left flank rear—and then to the right, and back again—assured me that this would be a "killing lure." John Stauffer was only trying to be nice, I thought to myself on that snow-filled December night nineteen years ago. For the dressing sat slightly

off center. The head was deformed and a bit too large. But deep down I sensed that singular form of satisfaction which goes with all the landmark "firsts" of a lifetime.

Soul satisfying, too, was the fly's baptism.

I can still close my eyes and focus the scene in clear detail. Over watermellon-sized rocks the narrow Pocono Mountain stream coursed white into a horseshoe-shaped pool. Its far extremity glistened dark amber beneath an over-hung swatch of flowering rhododendron. Even to my untutored eye the deep cut at the bank was fishy-looking. Perhaps a sense of awe, born of this small glen's matchless beauty—rather than fear of spooking fish—was responsible for my stealthy approach. Anyway, after a long, fishless afternoon of sloppy fly presentation, I finally did something right. For as my Squirrel Tail washed from the riffles into the pool, a shadowy, olive-pink blur blotted its shimmering silver tinsel from view. There was no take; just an inquisitive look-see. But it put my heart in close proximity to my adam's apple.

A whispered suggestion that I rest the fish came from behind.

Startled, I turned to find John Stauffer, now my onstream mentor, intently watchful. A two-minute wait was all that I could bear. Carefully, I flipped the streamer to the riffles, a few feet ahead. This time it drifted hard by the bank, into the deepest water. Just before it disappeared, that vari-colored streak flashed at it. This time we connected.

As my fish quickly atomized the surface in white spray,

MR. SLAYMAKER studies "Table of Memories" while wife and friend chat during tea.



John urged me to pay out line. I never had to. The hefty brook trout took it from my fumbling hands. But curving up-stream rapids discouraged a protracted run and saved my day. The brookie turned back to the pool. There I fought him, simply by hanging on, until a series of deep dives and surface-splashings wore him out. Thanks to John's asides, I moved into the stretch at the propitious time and netted him. The fish was a thirteen and a half inch deep bellied native, weighing three-quarters of a pound.

Fond recollections of the initial catch on one's first home tie are, of course, embedded in the mind's eye of every tierangler. But I submit that memories of my "first" are less dimmed by ever circling years than most. For the old Squirrel Tail is part of our home. We see it every day. Visitors admire it; save those discriminating anglers and fly tiers, who, on noting its misshaped head and off-center body, spot it as the work of a novice. It rests on light blue velveteen in a cherry-wood coffee table. Encased by a 41½" by 15¾" sheet of glass, it's now one of a hundred odd flies, each with its own memoires. By indirection the Squirrel Tail was responsible for the table which was built only a year ago.

So impressed had I been with this landmark brook trout that I began hoarding other scoring products of my fly vise. At first each fly that took a decent fish was "retired." A year later I upped the requirement to several fish per fly. Soon a more systematic method was arrived at. I set qualifications for a fly's retirement at a minimum of twelve legal trout and a maximum of twenty.

Now this might seem unduly arbitrary and utterly non-sensical. But I had reasons. Were I to retire each fly when it took a trout my "used" collection would have become unwieldy. When trout are taking a given fly well, it's senseless to take time to change to another of the same pattern, after only a dozen fish are landed. But the chances of a fly being lost increases in direct proportion to the number of fish it takes. Twenty to a fly seemed a safe maximum. Not to mention that my flies tended to get ratty looking when this figure was approached. The minimum of twelve legal trout to a fly over an extended period seemed enough to insure indelible memories which a glance at said fly could rekindle. And this minimum assured at least a moderate number of retirees at the end of each season.

Over the years these limits proved convenient. What with give-aways, losses, and those occasional defective ties that came apart, I rarely had more than twenty-five retirements per year.

But how to re-live those on-stream memories when my retirees were snuggled in an acetate fly box, stored in a wall closet? Seventeen years and 531 retirements later, the question ceased dogging me, thanks to my wife, Sally.

We needed a low, sofa-bordering coffee table for our living room. Other furniture is Early American. But this table had to be contemporary, as a convertible antique seemed too hard to find. So it was bound to clash.

On Labor Day, 1965, I was accosted in the act of storing the past season's retirees. "Whatever are you going to do with those things?" sniffed Sal. "They'll just draw moths."

I insisted that moth flakes were put in the box each year. "Well, they're useless and should be pitched," she went on.

Deeply hurt, I heatedly reminded her that her aunt was about to pitch some of Theodore Gordon's original streamer patterns when Dr. Jimmy Trotter died; that, thank Heavens, I had stopped her, and that it was a darn good thing I had, being as how they resulted in my history of streamer angling in America for Angler-Publisher Arnold Gingrich. (Esquire, May, 1962 and Esquire's Book of Fishing; Harper and Row).

I was reminded that I was no Theodore Gordon. True enough. But the remark stung. A tense silence ensued as Sal's impatient glance fastened on the wall closet. Slowly, she turned and murmured.

"The Gordon flies are proper American antiques. Mount them in a coffee table and you'll get a kind of historic flavor in a contemporary piece—'different,' anyway."

An excited rejoinder to the effect that this was the answer for my flies, too, did not exactly send Sal. But she went along. Milt Eby, whose Country Life Shop in nearby Paradise, Pa., reproduces Early American furniture, was commissioned. We wanted nothing of a phony, rustic nature. It was to be plain.



The result was as pleasing as it was practical. Pennsylvania wild cherry was used. The lines are clean and of an Early American flavor. It is 22" wide by 48" long and 18" high. The frame around the recessed area is 3½" wide. The blue, velveteen liner is set in the recess, ¾" deep. To facilitate re-arrangement the flush and snug fitting glass top can easily be removed.

After-dinner coffee ceased to be a hurried pick-me-up, gulped prior to a few hours of writing in the study. I began to linger over it, dreamingly conjuring long-gone memories of bright water and rising trout. Each fly suggested different ones, many hazily at first. But familiarity bred a tableau, in some instances a series of them, which cruel time can now no longer pale.

Our coffee table afforded another matchless blessing.

The only thing I used to loath more than going to a cocktail party was giving one. But now I can't contain myself until sufficient obligations dictate our next pay-off, the pattern of which has become easily predictable.

Early birds drift to an end-of-the-hall buffet. A pile-up soon spills over to the living room. Sibilant silks and sloshing ice cubes meld with a swelling hen-house-like dim—soon to be pierced by an ejaculatory "very creative," or a breathless "most unusual," and inevitably at least one giggling "how quaint."

Then I back modestly into the lime-light and point out the table's central display, the ancient Gordon streamers. They are described as genuine American antiques, indigenous contributions to an art form otherwise lifted en toto

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WATERSPORT

GOVERNOR'S CUP REGATTA

ALTHOUGH DARK SKIES threatened rain, some thirty sailboats entered this year's Governor's Cur Sailing Regatta held on Lake Clark on the Susque hanna River above the Pennsylvania Power and Light Company's Safe Harbor dam.

The breeze held and the rain held off until the finish of the event, after which a light rain began and the wind quit. But by then most of the sailors had come ashore and were folding up sails and loading boats.

First place honors were picked up again this year by Robert Adams and his crew of Glenside, Pennsylvania. Last year the trio, which usually sails out of the Bayhead Yacht Club in New Jersey, took first place when the first regatta was held.

Second place in the annual event went to a member of the sponsoring club—Starling Mikell of York Jack Elfman and crew of Doylestown took third They base with the Surf City Yacht Club in New Jersey. Another Susquehanna Yacht Club member Don Dallmeyer of York, took fourth position.

The light, steady wind out of the southeast helped the sailors keep a steady pace during the two laps of the race with their sloop rigged lightning sail boats None of the 19 foot craft upset during the event although a few leaned heavily while turning onto one leg of the course.

SUSQUEHANNA SCENES — Above sloop rigged lightning sail boats compete in the second annual Governor's Cup Sailing Regatta on the Susquehanna River while below race officials keep an eye on activities.

THE WINNER! Robert Adams and crew hold trophies—which they won for the second year in a row—presented them by George Mooradian, representative of the Governor at the event. Below, Pennsylvania Fish Commission Watercraft Safety Officer Dean Klinger pulls alongside U.S. Coast Guard Auxiliary Safety Patrol boat.





by TOM EGGLER

 $Staff\ Writer-Photographer$

DOWNWIND LEG saw sails billowing from light, steady breeze.





EVENTS

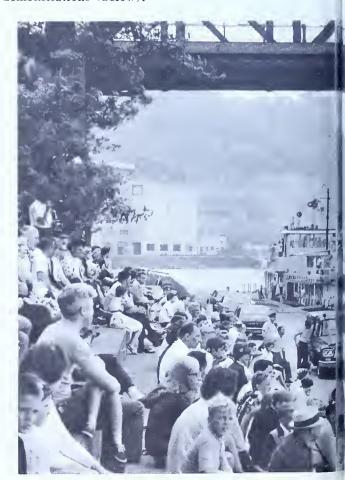








HAPPENINGS 1967—National Campers and Hikers Campvention at Prince Gallitzin (upper left). Big muskies now qualify fishermen for Husky Musky Club (middle left). Youngsters catching sizable fish are now eligible for citations under recently initiated Pennsylvania Angler Junior Citation program (above center and right). A million bass are air dropped into giant new Kinzua Reservoir (left). Boaters are offered safety demonstrations (below).



)F <u>1967</u>

PENNSYLVANIA'S FISHERMEN AND BOATERS found a lot happening in 1967.

For one thing Pennsylvania's Governor Raymond P. Shafer joined them in their sport. Opening day of trout season he showed up on Cumberland County's Yellow Breeches. Later in the season he turned up on the Delaware River at Lackawaxen on a fishing trip with members of the Pennsylvania Outdoor Writers.

Then their was the Palamino Rainbow—a new light colored strain of rainbow released by the Research Division of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission. A few of these, along with a limited quantity of albino brook trout, were released in Pennsylvania's streams to provide anglers with a bright, new attraction in their fishing.

Then another first took place when a million bass were air dropped into the giant Kinzua Reservoir on the Allegheny River near Warren.

The stocking, conducted by the Bureau of Sport Fisheries, was the first of its type in the eastern part of the country. Several hundred turned out to watch the little fish be released. Anglers are already reporting catching them and in future years they're expected to provide plenty of angling action.

At the same time the filling of the big reservoir—12,000 surface acres—has provided a whole new area on which boaters can play. Already tourists visiting that part of the

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PENNSYLVANIA'S Governor Raymond P. Shafer joined fishermen when he turned out opening morning of trout season and then later went shad fishing on the Delaware. Boating events such as high speed races (below), sailing regattas, skiing competition as well as the opening of additional boating waters, all added interest to the sport.





ALL ALONE on the river two fishermen—outdoor writer John Helter and district fish warden Sam Hall—not practicing what they preach, and they didn't have any luck on this chilly winter day.

MID WINTER MUSKY MADNESS

by District Warden SAM HALL Lancaster County



HERE'S PROOF that fishermen who know what they're doing catch muskies. Brothers Ray and "Lefty" George Fritz of Lancaster County hold four of nine muskies they caught one day last winter.

THE CONSENSUS OF OPINION when old man winter settles in, is it's time to put away the fishing gear for another year—at least for most folks. But for the people who pursue the MIGHTY MUSKY in the lower Susquehanna River, spring has just arrived. For some reason unknown to all of us (we have numerous opinions and theories, but little fact) the "lunge" as the Muskellunge is sometimes referred to, congregate in the Falmouth area of the Susquehanna River at this time in the year and do not disperse until the coming spring. With the active Musky come the heavily clothed fishermen, bearing heavy tackle, dozens of Bucktails (jigs), buckets of burning charcoal, butane stoves, handwarmers and various other items of warmth. For many the days will end with such rewards as cold hands and feet, frost bitten ears, angry wives, lost lures, broken tackle—complete frustration. A few—just a few—will have what might be considered the eighth wonder of the world-the MIGHTY MUSKY.

Should you travel south of Harrisburg about fifteen miles along Route 441 during the months of December, January or February, with a little fishing in mind here's a little tip that might help. Upon arriving, don't jump right into the swing of things. Look around, listen to the conversation of the small groups of men standing around. If, after observing half an hour, you have found that people known as Ed, Pete, Smokey, Crodel, Lefty, George & Ray are present in the groups, take your time, because you probably will not catch a Musky this day anyway.

For these men, along with a very few others, have years of experience on the river. From their sheer freezing labors has been acquired the knowledge for which you and I long so much, HOW TO BE AT THE RIGHT PLACE AT THE RIGHT TIME AND LAND A MIGHTY MUSKEL-LUNGE, and brother, all the slide rules and computers in the world will not catch for us, in our life as many Muskellunge as these Old River Musky Pro's have caught and released in the past two years. They are rather a unique group, closely knit, consisting of doctors, truck drivers, copywriters, laborers and retirees. Get what I mean when I say unique. Regardless of the occupation, they all have a similar feeling for the Mighty Musky . . . respect and awe, and within this unique group you'll find much pride—pride in the fact that they have mastered not once, but again and again this mighty fresh water fish, which we seek.

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OPEN HOUSE '67



A threat of rain slowed the start of the annual "Open House" held by the Pennsylvania Fish Commission at its Centre County installations near Bellefonte. However before the two-day event was over skies had lifted and hundreds of visitors had toured facilities.

Visitors had their choice of seeing one or all three of the locations open during the weekend. Benner Springs Research Station, the Pleasant Gap Hatchery, and the Spring Creek Hatchery were all open to visitors.

Displays illustrating operations and specialized techniques used at each station were posted. In some cases—such as with the taking of eggs and grading of fish—actual demonstrations were held.

Live aquarium exhibits also drew careful attention from many as did displays of tools and equipment used in fishery operations.





EGG TAKING demonstration (above left) was one of the many things shown at the yearly event. Both old and new methods of spawning were demonstrated for a variety of visitors, which even included a group of secretaries from the commission's Harrisburg office (above right). A youthful lass (far right) has to find out what a casting of record 27 pound brown trout is like.



YOUNG VISITORS sign register during the Pennsylvania Fish Commission's annual "Open House" held at Centre County facilities while to the left adults learn about those popular "fish trucks."

photos by:

PAUL GODFREY FISHERIES BIOLOGIST

and

ROBERT H. BROWN
COOPERATIVE NURSERY
COORDINATOR



MODERN CAMPING

bу

DEL & LOIS KERR

WINTER CAMPING

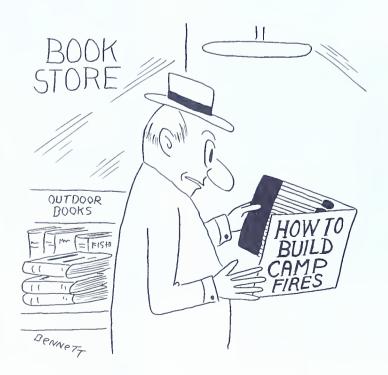
WHO SAID modern-day Americans are soft? In recent years, campers have been having as much fun in December and January as they did in summer months. Outdoor families are now seen streaking down ski slopes, churning through woods and meadows on snowmobiles, or trekking through winter-sculptured forests on snowshoes. Cold weather is no longer a detriment.

Advances in camping gear and outdoor clothing have prompted more and more families to try winter camping. Tents, tent-trailers and travel trailers are being pushed into year-round use. Pennsylvania state parks now remain open until December 20, but hint that closing dates may soon be extended or eliminated entirely.

An increasing number of private campgrounds already remain open all year to serve those who enjoy the wonderful world of the outdoors in all seasons. The southeastern section of the state boasts many "all season" areas, particularly in Chester, Adams and Lancaster counties.

Facilities offered for winter comfort and enjoyment vary from campground to campground. Most private areas provide electricity, many even rent portable electric heaters. Some have heated washrooms. Others have large heated barns or recreation rooms where campers get together for fun and games on cold winter nights. Planned activities such as square dancing and slide shows are usually offered.

Needless to say, the most important difference between summer and winter camping is in wardrobe planning.



You'll have to take along good warm clothing for each member of the family.

Of course, be sure to have comfortable boots and warm, preferably woolen or synthetic socks to keep the feet warm and dry. Cotton socks are less suitable as they tend to collect and hold moisture. Undergarments of a thermal or fish-net weave are usually warmer and more light weight than a flat, tight weave.

One important point to remember is that there is a tendency to overdo in dressing for winter. Sweating is more of a threat to health than a slight chill.

Outer garments should be loose and comfortable rather than tight fitting. Extra sweaters will come in handy on extremely cold days. Here again, wool or synthetics are more suitable in cold weather than cotton sweatshirts.

Pack a few extra blankets to use with your sleeping bags, if necessary, on extra cold nights. We haven't tried the new "space blankets" but understand they are well worth the nominal price.

You will probably want to include more hot soups and stews in place of the sandwiches and salads of hot summer days. Extra sweet snacks help to give added energy.

Some type of camping heater is about the only piece of gear that you will need to take along other than that for a mid-summer weekend. A wide variety of portable heaters are on the market—from the old-time wood-burning stove to luxurious electric heaters. Perhaps the most common and economical to operate are either alcohol, gasoline or propane heaters. About the safest to use outside of electricity are the newer catalytic type which have no open flame and emit no fumes.

May we add a word of caution here. Be sure not to use any type of heater in a closed area without some ventilation. Never use a gasoline lantern or campstove in a closed tent or trailer either for illumination or heat. Flames soon use up available oxygen and asphyxiation may result.

Snowtime fun awaits every member of the family—snow-ball battles, sledding, sculpturing. Nothing is as beautiful as a winter's walk through the woods right after a freshfallen snow. Sparkling snow making lacy patterns in the trees and bushes is truly a sight to behold.

Although trails are harder to see under a layer of snow, you are not likely to become lost. It is quite simple to turn around and follow your own tracks out to the starting place.

Winter camping has long been popular in Europe. In this country, in Pennsylvania in particular, outdoorsmen are just beginning to "discover" all season camping. It could just catch on! SOME OF THE FINALISTS — William Crooks, Pittsburgh; Frank Conklin, Tidioute; Douglas Perrett, Pleasantville, the winner; Arthur Elliott, Perry, Ohio; and Ethel Smith, Tidioute. Below crowd awaits announcement of winners.

FISHING

TIDIOUTE TOURNAMENT

DOUGLAS PERRETT, 18, OF PLEASANTVILLE, Venango County, won the eighth annual Pennsylvania State Fishing Tournament held October 14-15 on the Allegheny River at Tidioute, Warren County.

And when Tidioute tournament officials crowned him before 300 fishermen and others they not only recognized a skilled and persistent young man for his fishing talents, but unknowingly also honored a true sportsman and a budding conservationist.

Two years ago when this reporter "covered" the opening day of trout season at the Sullivan pool on Pithole Creek he saw between 40 and 50 men and boys working feverishly to kill their limit of the recently-stocked trout.

One young fisherman, however, seemed out of place. While the others stuffed wiggling trout into their creels Doug Perrett gently removed his brownies from the hook and returned the fish into the creek.

Looking for a picture with a conservation message I asked: "Why are you freeing trout when everybody is keeping them this morning?"

by STEVE SZALEWICZ
Franklin News-Herald Outdoor Writer

"Stocked trout are easy to catch," Doug answered. "I can catch them anytime. I may want to catch them again some day."

Late on the second day of the fishing as we congratulated Doug on the possibilities of his being winner of the tournament and introduced ourselves, Doug remembered:

"Why you're the man who took my picture in Pithole Creek two years ago. Remember, I released the trout I was catching," he said.

With that we tightened our clasp of congratulations, saying, "If you win, it couldn't happen to a finer young man."

Doug was a late entry in the contest. It all happened because a history teacher at Titusville Campus of Pittsburgh University wanted to see the World Series. There would be no history class.

continued on page 27





ED ATTS



VENANGO COUNTY CONSERVATION CAMP

STUDENTS AT the school look over models of stream improvement devices shown by Pennsylvania Fish Commission representatives Norm Sickles and Clarence Shearer above while to the left district fish warden Tom Clark demonstrates fly casting to member of the group.

CANOEING and fish cleaning both found their way into the things taught at the conservation camp. The fish, an 11½ inch brown trout, was caught during a break by one of the camp members. District fish warden Tom Clark handled these demonstrations.

Late each summer 20 to 25 boys from Venango County ranging in age from 15 to 17 years meet at Camp Coffmar for a week-long county conservation camp. During the week representatives from various state and federal departments meet with the boys to explain how they are working to conserve our natural resources.

Included in the group of people explaining conservation were Pennsylvania Fish Commission representatives Norman Sickles, assistant regional warden supervisor of the northwest district, and district fish wardens Clarence Shearer and Tom Clark of Venango and Crawford Counties

Fishing tackles, fishing methods, canoeing, stream im provement devices—all were part of the program.

Even included was a demonstration of how to properly clean a fish—in this case a 11½ inch brown trout—which was caught from East Sandy Creek by one of the class members during a morning break.

Stream improvement lessons took on a practical aspec when, after listening to and watching a demonstration by Sickles and Shearer on what kind of devices to use to con trol various water problems, the class turned to East Sandy Creek to erect a four foot gabion which had been furnished by the Franklin Chapter of the Izaak Walton League of America.

Actual construction of the device permitted the group to see in use what they had learned in theory.







STANDING ON BAIT

■ A midseason stocking always brings a concentration of anglers to the stream being stocked. While on routine foot patrol along Logan Branch after just being stocked I overheard this amusing bit of conversation. Several anglers were concentrated around a small hole on this stream and one lone, old fisherman was on the bank of the stream, fishing from there. A young eager fisherman, kept wading and getting closer and closer to the old fisherman and finally asked, "How you doing old timer, are you catching anything?" Whereupon, the old fisherman shot him an icy stare and retorted, "How can you expect me to catch anything when you're standing on my bait!"—District Warden PAUL ANTOLOSKY (Centre County).

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BASS RETURNS PLUG

The following experience was related to me by George Walters, of Berlin, an ardent fisherman at Lake Somerset. He said he had gone to the lake before daylight one day to fish a few hours for bass. He rowed his boat along shore and tried about all his better plugs for taking bass with no luck. He finally tried another plug and right away started to get strikes. He finally hooked a nice bass and was about ready to land it when it jumped out of the water and broke his line making off with his plug. Mr. Walters said he was just about ready to take his rod apart and quit fishing for he had no other plug like the one he had been using, when off to the side of the boat a few feet a big bass surfaced, swished its head about a number of times and almost tossed the plug against the boat as if it were saying, "Here, Better Luck Next Time."—District Warden JOSEPH 5. DICK (Somerset County).

GOOD FISHING

The Potter County Anglers Club stocked Cross Fork Creek Fly Fishing Only section with 300 two year old rainbow trout for the Labor Day week end guests. These trout ranged in size from 12 to 18 inches in length. Water conditions were excellent and many fishermen commented on the wonderful week end they spent on Cross Fork Creek. A good many others spending their week end at camps in that location were very disappointed that they hadn't put their fishing tackle in their cars. In the past few years water conditions at that time of year was so low that not many enjoyed the fishing and had given up the idea of fishing that late in the season.—District Warden KENNETH ALEY (Potter County).

DIAPER CROWD

■ Deputy Game Protector George Andrus checked on a fisherman who was fishing a small brook trout stream after the season's close. When conducting a search of the man's auto he came across a damp newspaper. The man told the deputy it was only a wet diaper in the paper. However, Andrus is a very thorough person so unwrapping the package commenced. It did contain a wet diaper.—District Warden STANLEY G. HASTINGS (Cameron County).



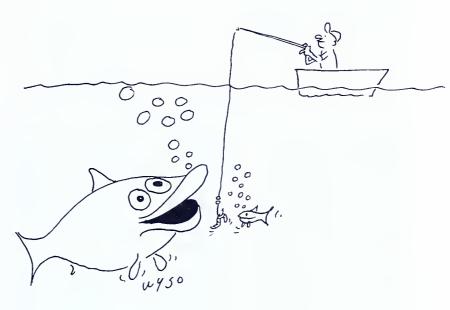
HILLS CREEK RECORD

Fall fishing has been good at Hills Creek Lake in Tioga County. It must be the first frost and cooling water that puts new pep in the fish. This month several fine Muskies have been taken. Mrs. Kathlene Rearick of Jersey Shore captured the largest Muskie recorded from the lake this month. The fish was 46 inches long and weighed 26 and 4 pounds. It looks like the ladies are showing up the male anglers this month.—District Warden RAYMOND HOOVER (Tioga County).



GROWING BUSINESS

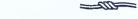
■ Better than average catches of American Eel were taken this past August and September off the racks on the Delaware River in Wayne County. Two to three hundred on the better nights. Prices are still very good. Skinned and



"YOU TAKE THE BAIT, I'LL TAKE HIM!"

STREAM NOTES Cont.

dressed Eel were bringing \$.90 cents per pound. Smoked Eel as much as \$1.25 per pound.—District Warden HARLAND F. REYNOLDS (Wayne County).



BIG CLEAN UP

■ It is felt that the Evitt's Creek Water Company should be given a lot of thanks. Through help given by the Pennsylvania Fish Commission and quite a number of the fishermen the Company removed over 31 tons of garbage from around the Koon and Gordon Lakes. It is a pleasure to visit these lakes, seeing how clean they now are, and knowing that thousands of people visited and fished them during 1967.—District Warden WILLIAM E. MCILNAY (Bedford and Fulton County).



MOTHER'S PROOF!

■ While assisting with our aquarium display at the Allegheny County Fair at South Park many subscriptions for the PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER were taken. We like to copy the address from the subscribers operators license or some other card so no mistake is made to prevent the next issue of the ANGLER from reaching the subscriber. While taking a 3 year subscription from a young mother who was subscribing for her husband, I asked for an operator's license or another means where I could copy the correct address from. She bent over and picked up one of the two small boys that had been tugging at her side and with a smile pointed to a strip of adhesive tape stuck across the front of the little fellow's shirt with their name, address and phone number plainly printed on it. She said it saved her a lot of worry in a crowd of several thousand people. -Warden Supervisor JOHN I. BUCK (Region II).

CITATION WINNER!

■ Since the beginning of the *Pennsylvania Angler* Fishing Citation program I have had many Huntingdon area fishermen receive this award. The one that has given me the greatest pleasure, however, was the citation I recently presented to Mr. Albert Guillarmod. His 20½ inch Smallmouth Bass weighed 4 pounds and was quite a catch for a gentleman who has passed his eighty-ninth birthday.—District Warden JAMES T. VALENTINE (Huntingdon and Fulton Counties).

"ANGLER" IN CANADA

■ Recently special fish warden Harry Decker and his wife Sue made a 600 mile round trip to Canada to do a little fishing. As the week went on things went from bad to worse. Fishing poor—boy was it! Harry and Sue and everyone at the camp, including the owner, were disgusted. Harry had taken along a lot of back issues of the PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER and had very slyly placed them in various available locations in the camp dining room. The camp owner

happened to come across one issue with pictures of som of the big fish caught in the Keystone State. With this is hand and a look of wonderment on his face he approached Harry and Sue at their table and asked, "Why on earth disyou come all the way up here to fish?" Harry says the same thought had crossed his mind that week. He report that other guests at the camp were giving the ANGLER a lot of consideration also.—District Worden CHARLES A HERBSTER (Lackawanna and S. E. Susquehanna Counties)

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FORGOT HIS NAME!

While patrolling the River in the Kittanning area I say a small boy about seven years old with a short walleye. asked him his name. He stammered, slapped his knee several times and finally said "Zeigler." I asked him what his father would think about the short fish. He told me another boy had caught the fish. The other boy was about the sam age. I approached him and said, "Zeigler said you caught this fish." He looked at me kind of funny and said, "Hi name is not Zeigler, it's Starr." I then asked Starr "Why directly you tell me your name was Zeigler?" And he said, "That the only name I could think of."—District Worden ANTHON DISCAVAGE (Armstrong County).

IT'S ONLY LUCK!

■ It's interesting to hear people make remarks about other who catch fish, especially when they can't get any. On law enforcement detail at the Nebraska Bridge (Tionest Reservoir) accompanied by Deputy Game Protector Ray mond Gorman, we counted 23 people fishing from the bridge. We approached some of the people and asked



"WHEN DO WE STOP BEING PATIENT, GRANDPA AND START CATCHING FISH?"

TREAM NOTES Cont.

ow they were doing. The only answer we could get was No good." We continued on checking till we came to two vomen and a young boy—Mrs. Dorothy Swartzfager and on Gary, R.D. #1, Shippensville, and Mrs. Elda Beichner lso of Shippensville.

I asked how they were doing and they said "pretty good." after asking to see their catch I was amazed to see 42 bulleads from 10 to 17 inches. They were using small garden vorms. They also told me they had caught approximately 00 bullheads in the last two days. After watching them all a few more out, I heard some remarks of the near-by shermen. One fisherman told the women he would dig p their garden if they would let him keep the worms. Nother angler said that they must go to church every day. Then I heard another angler say, "IT'S ONLY LUCK."—laintenance Division JOSEPH KOPENA (Forest and Clarion lounties).

"HAT'S FISHING!

While checking fishermen on the Clarion River I came cross a group from Butler who were fishing at Belltown

near the old bridge pillars. One lady was observed casting out and getting her hook caught. She tried to get it loose without success; finally breaking it off. I pointed out to her that the current was fast and that she was bound to get hung up. She told me it was all part of fishing. "Sometimes you catch fish, sometimes you don't, and sometimes you get hung up. It all amounts to fishing and having fun. Besides," she said, "we have to keep the tackle companies in business."—District Warden BERNARD D. AMBROSE (Elk County).

GOOD SUMMER!

Thunder showers in the summer season are usually common and affect fishing some in the streams. During last July the Pymatuning Lake area received enough rain to raise the water level over two feet and the incoming streams to roaring torrents of water. The catch at this time of year is generally considerably less than that of the earlier months of May and June but the fishermen congregated around the incoming streams and the pounds of fish taken of all species was a record breaker. I'm sure those who were fortunate enough to get in on this bonanza will remember it for years to come.—District Warden T. L. CLARK (Crawford County).

HARRISBURG OPTIMIST CLUB ANNOUNCES CONTEST WINNERS

CRIMIST CLUB

COLUBINATION

RIEND OF THE BOY

ARRISBURG, P

VINNERS—R. E. Sutherland of Harrisburg's Bureau of Receation and a member of the Optimist Club of Harrisburg preented a fishing outfit like this one to these four winners of his contest. From left to right they are Greg Rohrbach, Jill nn McCahan, Charles Olewine, and Donna Alexandre. To the ight are John Fanning of Rudy Road with his trio of young shermen Pat, Paul and Ellen; and on the far right are Judy nd Timmy Sanders of Pennwood Road in Harrisburg. (photo y O. A. Smith)

The Harrisburg Optimist Club announces the winners in its annual summer fishing contest held on Italian Lake.

Over 1,000 boys and girls registered to fish in the contest which ran from July 1 through August 29.

Bob Fisher, chairman, said the club was pleased with the success of this year's contest. He said the club had a total of 1,008 man hours invested in the project this year—or a little over an hour for each contestant. No count of spectators was kept.

Winners for the contest were: Greg Rohrbach, 10, Harrisburg, who caught a 15¼ inch catfish; Jill Ann McCahan, 7, Harrisburg, a 9½ inch perch; Charles Olewine, 8, Dauphin, a 13½ inch bass; and Donna Alexandre, 9, Harrisburg, a 6 inch sunfish.

At present plans are being made for another contest during the coming summer, according to club members.





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TABLE OF MEMORIES continued from page 13

from England. The more observant note that my dressings appear worn. I comment to the effect that this feature distinguishes them from a mass purchase of superior Abercrombie and Fitch ties, so proper for framings and paperweights—and coffee tables!

But mine have actually taken trout!

I single out the Squirrel Tail. Its birth and baptism are recounted. Then comes my original Little Brown Trout Bucktail, Streamerette ties (after John S. Wise Jr.'s original patterns) and the first varient "seasonal" dry flies.

Sounds of silk and ice recede with thinning smoke. Only three or four are left from the original ten or a dozen listeners; mostly anglers, or potential converts to the fly. (The table has made four in the past year.) We sprawl around the table with re-filled glasses and talk fishing. I don't have to dominate the scene anymore in a lineariably, someone in the group has had great days with me and one or more of the patterns. Believe me, it's al too soon when be-deviling wives drag the participant homeward and racket subsides, blending on night air with crunching gravel and humming engines.

As has been noted, there are over a hundred flies in the lattable. So the risk of rehashing the same experiences twice with a given guest is not great. Before the next round of parties, though, I'll take the precautionary measure of giving the present arrangement a rest. After all, there are four hundred more trout flies in the wall closet hurting to be heard from . . .

BUSH DAM AWARD

THE ALVIN R. BUSH Dam and Reservoir, on Kettle Creek near Renova, Pa., has won the Army Chief of Engineers First Annual Award for Conservation of Natural Beauty in the construction of water resource facilities and military projects. A panel of nationally outstanding land-scape architects and an eminent agronomist selected the winning project on the basis of its "general excellence in concept and execution, preservation of outstanding scenic

values, and protection of the natural landscape from dam age during construction."

Originally known as Kettle Creek Dam and Reservoi and completed in 1962, the Alvin R. Bush Dam is a centra Pennsylvania flood-control project and was re-named to honor the late Rep. Alvin R. Bush who represented Pennsylvania's 17th District in the Congress.

The area's mountains, forests and rugged natural beauty make the reservoir an ideal site for outdoor recreation and the valley abounds in fish and wildlife.

MUSKY MADNESS

In the half-hour you spend being observative, you'll hear such things discussed as the size, weight, and shape of a bucktail, does it have much hair on it, wire leaders versus plain mono-filament, did it rain in the northern tier counties in the last few days, and what kind of rain did the West Branch of the Susquehanna River get, is it going to rain or

continued from page 18

snow tonight, is the river rising or falling, what the wate temperature is, and the river level at Harrisburg. Lister and listen good, because all of these factors are going to help determine whether you catch a Musky today, tomor row, or maybe even the next day. On the other hand i after listening for some time, you don't hear any of the aforementioned names, ask a question like, "Where is old Smoke today?" You might get an answer such as, "Why that's his boat just off the point of those rocks near mid stream, mumble something about needing glasses and drif on to the next group and ask a similar question, and if the answer is similar, perk up boy, this might be your day. O course, there is another way. You could just arrive, ge your gear together and go fishing, half-freeze and acquire your own knowledge and possibly after a year or so, you may catch one. But if you decide to do it the way I have suggested, and after stumbling around in the dark for hal an hour embarrassing yourself once or twice and getting a couple of those blank stares, and you have satisfied your self that all the old Pro's are out on the river or fishing from the rocks, or just easting from shore, unleash your roc in a hurry for—YOU ARE WASTING VALUABLE MUSKY FISHING TIME!



OLD TIMERS don't bother fishing when conditions aren't right. Here a trio talk things over while Helter and Hall pound the water from a boat. In the background is the York Haven power plant, directly across from Falmouth

ON WHEELS continued from page 11

Sleeping accommodations for a third person are provided in a bunk that lowers from a suspension arrangement above the driver's seat.

Whalen built a large outside cabin on the rear of the vehicle. Inside the locked doors are everything from oilskins, for bad weather, to a folding charcoal grill and a supply of briquettes. "Fish are really wonderful prepared that way," commented the builder.

A tow connection is on the back of the cabin. That draws the trailer on which Whalen's 17-foot, semi-cabin boat and its 70 hp motor rides.

A long box, six inches deep, extends out from the starboard side of the mobile cabin. Along with Whalen's array of rods, it contains threaded pipes which form the metal part of a canvas patio that can be erected along that side of the vehicle.

As if all that were not enough, Whalen installed a 12volt air conditioner recently. It uses the loss-of-heat-byevaporation principle and works surprisingly well.

Whalen recently bought a 200-foot stretch along the Susquehanna River, below Danville, and has cleared away the brush. Instead of building a cabin there, with an accom-

WHALEN holds the tiny but efficient 110 volt generalor that provides power for the "cabin." The tow arrangement is for a trailer which holds his boat and motor.



panying worry about possible vandalism when no one is there, Whalen just drives his cabin there. Considering the fact he has driven the cabin to countless lakes and streams in this state—and to the ocean several times—a trip to the nearby Susquehanna certainly won't be any problem.

If any fisherman could figure out a better deal than Whalen's cabin, we don't know what it could be. Fair weather or foul, that snug little cabin serves well—"right on location." It's living as it should be.

TIDIOUTE TOURNAMENT

GLENN KLINESTIVER of East Hickory, 73 years old, and trophy he won for largest walleye in con-



It was a Friday afternoon, and other assignments were not so important that Doug did not think he couldn't inlulge in a quick fishing trip to his favorite haunts along the Allegheny River at Tidioute. During the past year—winter ncluded—he missed only two weeks of fishing.

The river was high and muddy, but Doug knows how to ish jigs and knows how effective they can be in high, nurky water.

He tried several favorite spots—like the boat landing at lidioute and the Magee Run hot spot—without luck.

He was about to give up when he tossed his jig near villows trailing in the muddy stream. His strike, which he anded, was 37½-inch, 14 pound muskie.

Entered in the summer contest of the fishing tournament, t proved to be the largest muskie presented and won him spot in the fish-off October 15.

Twenty fishermen were eligible, including Ethel Smith f Altman, a cottage resort eight miles up-river from Tidiute. "Ethel" had qualified for the championship finals hree times, and once lost the crown by only one point.

While competing fishermen entered 66 fish in the contest n the first day, the second day was a different story. The sh weren't biting.

At least ten finalists came back "skunked!"

Young Doug however, had landed a 244-inch northern pike and a 11½-inch bass, giving him 17 points. The runner up, Robert Ludwig, had caught four walleyes for 16

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points.

The Pitt student plans to fish in the World Championships, next fall, "If I'm around here."

Fishermen who qualified for the finals were: muskie, 1st. place, Pete Crevar, Butler, Pa. 32%-inches; 2nd. place Frank Conklin, Tidioute 31-inches.

Northern pike, 1st. place, Ed Beal, New Bethlehem, 28½inches; 2nd. place, Dean Nicholson, Tidioute, 25%-inches. Walleye: 1st. place, Glenn Klinestiver, 27½-inches; 2nd. place, Victor Stichovich, Frederickstown, Pa., 25½-inches. Bass: 1st. place, Richard C. Duffy, Pittsburgh, 18½-inches; 2nd. Angelo Toci, Pittsburgh, 19-inches.

Several Pennsylvania Fish Commission citation winners were finalists including seven-year-old Mark Geyer of Irwin, Pa., who hooked a 4½ pound bass to win his citation.

Donald K. Klinestiver, vice president of the Tidioute Area Chamber of Commerce was general chairman of the tournament.

INTERESTED IN MUSKIES?

Write the Pennsylvania Fish Commission for information about "Pennsylvania's Muskellunge Program"—all contained in a seven page pamphlet that tells something about the development and growth of this first class fighter as well as tips on how to catch them.

Available free by writing: The Pennsylvania Fish Commission, Box 1673, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania 17120.

27 ECEMBER—1967



OPERATION HOOK REMOVAL

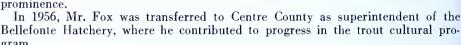
Here's proof that fish raised by the Pennsylvania Fish Commission get good care! Jack Miller, biologist at the Benner Springs Research Station, uses a plastic tube to reach down the throat of a musky to remove a hook from its throat. The fish was netted from a holding pond at the station. Before performing the "operation" the fish was "knocked out" with an anesthetic.

RETIRES

HOWARD FOX, Superintendent of Hatcheries, Pennsylvania Fish Commission, has retired, after devoting nearly 36 years of his life to the Commission's hatchery system.

Born on November 4, 1905, at President in Forest County, Howard as a boy spent many happy days fishing and hunting along the Allegheny River, which may have influenced his later decision to enter the conservation field.

After attending public school at President, he was employed at the Tionesta Hatchery in 1932. In 1945 he was assigned to the Linesville Hatchery, becoming superintendent in 1952. While at Linesville he supervised hatchery construction and helped build this warmwater fish cultural station to national prominence.



MR. FOX

In 1961, he was promoted to Superintendent of Hatcheries, where he coordinated the activities of the Commission's eight hatcheries until his retirement.

Mr. Fox was married to the former Gertrude Mong in 1928, and a son, Richard, now a teacher in Erie, was born in 1932. The first Mrs. Fox died in 1942. Howard was remarried in 1945 to Mary Kelly, and one of their three children, Kelly, is employed by the Fish Commission. Sheryl is a secretary in Wilmington, Delaware, and Mary Alice is attending high school. reside in Bellefonte.

Howard is well known to his fellow employes and friends for his cooperative attitude, his congeniality and devotion to his work and to his family.

Today we salute you, Howard Fox, a gentleman, a sportsman and a true friend. May your retirement be active, healthy and rewarding.



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state can see everything from canoes to cruisers on any day it isn't raining during the warmer months of the year.

Another impoundment—the Shenango Reservoir will also provide boaters and anglers with new waters.

Meanwhile boaters outfitted with canoes and rafts often dotted the upstream waters of the Allegheny, the Susquehanna, the Delaware, as well as other streams during the spring floating season.

The National Campers and Hiker's Association picked Prince Gallitzin State Park on beautiful Glendale Lake for their National Campvention. The group turned out over 25,000 strong for their stay in Pennsylvania.

A safe boating week, to coincide with national safe boating week, was declared in Pennsylvania. New methods of registration were designed to speed up the time necessary to obtain boat registrations; a zoning system for several bodies of water was imposed to permit optimum useage; safe boating demonstrations were held throughout the state to help boaters better understand dangers of their sport.

Fishermen catching big fish applied for an increasing number of citations and anglers catching Pennsylvania's

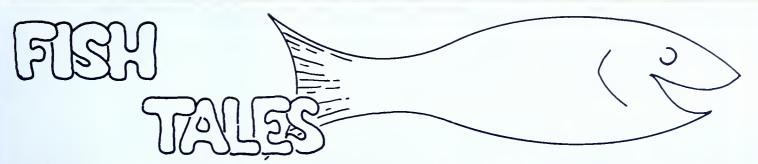
biggest sport fish—the muskellunge—were given the opportunity to become a member of an elite fishing club, the newly formed Husky Musky Club. Members of the club as well as citation winners, now receive patches to sew on their fishing jackets as well as certificates.

District fish wardens throughout the state held an increas ing number of fishing schools, to help fishermen know the sport better. A new class of wardens graduated from the commission's training school—they'll help in Pennsylvania's expanding boating and fishing world.

At the same time the commission approved a number of new access sites to provide fishermen and boaters with new places to get to major water areas. While the hatchery and research divisions of the commission were combined Plans for expanding hatchery facilities were made. Cooperative nurseries operated by sportsmen's clubs supple mented commission stocking programs and new clubs joined the program.

These are just a few of the things that happened during 1967—page after page could be written about what Pennsylvania boaters and fishermen did during the year, and what the Pennsylvania Fish Commission did for them.

As 1967 draws to a close and a new year begins Pennsylvania fishermen and boaters can look forward to a bright future—partly because of what happened this year.



A FISHING FEATURE FOR FISHERMEN -

--- FROM FISHERMEN



JERSEY SHORE fisherwoman Mrs. Robert Rearick holds 46 inch, 26½ pound muskellunge which she caught during the early fall at Hill's Creek Lake in Tioga County. The fish—one of the largest to come from the lake—qualifies her for a Pennsylvania Angler citation as well as regular membership in Pennsylvania's new Husky Musky club. It hit a 10 inch red and white chub lure.

RALPH OBERDORF of Danville brought home these two big catfish from a fishing trip on the Susquehanna during the summer. One measured 30 inches and weighed 16 pounds; the other was 30½ inches and 15 pounds. Both won him Pennsylvania Angler Fishing Citations.





CENTRE COUNTY angler Dean Rachau, Jr., 15, won both a junior and senior Pennsylvania Angler Fishing Citation when he landed a 20¼ inch, 3 pound, 13 ounce smallmouth bass from the Juniata River.



THIS SMALLMOUTH bass was caught by York fisherwoman Mrs. Minnie Fry from the Holtwood tailrace of the Susquehanna River this fall. It weighed 4 pounds, 9 ounces and measured 22 inches to qualify for a Pennsylvania Angler Fishing Citation.



DAVID LEWIS of Butler and Dave Jacobs of West Newton hold a stringer of trout they caught while keeping in practice for Pennsylvania fishing by fishing in Germany where they are both servicing in the Army. The biggest was a 19 inch, $3\frac{1}{2}$ pound rainbow.



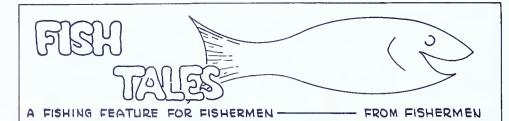
STEVE PAVLOTY, 8, of Bethlehem holds the 24½ inch, 5½ pound Walleye he caught from the Delaware River in Northampton County. It won him the 75th Junior Pennsylvania Angler Fishing Citation awarded since the program began in July.



BIG FISHING CREEK in Clinton County produced this 17 inch citation winning brook trout for Elysburg fisherman Elwood L. Camp, Jr.

JOHN M. HUTCHISON, Newville, holds the 20½ inch, 4½ pound smallmouth bass caught while fishing the Juniata River. It won him a Pennsylvania Angler Fishing Citation.









ANOTHER HILLS CREEK LAKE catch! Raymond Lounsbury of Ulysses in Potter County holds the 27½ inch, 4¾ pound chain pickerel he caught while fishing the lake during September. It qualified him for a Pennsylvania Angler Fishing Citation.

RIDGWAY RESERVOIR gave up this $3\frac{1}{2}$ pound, 18 inch largemouth bass to fisherman Ken Pistner of St. Marys during a summer fishing trip.



THE SUSQUEHANNA in Lancaster County produced these citation winning smallmouth bass for Eugene R. Snyder of Dallastown. One measured 22 inches and weighed 5½ pounds; the other was 20 inches and weighed 4 pounds, 3 oz.



CHANNEL CAT was caught by Tom Pfleegor of Watsontown from the Susquehanna River in Northumberland County. It was 27 inches long, weighed 9 pounds, and went for a nightcrawler.

TELL A FRIEND—

—about the big fish pictures you see every month in your Pennsylvania Angler as well as about all the interesting fishing and boating stories you read.

And—if you should be fortunate to catch one—be sure to send a picture of your big fish (with you holding it) to FISH TALES, THE PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER, THE PENNSYLVANIA FISH COMMISSION, HARRISBURG, PENNSYLVANIA 17120.



PHILADELPHIA ANGLER Oscar Barth was fishing Brule Lake in Sullivan County when he caught this 24½ inch, 8¼ pound beauty of a largemouth bass. He was spinning when he caught the citation winner.

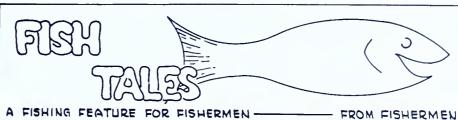


NORTH PARK LAKE in Allegheny County is where fisherman Victor Lane, 14, of Ingomar, caught this 29½ inch, 9 pound, 4 ounce carp. It won him a junior Pennsylvania Angler Fishing Citation.



SCRANTON ANGLER Peter Marcinkevich used a plastic worm to catch this 23½ inch, 8 pound, 6½ ounce largemouth bass. He was fishing in Desantis Pond in Lackawanna County when he caught it. It qualified him for a Pennsylvania Angler Fishing Citation.





ARNOLD GUY, 10, of Morris holds stringer of perch he caught while fishing at Tioga County's Hills Creek Lake.

ALEX HEKLAR, JR. holds 191/s inch, 3 pound, 9 ounce beauty of brook trout which he caught from Saylor's Lake in Monroe County. The fish won Heklar, who lives at Freemansburg, a Pennsylvania Angler Fishing Citation.

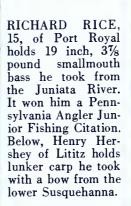




RICHARD RITTER of West

Mifflin took this 47 inch, 25 pound musky from Edinboro Lake. (While below) Debbie Hepler, 10, of Telford, came home with this 38½ inch, 13¾ pound musky from Green

FRENCH CREEK in Crawford County produced this 45½ inch, 24¾ pound musky for angler George Sekura of Canonsburg. He won a Pennsylvania Angler Citation as well as membership in Pennsylvania's Husky Musky Club.









STANLEY SHUBZDA of Plains holds 16 inch, 21/8 pound black crappie caught from Meadow Lake in Susquehanna County. It won him a Pennsylvania Angler Fishing Citation.



LEE DRAKE, Metuchen, N.J., holds 22 inch, 5 pound, 2 ounce smallmouth bass caught in the Delaware River, Pike County. He was spinning with a crayfish and won a Pennsylvania Angler Fishing Citation.



CASTING WITH COOPS

A MONTHLY FEATURE ABOUT CO-OP NURSERY PROJECTS

By BILL PORTER

COOPERATIVE NURSERY sportsmen are all dipped in the same color. They seem to come out rosy, smiling and full of fire for their pet project—no matter the problems or location. The nursery site might be a park in Downingtown, a front yard as is the East Fork Rod and Gun Club Nursery in Potter County, or a show place set in the middle of a mountain valley such as the Potter County Anglers' Club Nursery. It seems to make no difference the location: effort, concern, desire and hard work are always in evidence.

A trip to three Potter County nurseries helps prove the point. A light drizzle was falling—"It always rains when you want to show off a place," said Bob Brown, Nursery Coordinator and our guide—as the Cross Forks Sportsmen Club Nursery was inspected. Trout growth was good and water conditions acceptable. An attractive sign, donated by the Fish Commission, would soon add to the physical appearance of the property, and it was on to the next nursery.



PAUL HOSTETTER, president of the East Fork Rod and Gun Club Nursery, explains location of new raceways to cooperative nursery coordinator Robert Brown.

It was at this second site, the East Fork Sportsmen's Association Nursery, that the thought of the first paragraph proved its point. The club has had three nurseries over the past several years. Each of the first two failed for lack of water, but the organization did not quit. Their third effort seems to be a permanent one with a good water supply and room for expansion—which the club plans to do. Interestingly enough, the location is in the front yard of R. G. Happel's home. A spring and stream fed brook runs through the yard; ponds and raceways have been constructed and the nursery is a going concern. Mr. Happel is the club's secretary and "mother" to several thousand fine trout.

Then it was on to the J. E. Kennedy Nursery (dedicated to) of the Potter County Anglers Club. The sun was out now and white cumulus clouds dotted the blue sky over the rapidly changing color pattern of the mountains. Bob Brown's dire predictions of bad weather vanished and it was a beautiful spot to be in. On top of this Bob Rankin's booming voice, offering a bowl of hot homemade bean soup, opened the tour of the club's grounds—and quite a tour it was. Bob, by the way, is the club president as well as a member of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission.

The facilities were in keeping with the size of the organization with its membership of over 3,000. The Commission furnished 70,000 small trout last year in the brook, brown and rainbow categories along with a limited number of coho salmon. Survival rate was good and the Potter Anglers stocked over 56,000 legal trout in open waters for the 1967 season. Of these 20,200 were two-year olds in the 12 to 16 inch range.

Raceways, ponds and grounds proved to be scenic attractions appealing to 10 to 15 thousand visitors a year. A hatch house was in operation with new egg jar equipment being installed. The club's buildings were trim and neat. In spite of this progress and success, the sportsmen have their problems the same as smaller clubs.

At the time of the visit the nursery had just experienced a near cloudburst and a deluge of high water had all but inundated the ponds and raceways. Herculean efforts by members saved the day, but a lot of work remained to sort big fish from little, brooks from browns, and generally put the house back in order.

But enough of the inspection trip! What of the product of these cooperative nurseries? The Crossfork Sportsmen add their legal fish to Cross Fork Creek and Kettle Creek, both open streams. East Fork Sportsmen contribute at the moment to the Commission's stocking of East Fork Creek. Other streams are to be included later as the nursery expands its facilities. Finally the Potter County Anglers have an extended coverage to include Lyman Lake, 10 streams in Tioga County, 19 streams in Potter County, one stream in Clinton County and a lake in Cameron County.

Coming back to the original point, large or small, fancy or purely functional, the attitude of the men and women operating the cooperative nurseries seems to be the same. They work hard at a worthy conservation project, are proud of their efforts, and are unwilling to accept defeat.

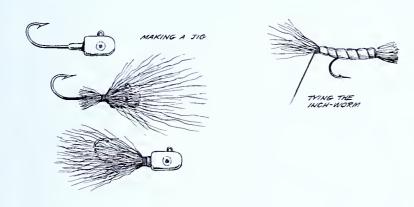
Next month, another group of nurseries in another part of the state will be reported as well as some information about the Fish Commission's role in the cooperative program.



PENNSYLVANIA FISH COMMISSION representatives Robert Brown and Bob Ross inspect ponds at the East Fork Rod and Gun Club Nursery.



BUCKTAIL SEASON

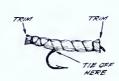


If you haven't done so before, now is the time to ask your deer hunting friends to save the tails from their deer for you. Both the brown and the white hair from these tails are easily made into fish-catching flies and lures. The only necessary preparation is to slit the hide, remove the bone, and sprinkle the raw skin liberally with salt. Fly tying supply houses sell dyes with which you can color the hair if desired.

A bucktail jig is one of the easiest lures to make and one of the best for bass, walleyes, pike, and pickerel. You can buy the hooks with lead heads attached. Paint the head with lacquer. When dry, cut off a bunch of white tail hair and hold it on top of the hook, hair butts to the rear. Bind it to the stem with several tight turns of thread and a half hitch, and trim off the excess. Daub plenty of head lacquer on the butts and windings. Add another bunch of hair if necessary, again trim the butts, and lacquer. Now stroke the hairs back over the hook to cover their own butts, binding in place solidly with more turns of the thread. Secure with a whip finish or several half hitches and lacquer the thread. That's all there is to it.

The inch-worm is a killer on trout during late spring and early summer when these little caterpillars are dropping from the trees. To make it you'll need a deer tail dyed yellow or yellowish green. Tie a bunch of hair to a hook, butts forward, with yellow thread. Bind the hair together with wide turns of thread while holding the ends together with the other hand. Continue winding well past the hook, then reverse the winding back to the bend of the hook, where the thread is tied off. Cut off the excess hair. That completes the inchworm.

The brown and white bucktail streamer is a well-known trout catcher, but don't use too much hair—it's better when sparsely dressed.





Begin by tying a tail of red duck quill on a streamer hook, then wrapping the shank of the hook with silver tinsel. Tie a small bunch of white tail hair on top of the hook. Be sure the butts are well saturated with lacquer. Tie a bunch of brown hair on top of the white. Build up a head with the black tying thread, then tie off by whip finishing. Paint eyes on the head with colored lacquer.

You'll notice that tail hair varies. That from old bucks is the coarsest; that from very young deer is fine in texture. Use coarse hair for the inchworm body. Fine hair is used where underwater action is desired, as in the brown and white bucktail and the jig.

WHERE HAVE THEY GONE?

The turtles, frogs, snakes, and salamanders that inhabited your favorite ponds and streams during the summer are nowhere to be seen. Where have they gone? Unlike the birds, they couldn't migrate to a warmer locality for the winter, so most of them have gone into the long winter sleep called "hibernation."

The frogs are buried in the mud at the bottom of the pond, or have crawled into underground springs.

Snapping turtles like to sleep in the mud beneath sunken logs. Wood turtles, having spent the warm months on dry land, return to the streams and hibernate beneath fallen leaves that collect in the eddies. Most other turtles burrow into the muddy bottom, but the box turtle prefers to stay on land, burrowing into the ground to spend the winter.

Watersnakes usually spend the winter in holes and crannies in stream and pond banks above the waterline.

Most aquatic salamanders stay awake all winter, but do little feeding or moving about. Springs or ponds are their favorite winter quarters.











